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WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE complaisance with which the American people received the banking moratorium last March was discussed at great length in the newspapers, and with many evidences of amazed approbation, but as a matter of fact there was nothing surprising about it, for the Americans as a race are very docile, and seldom resist the fiats of their lawful superiors. In no other country engaged in the late war was the draft taken more quietly. Probably at least 75% of the conscripts wished heartily that they could evade it, but not 1% actually resisted it. Nor is it easy to think of any other nation that would have been so supine in the face of Prohibition. If, by the will of God, we are headed toward Fascism, then it will come in on its appointed day with much less uproar than it caused in Italy. And if Communism is our destined dose, then we'll swallow it even more readily than the Russians.

When one considers American history, all this seems rather remarkable, for the Republic was founded by a rebellion of the most flagrant and immoral kind, and our first political metaphysician, Dr. Jefferson, was in favor of others at regular intervals. Somewhere in his writings, I believe, you will find the doctrine that no government ought to be allowed to run on without challenge for more than nineteen years, and elsewhere there is the familiar statement (it is omitted from the school-books, but it is still familiar) that the tree of liberty must be watered frequently by the blood of tyrants—"its natural manure." But though we have had a lot of tyrants since Jefferson's day there has been little effort to put them down. There has been, to be sure, some gunplay against Presidents, but only one of them was a tyrant in any rational sense, and all of them were tackled, not by revolutionists, but by lunatics.

I

Thus there was nothing new about the easy urbanity with which the country submitted to the Roosevelt dictatorship; on the contrary, it was precisely what any attentive student of the national psychology must have expected. Why Americans should be so willing to bow their necks to authority, whether for a reason stated or for a reason only assumed, is not at present known to science, but one may at least venture a guess. My own is that there is, in democratic man, a deep-seated fear and distrust of liberty, and that he is moved irresistibly to throw it off whenever the chance offers. In theory he craves freedom undiluted, but in practise it makes him feel naked, lonesome, and sick at the stomach. This hypothesis may have some holes in it, but it at least accounts for a fact observed by everyone: that democratic man finds it almost impossible to act as a really free agent, or to think of himself as one, but is always trying to associate himself with his fellows, and to immerse his personality in theirs.



In the common phrase, he is a joiner. On the lower levels he joins any tinpot order, however preposterous, that will take him in, and even on the higher levels he commonly belongs to a large list of organizations, most of them designed frankly to relieve him of the burden of doing his own thinking, of holding his own position in the world, and of making his own fun. In the last edition of "Who's Who in America" there are 30,545 names, representing the very flower of the nation. Well, go find me a hundred who do not confess that they belong to at least three clubs, secret societies, college fraternities, reform associations, or other such protective amalgamations of nonentities, and I'll give you a very nice present.

This lust to get under cover, and throw off the burden of rugged individualism, is especially conspicuous in the political field. There are very few parts of the United States in which independence in politics is not generally resented, as a subtle form of what is commonly called Bolshevism. The normal American belongs to a party as he belongs to a lodge, and it is only on rare occasions and under heavy pressure that he is willing to venture out of its corral. The two standard parties commonly poll at least 90% of the total national vote. Now and then, to be sure, a third party pops up, but it seldom lasts more than a few years, and once it begins to disintegrate the rush to get out of it becomes a stampede, for no one wants to be left standing on its burning deck, with the hurricanic fumes of independence fanning the flames.

In most parts of the United States, it is an evidence of an evil mind, and hence socially dangerous, to so much as speak a kind word for freedom, and in large areas it is actually a criminal offense to read the Bill of Rights in public. By a charming irony the campaign against this charter of our imaginary liberties is now chiefly carried on, on the one hand, by members of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, which is to say, by the pathetically inferior and unhappy descendants of the hearty bucks who framed it, and on the other hand by the veterans, real and bogus, of the late war, who are supposed to have poured out their hemoglobin to preserve it. But such mordant humors are not uncommon in a democratic society. We have a great country here, but it is a good deal more the Ed Wynn of the nations than either the Aristotle or the Cid.

I used to believe that the Communists among us were exponents of that independence of spirit which most other Amer-

icans so sadly lack, and thus presumed to whoop for them anon and anon, but of late I have become convinced that they are nothing of the sort. What really moves them, I now suspect, is not any unusual appetite for freedom but simply an extraordinary and perhaps even pathological disrelish for it. In brief, they are even more American than the rest of us Americans. The regimentation of thought that prevails in this country is not enough for them; they crave the vastly superior kind furnished by MM. Stalin and company. If the patriots who now harass them were intelligent enough to appreciate that fact they would probably be delivered from the clubs of the cops and kissed beautifully on both cheeks. I can only add that I am glad on this count, as on many another, that patriots are stupid, for it would distress me considerably to see Communists kissed, and I have no doubt that it would be unpleasant to the Communists themselves. For what they actually pine for is to be hoofed and hammered, hobbled and haltered. They are 100% Americans without knowing it. Nay, many of them are even 200% Americans.



I have spoken of Prohibition. It must remain a standing proof to the end of his history that the Americans of the early Twentieth Century were a lamentably poor-spirited lot, with necks ever ready for the yoke. It is quite impossible to imagine any really liberty-loving people submitting to so grotesque an oppression; the very *muzhiks* of Russia revolted against it when Lenin and Trotsky tried to impose it on them, and the Swedes and Finns threw off something much milder in short order. But it was five years before any effective rebellion against the Methodist hegemony was in being in the United States, and it

was confined then, for five years more, to a very small group of men, most of them scoundrels by the national standards. The average American simply let the Prohibition agents work their will upon him. His response to their worst outrages was not a yell of rage, but a giggle. He apparently regarded it as funny to be kicked about and made to jump.

Prohibition was beaten in the end, not by the wets but by the dries. The death of Wayne B. Wheeler, their only really first-rate strategist, started a civil war among them, with every leader trying to boss all the rest. Some feuds were thus set up that will go on until the Day of Judgment, when all of us, wet and dry alike, will descend into Hell and be at rest. This civil war reached a climax at the time of the stock market collapse, and simultaneously the dry brethren lost most of their income, for it came mainly from well-heeled saints with a pious weakness for games of chance. Without money, they could no longer make themselves felt on election day, and so they were reduced to harassing the morons in the Bible schools. Presently the Prohibition agents sold out to the bootleggers, and the holy cause was on its last legs.

I suspect that its great hero, the late Lord Hoover, had a good deal to do with its discrediting, especially toward the end. As the country gradually lost confidence in him it ceased to take his backers so gravely. The thing, of course, also worked the other way: that is, Hoover was greatly damaged by his association with the dry Torquemadas. He should have begun to edge out of their pen back in 1928, immediately after they hoisted him into the White House by setting the Methodist-Baptist rabble upon Al Smith. Instead, he hung on idiotically for two long years, and when the Wickersham Report came out

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in 1930 he made a gallant but ridiculous effort to nullify its plain meaning and effect. Indeed, he kept on believing that there was at least one more big bite and one more glorious victory in the dry apostles until a day or two before the Republican National Convention last June. Then, convinced at last that they were done for, he flopped overnight. But it was too late, and he paid the penalty alike for his long subservience to the dries and for his shameless final treason to them on the Tuesday following the first Monday of November, when both dries and wets voted against him.



The organized wets were present at the kill, and a few of them had something to do with flushing the game and calling the dogs, but the overwhelming majority whooped over a triumph that they had done absolutely nothing to earn. It is really astonishing, looking backward, to recall how few Americans made any open protest against the Methodist tyranny while it lasted. The bigwigs were almost all reluctant to speak out, fearing that they would be denounced as boozers and atheists, and the rank and file always appeared to harbor a sneaking suspicion that Prohibition, after all, might be the will of God.

This delusion, I suspect, had been inculcated in the plain people by the public school, the fountain of all communal imbecility in the United States. For forty years the pedagogues had been teaching their pupils that alcohol was a poison comparable to strychnine or prussic acid, and most Americans of the present adult generations probably still believe it. No doubt the fact accounts for the sturdy survival of opposition to the saloon, and to the almost universal belief in the old crazy legends

about its horrors. This nonsense we owe to the racketeers who have been wasting \$3,000,000,000 of the taxpayers' money every year under the guise of educating the youth of the land.

Every intelligent American over forty-five knows very well that the saloon was a great deal less scarlet than it has been painted—that it was immensely less a menace, socially speaking, than some of the tinpot fraternal orders, or than all save a few of the Protestant churches. But even today, no one wants to say so aloud. Each fears that if he does so his neighbors will believe he is wicked. In truth, this great country of ours is actually only an overgrown village, and its dominant ideas and ideals are all those of barnyard yahoos. We have never developed anything properly describable as a metropolitan civilization, even in New York. New York is simply a place where yokels go to laugh at the other yokels who stay at home, trembling under the frown of the pastor and relieving the mammary tension of the patient cow. The ruling yearning of the normal American is to be considered a virtuous and law-abiding man. There may be exceptions in Hollywood, but they are not normal Americans, nor is Hollywood in America.

No other presumably civilized man has ever embraced so transparently absurd an ideal. The Frenchman wants to be considered clever, and the German is most flattered when people say he is wise, but the American, peasant-like, goes on cherishing a delusion of moral grandeur. His brother, the Englishman, shows something of the same weakness, but by no means to the same extent. The Englishman still believes that it is an act of merit to denounce unjust laws, and to resist tyrannical authority, but in the United States both go almost unchallenged, and if it were not for



the seditious cantankerousness of a small and greatly distrusted minority they would never be put down. It was such a minority that got rid of Prohibition. The majority, sweating under it, did absolutely nothing to end it. Even today, a fair plebiscite would probably show it polling at least 40% of the votes.



It will take many generations to educate the American people into a genuine devotion to freedom, if indeed the thing will ever be possible at all. Most of the agencies that supply them with opinion are against it, and some of them—for example, the church, the public school, and the small-town and village press—are against it very violently. The small-town press is fortunately on its way down the chute; it will succumb to the radio in a few short years, and no rational man will mourn it, for it has always been cowardly and knavish. The public school, I begin to suspect, is also in for a rough time, and there is at least a fighting chance that the stupid and impudent racketeers who now operate it will be thrown out in the not too remote future, and measurably more plausible

mountebanks put in their places. There remains the church—by which, of course, I do not mean the Christian, Jewish and Moslem establishments in their more urbane and cynical forms, but the group of better-than-Jesus sects at the bottom of the heap. That bottom, alas, is still more than half of the whole. It will be a long, long while before the evangelical pastors scratch their way out of their anthropoid wallow, and it will take even longer for them to drag their customers after them. I put the first miracle five centuries hence, and the second a millennium afterward.

Thus I have little hope of living long enough to see the Bill of Rights put into full force and effect in the Republic, to the tune of national rejoicings. The Fourteenth Amendment, which is a part of it, has got some powerful blows of late, both above and below the belt, and it will probably get some more in the near future. The Fourth, Fifth and Sixth, nullified under Hoover, are now struggling into being again, but no one can say how long they will remain so. Eternal vigilance, as someone has said, is the price of liberty. We have very little of it in the United States.

H. L. M.

AMERICA: 1933

BY EUGENE DAVIDSON

A MERICA, get on your big feet.
That snuffling isn't in your lungs.
You need to get to work and eat
Some coarse lumpy food that'll scrape your tongue.
You never got really used, anyway,
To hearts of palms or even soufflés
And you've been without shoes before.

Rise up, you open-mouthed salvation
Of Europe and the South and East.
Rise, you moral for every nation
Who signed the checks and watched the feast,
Now you've heard the drums and seen the peace
And they've nailed your semi-precious fleece
From cathedral towns to your own front door.

II

There are millions now whose gorge
Would clot to spend a Winter at
Valley Forge. Even with skiing,
Even if it meant freeing
East Patagonia from the Hun.

First Voice.

The spirit of 1776:
A little rendition, folks,
Of martial airs. This programme
Is coming from W G B X.

Second Voice.

This country needed too many
Twenty-five cent cigars,
Too many cylinders in too many cars.

First Voice.

Now they'll play "Yankee Doodle." Rolled sunshine
For little folks: Mothers feed them lots of noodles:
Remember the vitamins.

III

And yet, America, you were well begotten
Out of an unrest and a longing.
There were sinews in your hulk
That moved you from one sea to another,
And you hunched your shoulders in the strange winds
Between two oceans.
Your blood was the blood of the earth
Spouting from volcanoes, trickling from prison gutters.
There were men with the Cross to plant in the thirsty earth
For the salvation of the loud red children of God
(Whose broken heads would find their place in Hell).
Men who read from the Book and burned from the Book;
Second sons, bastard sons. Men with a delicate hand
For a purse. Men with hands grooved to the ax, to the plow.
Women for them. Readers of the Book, heavy with the Word,
Kneeling in holy places.
Women who came because they loved.
Women with seed
Women who lived in narrow streets . . .

IV

After the floods of cold and time and blood
When these men had fought the earth and sky and one another,
After the splendid desolation to which they'd come
Was warm with grain and ships and streets—
Came the ripening in the land between two seas.

V

The Ripening.

Lavender salts in a sunken tub,
Hollywood, my Hollywood.
The prince is coming to tea at five,
And God save our Queen Marie,
And all our ladies at Buckingham Palace;

The Poet Laureate of North Dakota,
 The men of oil, the men of automobile parts,
 The men of Oxford, of steel, of Chicago
 And the ladies serving tea—
 God save them all!

VI

The United States of America:
 Pewter mugs, gasoline, esoterica,
 Ladies and gents perfumed by God
 Will soon return to a native hod.
 And the week-ending to Ascot
 With a prince and a duke for mascot,
 Are flown with the platinum party
 Where everyone drank very hearty.

VII

You snivelling anointed ones,
 You Congressmen of vaudeville,
 You people chosen of many races,
 You spun-out daughters of a revolution—
 There is no certainty here or anywhere,
 And in no land for long are raised
 The insolent banners of triumph.
 Because you were few and this the soil . . .
 It was a child's dream, and now the house
 Is cold, and in your dream you were handsomer
 Than you are;
 And in your dream you were wise and eternal,
 Even brooding a little over the hearts of palms.

Porridge in the morning (and not much of that).
 Wash your hands, America, wash behind your neck
 And stamp your feet;
 You've been without shoes before.

THE OLD GUARD DIES

BY WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

UNWITTINGLY, doubtless, the lamented Hoover Administration made its greatest bid for the remembrance of posterity by burying the Republican Old Guard.

That famous institution, of course, died several years before Mr. Hoover entered the White House—it died, in fact, with Boies Penrose, on December 31, 1921, to be exact—but for a decade thereafter, like some prehistoric monster with remote appendages functioning by automatic reflexes long after the brain was dead, it manifested all the superficial signs of life. Gradually, however, its quiverings subsided, and last November the nation decided that the time had come for its formal obsequies. On the Tuesday following the first Monday of that fatal month the Hon. Reed Smoot of Utah and the Hon. James Eli Watson of Indiana, last of the authentic Old Guardsmen, were swept out of the Senate on a tidal wave of votes, and with them went Moses of New Hampshire and Bingham of Connecticut, docile recruits who came into public life too late to attain to full-fledged memberships. The catastrophe marked the end of an epoch.

Mr. Hoover did not kill the Old Guard. His misfortunes simply speeded the funeral; his penchant for Boy Scouts in politics made the death-bed more uncomfortable than was necessary. In the last analysis, he himself was more of a victim of the Guard than its executioner. It was his ill luck, after a lifetime of good luck,

to be a candidate for reelection at the time when forces set in motion many years ago reached their logical objective. These forces called the Old Guard into existence, but they also induced the Insurgent movement of the Roosevelt and Taft administrations. This Insurgent movement, in its turn, after twenty years of incubation, tore the agricultural West from its political miscegenation with the industrial East and so ended the Republican domination of the Federal government.

The Old Guard in its essence was simply the political manifestation of that system of moneyed feudalism which ruled the nation during the gay 90's and for a decade thereafter. Such men as Aldrich of Rhode Island and Penrose of Pennsylvania, successive spearheads of the Guard, were integral parts of the system. They were not tools of the Interests; they *were* the Interests. On terms of equality, to say the least, they met with the money kings and nabobs of industry, and decided the policies of the government in the interest of their own class.

There are no such men in the United States Senate today; there is no place for them in public life under the present dispensation. The hireling of Big Business may remain in the Senate or House, but he is there as a hireling and not as a principal. He must give some heed to popular clamor; he may serve his real employer by night but he must beat his breast for the common people by day.

A few years ago the Hon. Joseph R. Grundy of Pennsylvania was appointed to the Senate during an epochal tariff battle. Only a month or so before his appointment Grundy had been hailed before a Senate investigating committee to explain his high tariff lobbying. He made no effort to deny his activities. On the contrary, he told the committee that he and his friends in Pennsylvania had raised something like \$1,000,000 to elect Hoover and that they expected to collect on their investment. That was Old Guardism in its pristine form.

But after Grundy took his seat in the Senate and when a vote was about to be taken on the woolen schedule in which he had personal interests, *he asked to be excused from voting*. That was a concession to public opinion which may or may not have been influenced by the fact that he was a candidate for reelection soon thereafter. But whatever the motive, it demonstrated plainly that Old Guardsman Grundy realized the impropriety of doing openly in the Senate what he had no hesitation in lobbying for outside.

Such was surely not the case when the Old Guard was in its Golden Age. Another famous Pennsylvanian, Senator Matthew Stanley Quay, was once accused of speculating in sugar while in a position to influence the fluctuations of that commodity by his votes on the tariff. He made no denial and asked bluntly what the Senate proposed to do about it. The Senate did nothing, of course, and Aldrich, according to his adoring biographer, thought Quay's attitude heroic and admirable.

To Aldrich and his colleagues it was quite natural that the wool schedule, for instance, should be dictated by the late Senator Warren of Wyoming, once described with justification as the "greatest shepherd since Abraham". It never oc-

curred to Aldrich that with his heavy interests in manufactures and his alliances with railroads and banks there was any impropriety in his dictation of tariff and railroad and banking laws. That was what he was in the Senate for, that was what his constituency expected—not perhaps his complacent pocket-borough nominal constituency in Rhode Island, but certainly his real constituents in control of the mills and railroads and banks of the nation.

It was only occasionally during the Old Guard dictatorship, when the great Insurgency was still incubating, that there seems to have been any question about the propriety of legislators using their public offices to enhance their private fortunes. In 1905, when the question of Statehood for Arizona and New Mexico was being fought out in the Senate, the burning question was whether the two Territories should be admitted separately or as one State. The Old Guard, visualizing four Senators from easily controlled States, wanted separation. Beveridge of Indiana, then just beginning to feel the throbbings of Insurgency, wanted one State. While Beveridge was speaking for the one-State bill, he was interrupted by Senator Alger of Michigan—he of Spanish War embalmed-beef fame—who said:

"I made some investments there [in Arizona] that I will sell in a minute if this goes through."

Beveridge paused to let that sink in, then answered:

"Oh! After that there is nothing more to be said."

The *Congressional Record* notes that Beveridge drew applause on the interchange, but it was to be many years before the Senate was to become really sensitive about such views as Alger thus naïvely expressed. And Arizona and New Mexico were admitted as separate States.

II

The Old Guard, like all American political phenomena of any real importance, was the product of purely economic forces. It did not spring into being overnight but matured slowly. Lee's surrender at Appomattox marked the date of its conception. At the turn of the century it was in the full flush of manhood. Through the McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft administrations it retained its virility, sometimes battling with the obstreperous Theodore but nearly always winning on questions of importance. Under Wilson it was in suspended animation, but with the advent of normalcy under Harding it had a brief burst of glory until Penrose died. Then came senility ever advancing until the long overdue burial with Mr. Hoover.

By the triumph of the North in the Civil War the balance of power—economic and political—was shifted across the Mason & Dixon Line. From the Revolution to the 60's the nation had been dominated by the landholding and largely slave-owning aristocracy. The South was their stronghold and the nation's policies were dictated in the interests of that section. There was an Old Guard in those days too, a coterie of fiery plantation owners who ran the Senate and elected Presidents. Sometimes it was a Democratic Old Guard, sometimes Whig, but it served the same masters whatever the label.

The Civil War demolished the plantation system. It took away representation in Congress for "three-fifths of all other persons" as the Constitutional Fathers—fresh from the Declaration of Independence—so euphemistically described chattel slaves. During the Reconstruction nightmare the North had a chance to consolidate its gains at a time when not only the missing two-fifths of all other persons but

also five-fifths of the Southern whites as well had no voice to speak for them at Washington. That was a much more severe blow to the South than Appomattox. The despised Yankee shopkeeper was in the saddle and he took steps to make sure he remained there.

The aristocracy based on land and slaves was supplanted by the new ruling caste with quarterings representing the ownership of mills, of railroads, of banks, of slaughterhouses. The new rulers sent their emissaries to Washington.

As it was intended to be and as it remained until the adoption of the Seventeenth Amendment, the Senate was the citadel of economic privilege and conservatism. Its members with their six-year terms and election by Legislatures—usually filled with their own henchmen—could afford to serve the ruling caste with a freedom not possible for members of the House. Naturally, control of the Senate was the objective of the bankers, the railroad owners and the manufacturers, then beginning to sense their power and impatient of any restraint. There were favors almost innumerable to be had—subsidies for the railroads (passes, free stock, and inside tips for the legislators), tariffs for the manufacturers, the right kind of currency legislation for the bankers.

It was a period when many thoughtful men inclined to the belief that the United States was returning to a Hamiltonian theory and practice of government. Business had become respectable and was rapidly becoming arrogant. "The public be damned" was a maxim that business men generally held to be sound. The first stirrings of extra-continental imperialism were in the air. States' Rights had passed into the limbo of forgotten political dogmas, over-ruled by the irrefutable logic of the sword. Men were beginning to talk about

the nation's manifest destiny and to believe that what was needed was a powerful and highly centralized government at Washington, which would tolerate no nonsense from competitors abroad nor from sniveling agitators at home.

Gradually, this philosophy of government crystallized in a group of Republican Senators and gradually the members of this group rose to positions of dominance. As the nineties drew to a close a quartette of elder statesmen ruled the Senate, bullied the House, and dictated to the President. The members of the clique were Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich of Rhode Island, William Boyd Allison of Iowa, Orville Hitchcock Platt of Connecticut, and John Colt Spooner of Wisconsin.

When McKinley was inaugurated in 1897 all the members of the quartette were tried veterans of national politics. They knew what made the wheels revolve in Washington and how to control the revolutions. They knew how to handle Presidents, because they knew how Presidents were made. During the Republican National Convention of 1888 the nomination of Benjamin Harrison was doubtful. Aldrich, in command of the Old Guard, sent messengers to Harrison at Indianapolis for a secret Sunday conference to find out how the potential nominee stood on the Old Guard programme. Harrison was nominated as soon as the emissaries reported, and the programme—the McKinley tariff bill—was put through Congress promptly.

Though not the senior member of the quartette either in age or length of Senatorial service, Aldrich was its executive officer and personification. Utterly indifferent to public opinion and courteously ruthless in action, it was he who led the Old Guard in committee rooms and on the floor of the Senate. When crusading

newspapers like the late New York *World* made slashing onslaughts upon the Old Guard it was always Aldrich who was singled out for the most vicious attack.

He never gave the slightest indication that he knew he was attacked. His alliance with the unusually malodorous Republican machine in Rhode Island made his seat in the Senate secure, and he remained in Washington to serve the mill owners and his other constituents, leaving the local machine undisturbed in the enjoyment of the lucrative prerogatives of its power. Because he was the conduit through which campaign contributions flowed when needed, the machine was glad to have him as an ally. In effect it was the Rhode Island Legislature of those days, so the Legislature could always be counted upon to reëlect Aldrich whether the populace liked it or not.

It was this same control of the campaign purse-strings which made Aldrich in his prime the autocrat of the Senate. No other man has ever dominated that unruly body to the same extent. He was a kind of super-Senator-at-large whose constituents were the vested interests—not only in Rhode Island but also in Ohio, in Pennsylvania, in Illinois and elsewhere.

Aldrich most sincerely believed that humanity is divided into two classes, the rulers and the ruled. His favorite motto was: "Most people don't know what they want." But a few people did know what they wanted. They were his real constituents and he saw to it that their wishes were fulfilled.

Because he was a member and not a servant of the dollar aristocracy, he was able to take a statesmanlike attitude on many questions of national policy. He tempered privilege with discretion throughout most of his distribution of favors. It was only in the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act,

which wrecked the Taft administration, that he allowed the favor-seekers to burst all the bounds of restraint. By that time, however, the Omnipotent Quartette had disintegrated. Platt, the philosopher of the group, died in 1905. His powers of conciliation, based largely upon an extraordinary personal magnetism and universal respect, were missing when they were most needed.

Allison was gone too; he died in 1908 after establishing a record by continuous service in the Senate since 1872. Before he died he had shown a tendency to abjure some of the Old Guard tenets. With Platt gone it was becoming more and more difficult for him to reconcile the deification of protected industries with the interests of his agricultural constituency. Besides, he heard ominous rumblings on the prairies, and no one ever had more sensitive ears for such things. It was Allison whom the vitriolic Senator Ingalls once described as "so pussy-footed he could walk from New York to San Francisco on the keys of a piano and never strike a note."

Spooner had also departed from the Senate when the Payne-Aldrich Act was enacted. The elder LaFollette had wrested Wisconsin from his grasp and was agitating such heretical reforms as control of the railroads, workmen's compensation, and pure food laws. Spooner resigned in disgust and his legal genius and skill in debate were no longer at the disposal of Aldrich in the last great battle.

After the Old Guard's Pyrrhic victory on the Payne-Aldrich Act, Aldrich turned statesman more noticeably. He gave free rein to his long-standing interest in finance. The Monetary Commission, which he sponsored and headed, did a prodigious amount of investigating and reporting. Largely through his influence and guidance, it laid the foundations for the Fed-

eral Reserve Act. However, the latter did not set up the great central bank which he advocated as another bow to the Hamiltonian tradition.

But by the time the Federal Reserve Act was passed, Aldrich was out of the Senate. All his old field-m Marshals were gone. Insurgency was abroad in the land and there was even considerable talk of allowing the people themselves to elect United States Senators. It was the twilight of the old gods and he had no stomach for it. He retired voluntarily in 1911, leaving Penrose in command of what remained.

III

Aldrich, Allison, Platt and Spooner were the inner circle of the Old Guard. There were others, however, and one of them was Matthew Stanley Quay of Pennsylvania, whose ethics in sugar speculation had been applauded by Aldrich. Other lusty souls who could always be counted upon were the elder Hale of Maine, Burroughs of Michigan, and Lodge of Massachusetts.

Quay, the political heir to the traditions of the Camerons and Thaddeus Stevens in Pennsylvania, was a thorough-going Old Guardsman, but for the most part he preferred to play a lone-wolf game. Backed by his powerful personal organization at home, he reached out over the country to advance the interests of his fortunes and his class. Such things as railroad promotions in Arizona and New Mexico—which could be abetted by Statehood legislation for the two, then Territories—interested him mightily. He was independent of the ruling quartette yet always on their side and coöperating with them as an equal.

When Harrison was elected President in 1888 Quay managed the campaign. The rather pompous Indiana statesman, rejoicing in his victory, announced that he at-

tributed it to Providence. Whereupon Quay commented sardonically that "Providence hadn't a damn thing to do with it," and added that he supposed Harrison "would never learn how close a number of men were compelled to approach the gates of the penitentiary to make him President."

After Harrison was in office he had a tiff with Quay over patronage, and four years later Harrison was defeated with some suspicion on the part of his friends that Quay had not worked as hard as might have been expected for the President's reelection. Between times Quay was a devoted student of Greek literature, particularly of that dealing with the Age of Pericles, who was his private demigod.

Marcus Alonzo Hanna of Ohio came into the Senate with the McKinley administration. With his realistic fry-the-fat philosophy of raising campaign funds he was a valuable recruit for the Old Guard. He was received with open arms, though he did not remain long enough to become one of the inner circle. When McKinley died, Hanna lost his unique position as keeper of the king's conscience and his own death soon thereafter removed him from the scene. However, he remained long enough to preside at the consummation of that union between business and politics which was the true foundation of the Old Guard—and he made business realize that it had to pay the upkeep and be thankful for the opportunity.

Of such was the Old Guard of the pre-Penrose era.

Penrose entered the Senate in 1897 to sit at the feet of the Quartette of Elders and train for the day when he should succeed to the mantle of Aldrich. He was an apt pupil, and had Taft been reelected in 1912, it is probable that Penrose would have reached or surpassed the czardom that

Aldrich attained. But the lean years of the Wilson administrations were just ahead. Penrose knew they were coming; he knew it before Taft was nominated at Chicago.

The last of the Pennsylvania shoguns and his colleagues realized full well that Taft could not be reelected in 1912. They also realized that if Roosevelt were given the Republican nomination, in all probability he could be elected. Defeat with Taft meant that the Old Guard retained its grip on the party organization; victory with Roosevelt meant that the Old Guard was out.

The last years of the eminent Theodore's second administration had witnessed a bitter struggle between the White House and the Senate. Toward the end, after Roosevelt had made it clear that he would not seek renomination in 1908, the Old Guard almost openly sneered at him. He wanted a downward revision of the tariff before Taft came in, for one thing. The Old Guard stalled him off; Taft promised a downward revision in the campaign and then signed the Payne-Aldrich bill. That was only one of the points of friction between Roosevelt and the Aldrich oligarchy. There were others, such as the pure food laws, the tariff commission, railroad regulation. Flushed with the success of his African big game hunt, Roosevelt returned to find that Taft and the Old Guard had done everything possible to nullify the Roosevelt achievements. Nimrod was now stalking bigger game than he had bagged in Africa and the Old Guard knew it. It was better to go into retirement for four years, or even eight if necessary, than to lose control of their own party.

Cannily Penrose foresaw that the Bull Moose uprising would be a one-man and one-fight affair. He knew that the insurgents would return to the feed troughs of their fathers as soon as the battle was over

—and so they did, including the Great Bull Moose himself. So Penrose was not at all surprised when Roosevelt carried Pennsylvania. Taft and the regular Republicans could not do it; to throw the organization's support to them might have meant Democrats in control of the State government. It was better to let in the Bull Moose, who could be lured back without difficulty. Then, as now, control of the Legislature at Harrisburg was more important to Pennsylvania Republicanism than a Republican President at Washington—particularly if the latter happened to be a Theodore Roosevelt.

So it happened that during the Wilsonian era when, but for the Taft débâcle, Penrose might have been ruling as Aldrich had ruled, the Pennsylvanian was relegated to the comparative obscurity of a minority chieftain. But he kept his powder dry and his organization disciplined. The Old Guard maintained an unshaken hold on the national party organization. When the long ordeal of waiting was over Penrose and his cohorts were marshalled to take over control. The amiable and amenable Harding was nominated and elected. The Old Guard seemed destined for another Golden Age. Then Penrose died, leaving many heirs but no successor.

Unlike Aldrich, who began his career as a grocery clerk in a squalid Rhode Island mill town, Penrose was to the manner born. Wealthy, of aristocratic lineage, Harvard-polished, he took to leadership as a matter of course. Of Gargantuan, not to say Rabelaisian inclinations, he lived as he pleased with equal indifference to the prejudices of the peasantry and the lifted eyebrows of his equals. But his diversions were merely the exercise of seignorial rights to him, not a descent to equality with his more informal playmates. He never made any pretense of reaching the

level of democracy, not even after Senators were elected by popular vote.

He was one of the few Old Guardsmen who had nothing to fear from popular elections; his machine in Pennsylvania could deliver the votes of the people as well as the votes of the Legislature. Once when an eminent reformer was the opposing candidate for the Senatorship, Penrose was asked by one of his cronies in the Senate cloak room:

"Well Boies, how is your distinguished opponent making out?"

"Oh," said Penrose, "he'll run pretty well in the country districts but the story has gotten around that he's a virgin and it's hurting him in the cities."

Generally speaking, members of the Old Guard were fundamentalists. They believed in Original Sin, approved it, and made use of it to their great advantage.

One of the Penrose classics relates how a local political leader from Easton, Pa., went to Philadelphia seeking aid for the coming election. Contaminated by the proximity of New Jersey, some of the Eastern Pennsylvania counties had strong Democratic *blocs* and the local bigwigs were worried. The Eastonian, with sanctimonious mien, said he needed some money to combat Democratic wickedness.

"What would you do with it?" Penrose barked.

"Well Senator, we would like to run some advertisements in the newspapers, and hire a band, and hold some meetings and —"

Penrose grunted in disgust.

"How much do you need?" he asked.

"I hoped we could get a thousand dollars."

Again Penrose snorted:

"Why you goddam fool, a thousand won't do you any good. Have you got sense enough to handle five?"

The Eastonian convinced Penrose he could qualify and went away with the \$5,000 in cash—but not for newspaper advertising or hiring bands.

There was nothing of the back-slapper or the baby-kisser in the Penrose makeup. An eye-witness tells about a delegation coming to Washington to thank the Senator for some favor to their Pennsylvania community. They were ushered into Penrose's office and the chairman advanced to the Great Man.

"Senator, I certainly want to thank you for what you have done for us," said the chairman, resting his hand on the Penrose shoulder.

Whereupon the Senator looked up and growled:

"Keep your damned hands off me."

But there was a softer side to Penrose too. A wealthy Philadelphia Sunday-school superintendent once decided to give his class a trip to Washington. He arranged that the children should meet President Taft for the customary handshaking at exactly twelve o'clock. But the train was late and did not reach Washington until one o'clock. A hurried call to the White House elicited expressions of regret coupled with the firm statement that the President had an appointment with the British Ambassador at one-thirty and it would be impossible for him to see the children later. Grave international complications might ensue, it was explained, if the appointment with the Ambassador was disturbed or interrupted.

With a hundred odd disconsolate children on his hands, the superintendent rushed to Penrose, to whom he was personally unknown. Penrose made him produce papers of identification and then set out for the British Embassy. He asked the Ambassador if the latter could not waive his prerogative for a few moments to accommodate the Philadelphia Sunday-

school class. The Ambassador smiled and agreed. There was a call to the White House and the jovial Taft chuckled acquiescence. The children saw the President and went back to Philadelphia happy. There is probably not a Senator in Washington today who could, or would, attempt to do what Penrose did on that occasion.

IV

While the Old Guard was winning its victories under Aldrich and maintaining a seemingly solid organization under Penrose it was also distilling the poisons which eventually killed it. No ruling class yet has demonstrated sufficient wisdom to bow to the inevitable march of events in time to save itself. The Old Guard was no exception.

So closely allied with the conservative privileged interests of the East that it could recognize no other gods, it refused to compromise. The result was that control slipped from it and was seized by the Sons of the Wild Jackass—some with Republican tags on their collars and some with Democratic, but all essentially the same breed. The ancient Old Guard motto, "Business first," has been succeeded by the battle cry, "Soak the rich." Equally as blind and intolerant as their predecessors—and sometimes less intelligent—the new masters are following much the same path, probably to the same kind of disaster. But that is for the future to tell.

The Insurgent movement, which eventually wrecked the Old Guard, started about the turn of the century with the appearance in the Senate of Beveridge of Indiana, Dolliver of Iowa, Bristow of Kansas, the elder LaFollette, Clapp of Minnesota, and Cummins of Iowa.

Beveridge and Dolliver at first were ardent disciples of the Aldrich group. The

Indiana orator burst into fame as a most effective defender of the trusts and an uncompromising advocate of imperialism. Dolliver, whom Aldrich never trusted because he thought the Iowan too emotional to stand hitched, was held in check at first by his colleague Allison. Allison himself asked Dolliver to remain true to the old régime until after the venerable dean of the Senate was gone. That was not a long wait, and on his death-bed Allison advised Dolliver to join the Insurgents.

The battles which marked the beginning of the end of the Old Guard were fought out for the most part during the Aldrich régime, but their effects marched on into succeeding decades. Child labor, pure food and meat inspection laws, railroad regulation, publicity for campaign contributions and the tariff were some of the issues. Nearly always the Old Guard won, though sometimes forced to the appearance of compromise. Always it fought for the vested interests against the Insurgents' profane demands for more heed to the human elements involved.

When Beveridge and Bristow and Clapp and the elder LaFollette were gone, there were new Insurgents to take their places—Norris of Nebraska, Johnson of California, Cutting of New Mexico, Blaine and the younger LaFollette of Wisconsin, Brookhart of Iowa, Ladd and Frazier and Nye of North Dakota. Some of the recruits maintained the standards of their predecessors; others were pure opportunists and demagogues; but they all marched under the same banner and all had votes in the Senate. Borah of Idaho bobbed in and out of the group perennially, a valuable ally when in the mood to fight, though inclined to prefer artillery duels of oratory to the infantry drudgery of mopping up.

Meanwhile, with the death of Penrose, the Old Guard dynasty deteriorated.

Lodge, the titular leader, was never effective after the League of Nations fight. Curtis of Kansas was never a true-blue Old Guardsman in practice, though his instincts were all in that direction. Coming from a State which has done more to amuse the nation than all of the Ringling Brothers combined, he was never a free agent. The ghost of Bristow always haunted him. Watson of Indiana, protégé of Penrose and before that of Cannon, was never sure enough of his seat to give full rein to his natural Old Guard tendencies. Besides, he was too good natured, and his oft-repeated *bon mot* that "sometimes we have to rise above principle" was not so much a joke as he liked to have his listeners believe. The other link of the Hoover Senate with that of Aldrich was Smoot of Utah, who combined his duties as Apostle of the Mormon Church with those of an Old Guard Senator until it was hard to determine where one left off and the other began.

Mark Sullivan, who has had unexcelled opportunities to analyze Republican statesmen, wrote of Smoot in 1921, when Penrose was too ill to take charge of the then pending tariff battle:

The next man to Penrose on the Finance Committee is Smoot of Utah, and presumably in the present state of Penrose's health, Smoot will do much of the work. Smoot is a much more gentle person than Penrose, almost too gentle for leadership in a gruelling fight. He is more of the teacher or even the preacher than the politician.

Within a few years Smoot was vindicating that characterization by turning aside from the Hawley-Smoot tariff fight to lead crusades against naughty books and cigarettes. Shades of Aldrich and Penrose!

So the vicious circle moved to its completion. The Bourbonism of the Old Guard produced the Insurgency of Beveridge and his colleagues. Their battles, as a by-

product, brought about the direct election of Senators. In turn, that constitutional change gave the breast-beating advocates of the people an advantage which they were quick to capitalize, and it brought about progressive degeneration of the Old Guard itself.

The post-Penrose Guard was always on the defensive and usually over picayune issues. It fought against attempts to unseat Newberry—its only victory—; it sought to seat Vare of Pennsylvania and Smith of Illinois! it opposed the censure of Bingham for smuggling a manufacturers' agent into the secret tariff sessions of the Finance Committee; it fought for years against farm relief legislation and then swallowed the monstrous Farm Board; it battled for a decade against government in business and then sponsored that notable experiment in capitalistic communism, the

Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Always on the defensive and nearly always losing.

The cycle of the Old Guard closed with the Hoover administration. The Beveridge school of Insurgency was triumphant when every State represented by an Insurgent of those and later days went Democratic in November, 1932.

Already a new cycle is far advanced. Things move faster now than a few decades ago. Treasury raids for the veterans, for the farmers, for every conceivable minority group with a megaphone in the Senate—raids both accomplished and threatened—have already called forth ominous talk of delegating dictatorial powers. The demagogues are seeking protection from their own demagoguery. Perhaps a New Old Guard is in embryo, disguised as a New Deal.

THE DEATH-RATE IN THE DEPRESSION

BY W. W. BAUER

ONE of the features of the present economic situation which has given rise to a great deal of comment is the persistence of favorable mortality rates, as compiled by Federal health officials, State departments of health, and statistical departments of insurance companies. It is natural that these apparent rays of light in an otherwise sufficiently dark landscape should give rise to feelings and expressions of optimism. But such views are not shared by those who have studied the situation closely, including the publishers of the statistics which furnish occasion for the unwarranted rejoicing. I do not want to add to the prevailing gloom of the American people, but it is essential that we know the truth, and not be blinded by superficial deductions from crude figures.

Before going any farther, it seems advisable to emphasize just what is meant by crude figures. The mortality statistics published by the Federal and State health bureaus are governed by well established uniform rules, based on international conventions, which assure comparability of figures to the greatest practicable extent, but which cannot give more than a superficial picture of the American people's health. Mortality statistics record deaths by numbers and by causes, according to places where the deaths occurred. From these numbers are then computed the rates of death according to population, for the nation, the States and the important cities. The gross death-rates from all causes are

based on a unit of population, the thousand. For individual causes of death, as for example heart disease or tuberculosis, they are based on hundred-thousands, in order to minimize the occurrence of fractional values.

The rates as published do not take into account the composition of the population as to age, sex, national origins, or occupations. Also, they do not consider the influence of hospitals in a community, which may adversely affect the death-rate, or the possibility that residents of a given area may die in hospitals outside it. They do not weigh these influences because they cannot, and that is why they are called crude rates. Moreover, the death-rate may or may not accurately reflect the morbidity or sickness rate; usually it is safest to assume that it does not.

The United States has no adequate morbidity rate registration. A start has been made in that direction through the notification of some of the communicable diseases, but other important diseases are not reportable. Studies have also been made of morbidity incidence through hospitals and dispensaries, insurance statistics, and community surveys. But all figures thus obtained are fragmentary, and of little scientific value.

If death-rates are not an adequate measure of the health of the nation, then it follows that we must not take them at their face value. We must not reason from them, as some have done, that the current De-

pression has actually been beneficial to the health of the American people. It is necessary to dig deeper than the surface of the official mortality figures. Newton D. Baker has pointed out that the social, relief and reconstruction problem extends far beyond the bread-lines. Even so does the health problem. These are some factors involved in the national health which may yet exact from us heavy, if deferred, payments chargeable to economic dislocation.

II

Some of the factors affecting the present low death-rates are not creditable to the Depression. Their causes are various. Among these influences is the absence of serious epidemics during the past three years. Diphtheria is at a low ebb, as a consequence of the millions of children who have been immunized against it. For this we owe thanks to the efforts of the medical and public health authorities. How long the favorable diphtheria records will continue depends upon when and to what extent curtailment of private and community expenditures will reduce the volume of this work, which must be continuous if oncoming generations are to benefit. Typhoid fever has receded because of improved public sanitation plus vaccination. Mortality from smallpox has also been low, due partly to vaccination, and partly to the prevalence of a milder type of the disease. Scarlet fever, too, has had a low mortality, creditable at least in part to the provision of better medical and nursing care through the wide availability of isolation hospitals, in which a large percentage of cases, especially in cities, is now being treated. Epidemic influenza has been of a comparatively mild type when prevalent; this is nothing more than sheer good luck, since neither preventive measures nor

treatment have availed much against the 1918 type of this modern plague. The same applies to infantile paralysis.

Lowered infant mortality has been one of the greatest real factors in the low death-rates. This is due to improved milk and water supplies and the development and standardization of potent cod liver oil preparations and substitutes therefor, plus education in the feeding and care of babies. Most of this progress grew out of the war, when the surprising unfitness of the American youth for military service shocked the nation into an acutely health-conscious state.

None of the foregoing can by the remotest stretch of the imagination be credited to the Depression. If they have any economic connotations, it is only that prosperity favors them, and that when prosperity fades, they are threatened in common with many other advantages which the American people have enjoyed. The effect of lapses in measures for the preservation of the public health may not be apparent at once, but it cannot be postponed forever.

There are certain other conditions, reflected in the favorable death-rates, for which the Depression may possibly be credited. Industrial and automobile accidents are definitely lower, as any one might expect when factories are working, if at all, to only a limited extent, and traffic is far below normal. But these are somewhat dubious benefits, when the few lives thus saved are measured against the wide-spread misery which accompanies unemployment. Again, persons suffering from chronic affections of the heart and blood-vessels, from kidney disease or diabetes, may, because of enforced rest, live a little longer. The influenza epidemic of 1918 caused the death-rates for several subsequent years to be favorable, because it took the lives, a

trifle prematurely, of many persons suffering from chronic diseases, who would in the normal course of events have lived a little longer. The effect of the present Depression is similar, though in the opposite direction.

The thought has also been advanced that enforced retrenchment in matters of food, in burning the candle at both ends through high-pressure business and hectic social activity, and in dissipation, will be effective in improving the health of the American people. Perhaps a few gourmands may be prevented from digging their graves with their teeth quite as fast as they might like to do; possibly a number of foolish *débutantes* are restrained from dancing themselves into a tuberculosis sanatorium or an early grave; conceivably business men now have less occasion to drive themselves to physical bankruptcy for the sake of piling up profits. But must we have a Depression that threatens the integrity of the whole world for these infinitesimal gains, doubtful benefits at the very best? Such arguments are the acme of futility.

III

On the other side of the picture, we have plenty of well-authenticated facts to prove that it may be many years before the payments exacted of our national health through economic collapse have been satisfied. It is, of course, the children with whom we should be principally concerned. What will be the effect upon the growing generation of enforced economy to the point of practical starvation, of a home life stalked by the spectres of despair, discouragement, disillusionment, and rebellious resentment? How shall we measure the harm done to children by the spectacle of parents, to whom they should look for protection, leadership and inspiration, fail-

ing through conditions over which they can exercise no control? We dare not set over against that picture any flimsy optimism based on crude statistics which tell only partial truth. And not only are we concerned about children. Those same influences are undermining the morale of parents as well. The deferred payments bid fair to be heavy.

Here and there the warnings are being sounded. The American Medical Association, through its *Journal*, has warned against too implicit acceptance of the apparently favorable indications in the published mortality statistics. Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Health Commissioner of the City of New York, where poverty may well be expected to exhibit its grimmest aspects, but where health and welfare agencies abound, reports that 40,000 children in that city are suffering from malnutrition. Specifically, of 227,366 school children examined by the medical inspectors, there were 40,290 so afflicted, or 17.7%. In the years 1927-1929 the rate was 13.5%. The increase is roughly 33%.

This is not reflected in mortality statistics—yet; it may never be, except indirectly. What may be expected is revealed in a report by Dr. George Wolff, head of the department of statistics of the National Bureau of Hygiene of Germany, dealing with the influence which starvation had on children born there during the war. After fourteen years, it was shown that school children starting classes in 1924, 1925 and 1926 made less satisfactory progress than those starting in 1927 and 1928. In Dr. Wolff's opinion the children in the first named group, who were born during years when nutrition in Germany was particularly inadequate as a result of war blockades, are still suffering from that inadequacy. The children born later do not labor under the same handicaps.

There are indications that the children born in years of famine may never overcome the disabilities thus imposed upon them. It is too early to be optimistic about public health in America in the face of such observations. In Detroit, as this is written, studies are under way to ascertain the nutritional status of 400 children who have been eating the diet issued by the welfare organization for two years. Such studies will give us a truer picture of what unemployment and all that it connotes are doing to our health than mortality rates ever can.

There are some specific diseases which may be expected to develop in a population suffering from lack of proper and well-balanced nourishment. Among these are scurvy, rickets, and pellagra. The first is due to deficiency in vitamin C, a constituent of fruits and vegetables, and especially of the citrus fruit group. There are still too many who regard oranges, lemons and grapefruit as luxuries instead of essential parts of the diet. Rickets, due to a deficiency in calcium metabolism closely bound up with sunshine and the supply of vitamin D, is a menace to children, and especially girls, since the latter may suffer seriously in subsequent childbearing from bony deformities consequent upon this disease. Vitamin D is contained in oils from the livers of deep-sea fish, especially cod and halibut, and to some extent in common foods such as milk, eggs, and chocolate, and irradiated foods. It is also available in synthetic form under the name of viosterol.

Pellagra is prevented by adequate diet, specifically by a constituent of vitamin B contained in milk, lean meat, wheat germ and yeast, and more sparingly in vegetables. Nor can we afford to overlook the importance of vitamin A, the growth factor, which is also concerned with rickets

and with certain eye conditions. It is found in butter fat, egg yolk, the fat of glandular organs, and the leaves of plants. All these foods are not to be regarded as luxuries, but necessities.

There are, in the first place, large numbers of our people who do not know these facts, and so cannot apply them. Others know them and cannot benefit from their knowledge because they are unable to buy the necessary articles of food. Those who will suffer most from food deficiencies are not the groups who still have enough to maintain reasonably adequate living standards, nor those subsisting on charity. The former can continue to take care of themselves; the latter are having their diets planned for them in many instances by experts and are in consequence living more hygienically, so far as food is concerned, than they might if they were self-supporting. Food deficiencies will bear most heavily on those who, in their distress, are nevertheless attempting with grim determination and admirable fortitude to support themselves and maintain the pride of their independence. Thus the Depression may take its heaviest toll from those who constitute the highest type of our citizenship.

IV

There are other factors which are reacting to the detriment of the public health, and will continue so to react. For many years there has been steady progress toward better milk supplies for our people as a whole, and for our children in particular. This progress has been achieved through education and legislation, plus enlightened co-operation from the producers and distributors of milk. Epidemics of disease traced to milk have been comparatively uncommon in the last few years, and those which have occurred have been largely in smaller

towns and in rural areas where the modern safe-guards had not yet been thrown about the milk supply. In the more progressive cities, where milk must come from tuberculin-tested cattle, and can be distributed only after pasteurization and in bottles, milk-borne disease was until recently virtually unknown. For some years, the economic troubles of the dairy farmers have been adding to the difficulty of maintaining the high standards which had been achieved for city milk supplies, because good milk costs more than poor. Since 1929 there has entered into the milk situation a new factor, which the *Journal* of the American Medical Association has named "bootleg milk."

It and the manner of its distribution can be observed near the outskirts of any city which has a good milk ordinance well enforced. The farmer of today has a large surplus of milk, which brings him very low prices. At the same time the city dweller is still paying, in many instances, a price which he regards as too high, when he considers the spread between what he pays and what the farmer gets. This is not an appropriate place for discussing the economic situation in the milk industry, but it is necessary to outline the facts in order to observe the results, for the economic problem of milk is closely bound up with the health of the people.

Given a city with high standards of quality for milk sold within its borders, and good enforcement thereof, surrounded by a milk shed whose farmers have a large surplus, and city consumers chafing at the price of milk, it requires but little imagination to picture the inevitable outcome. The farmers are going to offer milk direct to the consumers. Since they cannot get licenses to distribute within the city, they invite the consumer to come outside and buy milk at cut prices. The milk thus

sold is entirely without supervision. The manner of its purchase and consumption defeats the purposes of ordinances intended to safe-guard the health of city residents, and especially babies and children. It is true that such milk may be safe, but it is equally true that such a likelihood is remote. The purchaser has no assurance of safety.

A study of such bootleg milk distribution made by the health officer of Rockford, Ill., revealed that the distributing stations were of the lowest grade possible from the standpoint of sanitation, lacking running water and sanitary conveniences in most instances, and that as a rule the milk was neither pasteurized nor bottled. The number of bootleg milk stations found in his study was more than four times the number of licensed dairies operating in the city under inspection and forced to face the unfair competition of the bootlegger. Obviously, standards cannot be maintained indefinitely in the face of such illegal competition. Letting down of standards pertaining to milk sanitation, if it becomes general, will carry us far back on the road over which we have travelled toilsomely for so many years toward a satisfactory milk supply. It will menace, and indeed is menacing today, the health of our children and our babies.

The purchase of outlaw milk is not economy; it is flirtation with disaster. It is one of the health hazards of the Depression about which mortality rates will be silent so long as no great outbreak of serious diseases occurs. Mortality rates may never record directly the impaired health suffered by babies robbed of their chance for normal growth and strength by attacks of bowel trouble due to infected milk. Many will recover, but some will bear the marks of their infection for a long time, perhaps throughout life.

V

There are other influences which cannot be read from the crude mortality rates. One hundred and ten hospitals were forced to suspend operation in the United States in 1931, according to Homer Wickenden, general director of the United Hospital Fund in a report to the Committee on Welfare and Relief Mobilization of 1932. The usual sources of income of many hospitals have largely disappeared. Other institutions which have not closed their front doors have closed up floors for lack of patronage, and are operating at a greater loss than usual because small patronage means increased overhead. It may be conceded that a considerable amount of hospitalization in times of prosperity is for convenience rather than necessity; nevertheless, communities cannot afford to be without hospitals for those who actually do need them. The reduction in hospital patronage is only a part of a larger picture, which is the general neglect of proper care of the sick in times of economic stringency. The demand for food, shelter, and clothing, and the difficulty of supplying them, lead to the postponement of medical and dental care until serious emergencies preclude further neglect. This militates against successful treatment. Self-medication and counter-prescribing by druggists, both hazardous procedures since they involve treatment without proper diagnosis and without competent supervision, are on the increase.

Surgery is more than ever a last resort, with corresponding likelihood of increased surgical risks and higher mortality or, at least, less satisfactory results. What unintelligent prescribing or postponement of proper treatment may do is shown in a study of appendicitis made by the Philadelphia County Medical Society, which

showed that the mortality in cases of appendicitis increased in exact proportion to the time elapsed between onset of the disease and admission to hospital, while self administered laxatives made the chances of recovery less by 7%. There can be no question that poverty will increase the morbidity if not the mortality of other diseases as well as appendicitis, and in much the same way.

For centuries the tuberculosis death-rate has been diminishing by painfully slow degrees. In the last twenty years a vigorous campaign against tuberculosis has been pursued. The death-rate has continued to go down. There is controversy over how much of the decline is due to the organized campaign and how much to the rising economic levels of the working people. That is neither here nor there. No one denies that tuberculosis is a disease closely bound up with poverty. We now have poverty enough in all conscience, but the tuberculosis rate continues to decline. How explain this apparent paradox?

It is simple enough. Tuberculosis is a disease of long duration. Many patients have it for years; it is only the unusual case which progresses rapidly to a fatal termination. Unfavorable business conditions have existed for three years as this is written. Here and there tuberculosis death-rates are beginning to take an upward turn. It is unsafe to draw conclusions from comparisons of one year with the one following or preceding; longer intervals are necessary to smooth out the effects of chance and temporary variations in mortality, especially in diseases like tuberculosis, whose trends respond slowly to external stimuli.

Our concern should be less for today's tuberculous adults than for the underfed children in the homes of our unemployed, who will face their fight with the white

plague in the coming years of adolescence and young manhood and womanhood. That is the time when one of the Depression's deferred payments will come due—between the tenth and the twentieth year from now. We are still reaping the benefits of prosperous times as far as tuberculosis is concerned.

Social problems, except as they affect health and life, are outside the scope of this paper, but there is one development regarded with apprehension by numerous writers, which has implications involving the health of future generations, and must not be overlooked. I refer to the vagrant boys, who have forsaken homes where they have felt their presence to be a burden, and have taken to the road. "Forgotten boys" one writer has dubbed them. It is more than likely that they will long be remembered with sorrow. Aside from the problems of crime and delinquency which they create, their menace to the nation's health is of enormous significance.

Diseases of a communicable character are transmitted by persons. As man moves, so do epidemics. Civilization has built up extensive barriers against the promiscuous migration of diseased individuals. The safe-guards do not always work to perfection, but they do afford a considerable measure of security. The unsupervised movement of an army of homeless boys estimated as high as 500,000 cannot be regarded with equanimity. They are certain to transmit the communicable diseases, and especially smallpox, which is always rampant in places that wanderers frequent.

A recent publication of a health department relates the experience of a doctor who picked up a hitch hiker and was startled to look into his face and find it spotted with the unmistakable eruption of severe smallpox. Though obviously very ill, the man was still travelling. Of course, the

doctor, who was vaccinated and therefore perfectly safe, took the patient to the nearest isolation hospital. Suppose, instead, that this man had been picked up by a lay individual, himself unvaccinated, and allowed to go on to an unknown destination, spreading infection far and wide?

Homeless, wandering boys quite obviously are exposed to the danger of venereal disease in far greater measure than boys of the same age who are surrounded by the influences of the home. The venereal infections are bad enough from the standpoint of the individual, on whom they wreak sufficient havoc, but they are still worse viewed in the light of their probable influence upon the community, State and nation. It is more than likely that many of the forgotten boys will settle down in the days to come, marry and have children. If they have been venereally infected, their wives face the dangers of invalidism and sterility, with the possibility of mutilating operations or serious diseases of the heart, blood vessels and nervous system. Their children face possible blindness or congenital states of deterioration and disease. The community may be called upon to underwrite heavy expenses for the care of the lame, the halt, the blind and the delinquent progeny of diseased parents.

We might as well face the fact now that we shall pay for this Depression not only in reduced incomes, deflated values of real property, depreciated securities, and lowered living standards, but also, unless we are exceedingly wise and watchful, in heavy damages to the health of the nation. Unless we adopt an enlightened and far-seeing policy toward the public health, and refuse to be deceived by the fictitious encouragement derived from superficial consideration of current death-rates, our deferred payments in health are going to be even heavier than they need to be.

THEY CALL ME A MONK

BY BROTHER CAJETAN

I AM Brother Cajetan—what they call a monk. A few years ago I saw Broadway's conception of a monk—a rather skinny old man in a brown gown which hid everything except his sandaled feet and his thin, pale face, the most prominent feature of which was an extremely long and unmistakably red nose. Of course, he had a deep voice—a voice which came from his very heels and rolled like thunder along the last rows of the gallery.

All I can say is that monks are not like that—usually. People who have bothered about medieval history will probably remember that they were employed in those days in various duties about the monastery. They made transcripts of ancient writings, worked the land, begged food for the poor, built roads, chanted psalms, and performed other labors. The modern monks often do the same, but they have added some new duties. Among other things they frequently give missions and retreats, and teach in schools and universities. Practically every Order has its teaching branch and there are countless relatively new Orders, such as mine, which are engaged exclusively in education.

Despite the numerous differences in purpose, scope, and rules among the various Orders, virtually all of them require their members to take the three major vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. It is taking these vows which makes the lives of all monks fundamentally the

same. The brilliant scholar who holds a chair of philosophy is no more entitled to carry money in his pocket than the humble lay brother who spends most of the day in the barn, milking cows and toting ensilage. The three vows really constitute the religious life. All monastic rules are made toward their better preservation. The day on which he makes them is the most sacred day in the life of the religious.

I have told you that I am a monk, but I find it none too easy to speak further than that about myself. We are advised by rule to speak little of ourselves. I suppose that this is because a religious is inclined to bring up, in any discussion of himself, things that he should have forgotten long ago—things that were part of his other life when he was “in the world.” But this very silence about himself causes other people to consider him queer, and to build up legends about him. He was disappointed in love. His business failed. He lost faith in human nature. He was looking for Utopia. His brain took a sudden twist, and he became temporarily balmy.

But in truth your average religious probably joined his Order for the same reason that I did. When I was of school age I was taught by monks. I found most of them kind and companionable. They were human and sensible. They had a great deal of pleasant small talk for the boys, and somehow they made piety attractive. So almost as far back as I can remember, I thought that I should like to

be a religious. But at this moment I really cannot explain why I was filled with that desire instead of wishing to be a doctor, or a lawyer, or an ordinary school teacher.

Murphy used to say that he was going to become a Congressman like his uncle, but instead, he took up engineering. Tony used to say, "My orchestra is pretty good now, but some day I'll have a famous band, and then maybe I'll get a chance to play the trumpet in the Boston Symphony." But Tony's eyes were bad and he could not continue his studies. Two of the crowd wanted to become hoofers, and that is what they are today. Harper wanted to become a doctor. He is just finishing Harvard Medical. Hunter wanted to go to West Point. He is now selling insurance.

My environment contributed to my desire to become a monk. My parents were pious. I used to sing in the church choir. I was appointed to distribute and to collect the hymn-books for the organist. In school I used to help out the teachers with their clerical work. Day in, day out I had more than usual contact with monks, and I really liked them. I developed a curiosity concerning their life—where they were prepared, how long it took, what they did to amuse themselves. One Sunday morning I asked the choirmaster all the questions I had on my mind, and he answered them willingly.

It was on that same night, while I was singing the Vesper psalms, that the golden idea really came to me. I can remember it all very clearly now. The old choirmaster was intoning the *Beatis Vir*. The lights of the vast church were dim. Miles and miles away, it seemed, the huge marble altar towered in a glory of candle light. The heads of the faithful were bowed in reverence. The music from the organ had never seemed more soft and uplifting. And into my heart and soul came a sweet-

ness greater than any I had ever experienced before. Over and over I kept saying to myself, "I'm going to be a monk! I'm going to be a monk!" I was very happy and pleased with myself. After Vespers I met my sister outside the church. I bought the biggest cocoa-nut the fruit-store man had, and while we were eating it on the way home I told her all about my hopes.

II

While I was in my Order's preparatory school and knew that some day I would be a monk, I never seemed to question myself as to just how the life would appeal to me. I seldom thought about the future, and when I did, it was only with a desire that time would speed by, so that I could soon be wearing the habit of my Order. I was very happy. Every day held a new adventure for me. I did not find the studies difficult.

Things of the spirit did not enter so much into my life then. I remember how all my interests were centered in things of the earth—the glorious Virginia sunsets, the long swims in the cool Chesapeake, the fat persimmons which ripened after the first frost, the sweet music our old Dutch gardener used to lure from his ancient piano every evening—rowing, fishing, shooting, hiking, riding, these were my delights. They were the laziest, loveliest, most natural days a boy could ever hope to spend.

A young man who intends to become a member of a teaching Order, such as mine, goes through high-school (if he has not already finished) and college, and does a bit of teaching before he takes his degree. During his college days his religious training begins and he is grounded in the Scholastic philosophy, in sufficient theology for his teaching needs, and in

psychology. After he finishes his studies, the Order tries him at teaching, and if he proves to be worth his salt he is allowed to study further for his master's degree, and even for a doctor's degree in philosophy. If he shows adeptness at languages he may qualify to teach in one of our schools in Europe for two or three years and thus perfect his French or German conversation. Although he usually attends a Catholic college, his graduate work may be done at any university. Almost always our Order has men at the Johns Hopkins, and a few at Harvard, the M. I. T. and other schools near our centers.

Our religious training is very simple and practical. I was a bit nervous at first and somewhat bewildered, but not discontented. The great lesson was that of practical humility. In the morning I would probably study psychology or philosophy. But such higher studies might make me proud, so in the afternoon I had to go out into the field and load mangelwurzel into a rickety wagon, and then lug them to the barn. Each one had his manual labor to do around the place.

In the course of time I was appointed Brother Horticultor, and placed in charge of a small hot-house and a flower garden. I liked most of my work very much, but I hated weeding in the garden. Yet I weeded feverishly every day, for I knew that I must learn to do many disagreeable things. I was acquiring self-discipline. But I'm afraid I never learned to be a good gardener.

The Novice Master, it seemed, used to give us duties for which we were the least fitted. Once I was given charge of his pets—ten canaries. When I took over the birds they stopped singing. After a while it became worse—they began dying. Almost every week I buried a canary. The

rest of the monks used to watch me solemnly as I started out the door with a trowel in one hand and a cold canary in the other. "Brother Cajetan is all right at other things, I suppose, but he can't seem to learn to take care of canaries," the Master would remark quietly. I used to feel a bit stupid—and humbled. Finally, after all but three canaries had passed on, I lost my job. Then the remaining birds began to sing again.

The older men in our Order have always been sensible about the training of the young. Outsiders appear to believe that all religious, young and old, are highly ascetic and practise unbelievable physical austerities, but any man who expects to spend his life in teaching and study cannot afford to brother-ass his body to the point of wrecking his health. The younger men receive warnings that mortification consists only in small things. Their superiors see that they eat well.

While I was in New York a few years ago, attending college and doing a bit of teaching, my superior, a kind old man, somehow got the impression that I was mortifying myself at table. The truth was that I did not care for New York, and had no appetite, especially at breakfast. One evening he called me.

"You haven't any color," he said.

"I know it."

"Why don't you eat at table?"

"I really haven't any appetite."

"Now listen here," he said severely, "if you're denying yourself food, you're a very crazy young man. That kind of penance belongs to the Dark Ages. What you need for your body is more food, not less. Hereafter I want you to eat plenty of cream and crackers between meals."

He got me a tonic and made me eat five meals a day instead of three. My appetite soon came back.

Laymen with whom I come into occasional contact ask me indirect and cautious questions as to whether I have been disillusioned in the religious life. They seem to assume that I looked forward to it as a sort of earthly paradise, and that a terrible sting awaited me before I went very far. I can say with truth that I did not expect any sort of paradise but rather a hard, bumpy life. It is really more pleasant than I expected. I have never, of course, found myself wrapped, like Saint Paul, up to the third Heaven. I have never even approached the first. That very sweet, sentimental feeling of sanctity which young men are likely to experience wore off in my case after the first few weeks of training.

But I have found the life pleasant. Most of the things that I am expected to do I have found agreeable. Much of my time is spent, and will be spent, in study—and I have learned to cultivate the habit of study or, at least, the habit of mental occupation. My other duties depend greatly on the place where I am stationed. I have moved about sufficiently to know that with a little time I can accustom myself to whatever conditions I encounter.

There is no great material attraction in the monastery for me or for any of my brothers. I do not insinuate that the material comforts of my life are meager—far from that. But undoubtedly there is more material attraction in the world. That is obvious. Unquestionably, then, it is only a spiritual motive which can hold a man to the monastery.

I have already tried to explain what it was that drew me to the life. Now I shall tell you candidly what it is that holds me. I believe firmly—as firmly as I believe my own existence—that God made man, not for this earth, but for Heaven. And I believe that if man lives according to

the laws which God has laid down, he will gain his eternal reward after death.

But my faith goes further than that. I believe that God has created institutions by means of which a man can insure, as it were, his eternal salvation. A religious Order is such an institution. I believe that if I follow the rules of my Order, if I attempt to make spiritual progress every day, if I labor to save my own soul and to help save the souls of others, either of my faith or not of it, if I live a humble, simple, unhypocritical, obedient life such as my Order prescribes for me—I believe that if I do all that I shall be *more sure* of eternal salvation after death.

The whole matter rests on faith, and if faith ever becomes obscured one must fight and pray to win it back again. The human nature that is in me sometimes will not allow me to see things as spiritually as I want to. If I could always look across the span of life that is ahead of me, the thirty or forty years that I shall possibly face, as if it were but a fleeting day, the difficulties of my life would naturally be as nothing. But sometimes time itself seems long. The life ahead of me looks almost eternal, and the things of this world present their attractiveness to me so well as almost to obliterate the things of the spirit.

But that is the constant battle against my own human inclinations that I must wage. When I look at the matter coldly, tearing away the transient illusions that face every man in this world, I can see clearly the futility of striving after only earthly accomplishments. I have implicit faith that there is a greater life beyond death. If I did not believe that, and still continued to live as I am living now, I should not blame you for counting me a fool. But I have faith—and faith can take a man far.

III

Have I spoken of difficulties? Maybe they only seem to be difficulties. For instance, I must get up every morning at five-thirty, and I don't like getting up early—at least as early as that. But I know that if I live to be seventy I shall still be getting up at five-thirty, so long ago I decided that the wise thing for me to do was to develop a sort of resignation to it. I know that if I am to keep my health by getting eight hours' sleep, I must go to bed early, that is, at about nine-thirty. And that is even worse than getting up early. I am prone to burn the midnight oil. But I know that the lamp will not last, so I submit.

Outsiders often wonder what the vow of Poverty means. It does not mean penury. When I ask for a new hat, or a new suit of clothes, or an overcoat, or a pair of gloves, or socks, or a watch, or a fountain pen, I get it. But ordinarily I do not carry money with me, or if I do, it is not mine. I may not buy books without permission. I may not own a car. I may not say, "This is mine. So is that." Everything I use belongs to the community in which I live, and everything the community purchases is mine as well as my brother's.

Of course, we are sensible about these things. My brother does not wear my shirts and I do not borrow his. Once in a while he uses my brief-case and occasionally I use his umbrella. We have our *own* things, naturally. But the theory is that we are poor men; we own nothing. I teach without a salary. I really need nothing. I have my books, my desk, my golf clubs, my tennis racquet—because these things are necessary for my work and recreation. But what I need *I must ask for always*. I have chosen the poor Man of Nazareth as my model.

People have peculiar ideas about obedience in the religious life. They have read somewhere that long ago a superior ordered a monk to water a dry stick, and that the simple man did it obediently and saw his reward a year later in the beautiful flowers that blossomed forth from it. And they have read that a superior once ordered another monk to draw water from a well which had been dry for years, and that the monk obeyed—and drew up a bucket of water.

I am not even asking you to consider these things. They may be true. All I want to assure you is that superiors are not like that now. I have been asked to do many disagreeable things, but never have I been asked to do anything unreasonable. When I took my vow of Obedience I gave my will back to God in the person of any superior that my Order might place over me. I do not regret the sacrifice. Sometimes, of course, I want to take my will back. Sometimes I do not like to take orders. But I consider that pride, so I submit and offer up the disagreeable duty as a prayer that I may grow in the things of the spirit.

This vow of Obedience is very reasonable. A subject is not a worm. He is merely a part of the machinery of his Order and he follows out the plans that those in charge have drawn up. Most of the obedience in the religious life, I have discovered, follows the same course as obedience in business. And I am sure that I have had to swallow less of my self-assertion in the monastery than I would have had to swallow if I were engaged as one of the many in a business house. I do not doubt that most men would deem it unthinkable to argue with the boss over any kind of matter, even not pertaining to the business at hand. I know several men personally who had to prom-

ise, or lose their jobs, that they would support a certain candidate in a recent city election. I call that servility.

As for me, I can talk quietly with my superior about the weaknesses of, let's say, the school system. I am not afraid of losing anything. I can disagree with him on politics and say with a smile, "Well, I voted for Jones." When he wants to know what has been making me late so often, I can tell him that the clocks are slow and really need attention. My superior knows that I can always present the truth of the case before him, and I know that he will always be reasonable about the truth.

But he also knows this about me—that I have taken the vow of obedience willingly. I am subject, but not servile. I obey him because I see in him my Divine Master. If, when I do not care for my superior's policy, he persists that his way is the correct way, I submit. It is then that I do things that are disagreeable. But I do them resignedly. I take these things as opportunities of growing spiritually, of subjecting my own will to that of Christ. The system is fair and even. Ten years from now my present superior may be one of my subjects. And he will submit his will—not to me, but to his Master.

Last year a young lady, the daughter of an Episcopalian clergyman, asked me a typical question: "Why is it that you religious never marry? You have a splendid chance to perpetuate the best of Catholic tradition and culture through your children, and yet you do not take advantage of it." I asked her whether she had ever noticed any friction or coldness between her mother and the other members of her father's church. She thought she had. They did not work together as well as they might for the common cause. A married man is hindered in his attempt

to do spiritual work, either for himself or for others.

If people asked the frank question of me, it would be: "Are you human and normal and natural?" All three, my dear friends. Not long ago a cousin of mine said to me: "You used to get tangled up into all kinds of hell when you were a kid. You seem quieter now." Yes, but not less human. I respond to the emotions of nature just as you do and probably my impulses are not less vehement than yours.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones are my friends. A few years ago they felt that they could not get along without each other. So they got married. Now they have each other, but I do not think that I am less happy than they. I do not wish to pass judgment on them. They are good people and I really like them. But they have passed judgment on me frequently. I suppose Jones has said, "Cajie is a good chap, all right. But there is something wrong with him. There must be. His life isn't natural."

Jones would like to admire my life but something gets in his light. He can't make me out. I smoke a cigarette with him, drink a glass of beer with him, talk taxes with him, and once in a while dub through a round of golf with him. Then Jones goes home to his wife and I go home to my cell. That is what puzzles him. Because a few years ago he felt that he could not go through life without a mate he cannot understand why I do not feel the same way about it. But he does not penetrate. I am all surface to Jones.

The truth is that he and I agree on everything, even on matters of sex and marriage. The only difference is that he is more concerned with the business of this life, and I am a trifle more concerned with the business of the next. (Do you remember Louis in "The Fountain"? He

was more happy at the opening of the story than at the close. He allowed Julie to spoil his life.) I have not taken my views on the vow of Chastity from a text-book, nor have I taken them from my elders. I believe that this is one particular phase of the religious life which each man must work out for himself. Although Jones does not realize that I have the same feelings, desires, inclinations, weaknesses that he has or that any human being has, I am aware of that fact myself. But I have my business to attend to and if I allow these things to get in my way, even for a moment, I am in danger of wrecking all my plans.

So my task is to sublimate all my natural tendencies. I not only think it can be done—I have seen others do it. And with divine grace I have the chance to do the same thing.

IV

I live a very simple life. I have told you that I get up at five-thirty. I recite the Office with my thirty brothers, meditate for the greater part of an hour, assist at Mass, and receive Holy Communion.

We have breakfast at eight o'clock. I never mortify myself at table, except when I attempt to eat griddle cakes or soft-boiled eggs, both of which I dislike thoroughly. Our breakfast is just about the same as a standard meal at Child's. According to my present schedule I do not commence teaching until ten o'clock. I love the class-room. My students and I get along well. In my literature classes I stress contemporaries—Galsworthy, Millay, Robinson, Cather. I try to be enthusiastic without tearing my hair over it. But all that is apart from this article.

I am finished with school at three o'clock. At that time I always debate with

myself as to what I shall do for the next two hours. If I have important work to do, I sleep for an hour because then I can think more effectively in the evening. I seldom work or even read in the afternoon. Sometimes I take a two-hour walk with a couple of my students. I like the woods and the dirt roads, and the side streets of a small town.

In the Spring and in the Fall I practise my mashie and niblick shots somewhere on the campus. In the Winter a few of us set up a net in the gym and practise our drives and brassie shots. Occasionally I go skiing, but I am not over-upholstered and do not absorb the posterior shocks any too well. I haven't gone trapping for two years now, because all the animals, it seems, have left our woods. My days pass swiftly.

In the evening at about five o'clock I assemble with the community for spiritual reading. Our reading is perhaps from Saint Francis de Sales, or Saint Teresa, or a current religious periodical. We have our evening meal at six. At table we talk small things—Prohibition, Congress, racketeering, G. B. Shaw, and the daily news. In the evening I study or read for three or four hours. I put on my slippers, light my pipe, and do my own thinking without disturbance.

Once in a while (too frequently now—almost!) a half dozen students will crowd into my room, and I lean back in my chair and play Socrates for an hour or two. They help to keep me up-to-date. And they take all my roastings graciously. Sometimes I read to them, mostly from a current magazine. I explain to them the purpose of the *Hound & Horn*. We discuss Hitler, H. G. Wells, stamped scrip. They give me their opinion of Paul Muni and Katherine Hepburn.

I drop off to sleep without any trouble.

My daily life is not always the same. I love to go in to Boston when Koussevitsky's programme contains the Fifth or the Ninth Symphony. Now and then I accompany a few students to the Pops. When the Aborn Opera people arrive, or the Irish Players, or Grace George, or Katherine Cornell, I try very hard to see and hear them. I enjoy a picture like "Cavalcade." I like to hear such British lecturers as Chesterton and Priestley. I suppose that the theatre and the concert should be my favorite recreations but circumstances compel me to fall back on reading. I have subscriptions to eight magazines—the *Atlantic*, the *New Republic*, the *Saturday Review*, and so on—and I try to keep abreast with what is worth while in contemporary literature. I think that the late John Galsworthy is my favorite novelist, that E. A. Robinson is my favorite poet, and that T. S. Eliot is my favorite essayist. But I am young yet and subject to change.

My brothers amuse themselves variously. They read, play cribbage and bridge, argue about current questions, attempt golf and tennis, ski in the Winter, swim in the Summer, shoot, trap, and fish when the chances present themselves, and occasionally form quartettes—alas, without competent tenors.

I think that the attitude of the average young man in any Order is similar to mine. The Orders themselves have various aims and divers rules; but they are all animated with the one great purpose—to spread the Word of Christ, and to help mankind spiritually and temporally. My own Order was established almost a century ago for the purpose of instructing the North American Indians, but circumstances changed its purpose.

Civilization has benefited by the existence of Orders. Monks practise regulation

and control. I feel that without them there would be infinitely more chaos in human matters than there is at present. I feel that my life will be spent in a good cause—the furthering of the work of Christ, the striving after an ideal.

They tell me that I have been at the books a bit too much lately, that I need a rest. That means that I shall spend next Summer at a place which our Order purchased a few years ago. It is far, far out, somewhere in Maryland where nobody else lives. It is extensive enough—four hundred acres. Horses are there, and excellent bridle paths. There is a golf course and a place for swimming. There are orchards with over-laden cherry trees. It is very quiet there. The birds sing all day long. The fences are weighted down with honeysuckle, and there is a rose-garden.

I can forget work for a while. I can save all my shaves for Sunday morning and feel like a new quarter once a week. I can get a whiffle hair-cut. I can read some detective stories and go through "Alice in Wonderland" as leisurely as I have always wanted to. I shall be able to write a short sonnet sequence. And perhaps I may be able to insinuate myself into a quartette and join in the "Song to Celia."

My life will be the same forty years from now as it is today. I shall still be doing my daily tasks and thanking God for having given me the privilege of serving Him in a special manner. I look forward to a quiet existence and long days in which to sit back in a big chair, smoking nickel cigars and appraising the younger generation of the Order with a critical eye. I hope to be able to say that I have made some progress—a little in virtue; and I hope to have a good story or two for the young men. In my old age I hope to be able to close a pair of very tired eyes.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

A TRAVELING Passion Play makes the grand old town of Tuscaloosa, and the *News* thereof records an untoward incident of the performance:

We understand the only omission was that of the donkey which was to have appeared in the Triumphal Entry at the opening of the drama. The donkey had been placed in an auto outside and some one drove off with it. This caused the play to start a few minutes late, with the Christus walking into, not riding into Jerusalem.

CALIFORNIA

ADVERTISEMENT of a celebrated Los Angeles hostelry:

HOTEL ALEXANDRIA'S

SPECIAL

20C LEFT HAM SANDWICHES

Are Better Because. . .

When a hog scratches his starboard, or right side he does a Charleston with his right foot. That develops muscles. When he scratches his left flank, he does a gentle shimmy against a tree or post. Therefore, right hams are far more muscular and less tender than those from the left side of the same hog. There are two ways to prove this: One is to watch hogs on the hoof, the other is to test the tender flavory LEFT HAM sandwiches served here.

Try our Baked Ham sandwiches or our Ham prepared in any style. We use only the LEFT HAM for these Sandwiches.

COLORADO

THE HIGHER LEARNING at the University of Colorado, as revealed by a list of doctoral theses there, published in the *Denver News*:

The Hidden Action in Five of Hauptmann's Dramas.

Chinese Influence on England in the Eighteenth Century, with Special Reference to Gardens.

A Comparative Study of Molière's "Amphitryon" and Kleist's "Amphitryon."

Cries of Animals and Birds in Latin.

Elimination of Girls from the Bowie, Texas, High-School.

Public School Coöperation with the Boy Scout Movement.

The Settlement and Economic Development of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The Influence of Old French *Fabliaux* and Farces on La Fontaine's *Contes*.

The Literary Criticism of William Caxton.

Tieck's "William Lovell" as a Transition Novel Between Storm and Stress and Romanticism.

A Study of High-School Pupil-Attention in History.

CONNECTICUT

THE good old New England stock has a get-together in the historic town of Torrington, and the *Register* thereof tells the world about it:

A surprise party was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wesolowski at their home at 154 East Main street Wednesday evening, the occasion being their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. They received a beautiful chest of silverware and a set of dishes. Those present were Mrs. Gotaszewska, Mrs. Oles, Mrs. Obiedzinska, Mrs. Juralewicz, Mrs. Romanowska, Mrs. Ciszowska, Mrs. Januszevska, Mrs. Poniatowska, Mrs. Budna, Mrs. Jabtanska, Mrs. Hilinska, Mrs. Jaruszevska, Mrs. Killiany, Mrs. Zielinska, Mrs. Kulinska, Mrs. Gotoska, Mrs. Strawinska, Mrs. Krupinska, Mrs. Kulesza, Mrs. Majcher, Mrs. Koztow-

ska, Mrs. Felczak, Mrs. Wizboska, Mrs. M. Zawadna, Mrs. Amejko, Mrs. A. Obiedzin-ski, Mrs. Dudek, Mrs. Sekulski, Mrs. Cza-por, Mrs. Niska, Mrs. Szymaniska, Mrs. Czapor, Mrs. Ruwinska, Mrs. Przetak, Mrs. Dressel, Mrs. Grona, Mrs. Baltos of Waterbury, Mrs. Chahowowska, Mrs. Ktos, Mrs. Stanistawczyk, Mrs. Kulesza, Mrs. Krolicka, Mrs. Gryniuk, Mrs. Stasieto, Mrs. Radziejewicz, Mrs. Rzewnicka, Mrs. Bobinska, Mrs. Dubiel, Mrs. Miniuk, Mrs. Dtugokinska, Mrs. Mordawska, Mrs. Sam-plinski, Mrs. Jendzejeska, Mrs. Novakow-ska, Mrs. Skibicka, Mrs. Izbicka, Mrs. Bilo-kon, Mrs. Pentliska, Mrs. Kaczmarczek, Mrs. G. Maeder, Miss T. Wesoloski, Mrs. Valla, Mrs. Przetak, Mrs. Misikowska, Mrs. Mendel, Mrs. Tarbasiewicz, Mrs. S. Lesniewska, Mrs. G. Lesniewska.

DELAWARE

THE *Wilmington Evening Journal* reports progress in theologico-scientific research:

"The crust of the earth is about eighteen miles thick before we come to the molten center, and that is where Hell is located—in the center of the earth—the bottomless pit," according to Evangelist J. S. McConnell, who preached on the subject, "Hell Discovered Eighteen Miles From Wilmington" in Odd Fellows' Hall, Tenth and King streets, last night.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

SPECIMEN performance by the master minds of the Senate, from the *Congressional Record*:

The bill (H. R. 4368) for the relief of George W. McDonald was considered. The bill had been reported from the Committee on Military Affairs with an amendment, on page 1, line 4, after the word "soldiers," to insert the words "and their widows," so as to make the bill read:

Be it enacted, etc., That in the administration of any laws conferring rights, privileges, and benefits upon honorably discharged soldiers and their widows, George W. McDonald, who was a member of Company C, Sixty-fifth Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry, mustered in on June 1, 1862, shall hereafter be held and con-

sidered to have been honorably discharged from the military service of the United States as a member of that organization on the 1st day of October, 1862: *Provided*, That no bounty, back pay, pension, or allowance shall be held to have accrued prior to the passage of this act.

The amendment was agreed to.

MR. SMOOT. Mr. President, I ask that the bill go over. The bill was reported on adversely from the department.

MR. REED. Mr. President, that is because the bill as then submitted to the Secretary apparently required the issuance of honorable discharge papers. The man McDonald was undoubtedly taken into the service in the regiment in Illinois. The regiment was moved to Harpers Ferry. The Confederates captured every man in the regiment and all the papers of the regiment, and consequently it is one regiment in the Civil War concerning which the Adjutant General is absolutely unable to furnish a list of the members of the different companies. If a man wanted a pension on plausible grounds he ought to have claimed to belong to the Sixty-fifth Illinois, because nobody can disprove it; but McDonald undoubtedly did belong to it.

McDonald was a drummer boy only 11 years old. He was captured with this regiment by the Confederates at Harpers Ferry. There are affidavits in the record from his companions who say they remember him at a fist fight with a Confederate drummer boy for the possession of his drumsticks. He surrendered his drum, but would not surrender his drumsticks. He had a fight with the Confederate drummer boy and won the fight and kept the drumsticks. That is proven by affidavits. There is no question that he was in the regiment.

During his lifetime he himself was given a pension by special act of Congress. Now he is dead and his widow applies for a widow's pension and can not get it because the Adjutant General states his records do not show that the boy was in the service for 90 days. They were married before 1905, I am sure, and yet the widow can not get any pension.

The boy was taken out of the service under habeas corpus proceedings instituted by his mother when the regiment got back to Illinois. In the Chicago fire all the rec-

ords of the habeas corpus proceedings disappeared, so that between the Confederates and Mrs. O'Leary's cow there is no record whatsoever to show that this young man ever was in the Army 90 days. However, the affidavits show it beyond question.

I hope the Senator from Utah will withdraw his objection.

MR. LEWIS. Mr. President, may I submit an inquiry to the able Senator from Pennsylvania? There is nothing against the young man's record even when he was in the service?

MR. REED. No; nothing at all.

MR. SMOOT. Very well.

There being no objection, the amendment was ordered to be engrossed and the bill to be read a third time.

The bill was read the third time and passed.

The title was amended so as to read: "An act for the relief of the widow of George W. McDonald."

ILLINOIS

A NEW scheme to save us busts loose in Chicago:

ENLISTMENT FOR GOVERNMENTAL TRAINING COURSE FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS

I hereby enlist to receive the GOVERNMENTAL TRAINING COURSE, sent out monthly, and covenant myself to conform to the requirements, by which I objectify the possibility of coming under the Divine Laws and being established in RIGHTEOUSNESS within my consciousness.

It is understood that I can, upon application, receive honorable discharge from this TRAINING, which absolves me from any further obligation as respecting the COURSE. It is also understood that so long as I am in TRAINING I will conform to the requirements, realizing that these are for purposes of test and trial by which I attain unto RIGHTEOUSNESS GOVERNMENT.

It is understood that I contribute for this GOVERNMENTAL TRAINING COURSE in Words of Government, in the multiples of Two, not contributing less than TWO DOLLARS or more than TWELVE DOLLARS per month. I

covenant myself to be subject to discipline in this matter that I may develop the capacity of Universal Service and prove myself a good soldier of Christ-Truth in the service of God and my fellow-men. I recognize that one of the purposes of this TRAINING COURSE is to subject the power of the world, centered to money, to the Power of the Spirit, centered to spiritual services, and, that by this procedure, coupled with subjection of my inner forces, RIGHTEOUSNESS may have opportunity to reign both within the consciousness and in the plane of the body.

I covenant myself to regard my alignment in relation to this TRAINING COURSE with as much honesty as I would any connection made on the plane of the material world, and to conduct myself in this spirit, until honorably discharged from enlistment to receive this TRAINING COURSE. Thereby holding the work of the Spirit in as much honor as obligations made on the material plane are held.

I covenant myself to work for the LIBERTY OF ALL HUMANITY and to serve toward bringing into action genuine AMERICANISM.

Name
City State
DEPARTMENT RIGHTEOUS ECO-
NOMICS AND GOVERNMENT
1008-9 AUDITORIUM BUILDING CHICAGO, ILL.

KENTUCKY

ANNOUNCEMENT of a patriotic citizen of Letcher county in the *Mountain Eagle* of Whitesburg:

Hello Voters:

This is Elijah Maggard.

I guess I have caught more coons, drank more corn licker and been on more wild drunks than any other man in the country. I have settled down to live a civilized life, and want to be your next jailer.

I feel that I need but little introduction to the people of this county, but I would like for the public to have faith in my reformation. I am fifty-four years old, raised thirteen children and never refused to aid the distressed, regardless of race or character.

I have always kept a welcome table, and lent a willing hand in all public activities.

As it is a long time yet until the election day, so I want the public to notice my walks of life. If you feel that I am a subject for this office, I humbly beg the Republican party to nominate me as one of the candidates. As the leading men of this party know, I have been an ardent supporter of the party. So I wish you all a merry time through this campaign.

Faithfully yours,

E. G. MAGGARD,
Partridge, Ky.

MISSOURI

THE cult of Yahweh Americanus in Kansas City, as described by the correspondent of the United Press:

While hundreds packed the Community Church here to cheer, a tap dancer performed where the pulpit usually stands—and to the music of one of the country's leading jazz bands. Sponsored by Dr. Burris Jenkins, pastor, who spoke briefly on "Rhythm in Religion," Red Nichols' famous band played its hottest jazz numbers for the benefit of the crowd. A number called "Heat Waves" was followed by the old hymn, "I Love to Tell the Story," played in jazz time.

FROM the Higginsville *Advance*:

A PUBLIC NOTICE TO TAFT SMITH (Col.) HIGGINSVILLE, MO.

Be it known to All Men, That I am sending a Final Notice to Taft Smith (col.) Higginsville, Mo., who for some time has been giving trouble, and disturbing the harmony, comfort and pleasure in my home.

In the Home he has been given the Most Wholesome instruction, but above it all, he has stubbornly and persistently chosen a rough life. His deportment has been at the Lowest Ebb, and is very much unwanted in the home. He is low, dirty, and brutish. He is not fit to be allowed in a community of Civilized and Intelligent People.

No inflections shall be cast upon my family by any of its members, for I stand

pat for upright, honest, trustworthy, and Exemplary demeanor, and when these things are hampered it is time to raise up. I, therefore, am sending this Burning Message Publicly to Taft Smith (Col.) who is more than 21 years old, to leave my home and premises at once, and stay forever gone. He shall no longer remain in my home or on my premises, for, besides the aforesaid accsiatin he is trifling and worthless. He does not earn the salt that goes in his bread.

Again, he being more than 21 years old, I shall not be responsible for any debts that he may make, or any agreements he may contract.

W. LEWIS SMITH,
R. F. D. 2, Warrensburg, Mo.

NEW YORK

WANT AD from the eminent *Times*:

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, PERSONAL ASSISTANT.

Individuals with wide interests, to whom corporations and communities are looking for progressive leadership, are often spending time on routine details that could be spent more profitably on constructive matters.

A versatile assistant, able to handle a variety of executive details intelligently, and willing to handle menial tasks methodically and cheerfully, can help relieve your mind of routine matters. He can increase your effectiveness by freeing more of your time for constructive planning and necessary recreation.

The following qualifications combine varied training with wide experience and indicate a desire to be useful at all times and in any way that the nature of your business or home may require.

(1). Past and present commercial activities: General manager of \$4,000,000 organization; office manager large corporation; licensed transport airplane pilot; inventory and supplies accounting; credit and collection manager; secretary and treasurer \$100,000 company.

(2). General qualifications: Trustworthy and dependable, with life record easily verified; Harvard graduate; nationality,

American for many generations; war record as lieutenant at front in France; traveled in 41 of United States and Europe; languages, French and little German and Spanish.

(3). Suggested personal services: Long hours every day, with a smile; typing and general correspondent; bookkeeping; tutor for children; athletic director for children; house electrician, carpenter, plumber, gardener; personal pilot and flying instructor; mechanic; porter; chauffeur.

These are days for obtaining long-time bargains in men. If you would care to indicate a convenient time and place for an interview, more specific information will be supplied gladly for your verification.

D 542 TIMES.

OHIO

FROM the Associated Press correspondent at Oxford:

A dead student was initiated today into the full privileges of the Miami University chapter of Delta Upsilon fraternity.

Albert Eldredge, nineteen, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Eldridge of Cleveland, Ohio, died last night after an illness of several weeks from catarrhal jaundice. A sophomore at the university, he had been pledged to the fraternity.

Today those he had expected to be his fraternity brothers assembled at a funeral parlor where he lay. As best they could, they went through their ceremonies of initiation into their organization.

It ended with their president, Willard Loomis, pinning a fraternity pin upon the breast of the dead youth, to be buried with him.

OREGON

MISS VIOLET T. SWANSON, director of the Continuation School at Salem High, contributes some burning thoughts to the *Oregon Educational Journal*, trade journal of the State pedagogues:

How swift is the march of the great army of humanity. The bugle sounds, and silence answers where but yesterday was life. Each

day some tired one lays down his burdens, his journey ended, and his service done. So to everyone must come the last mile of the long march. Let us make that long march worth while; choose a life-work wherein we may serve God and humanity. Follow in the work of Jesus, the Great Teacher. Be a teacher and be granted the greatest privilege of all, the highest honor in the world.

There is no profession in the world that can equal that of teaching. First, because it was the chosen profession of our Master. Second, because teaching envelops all other professions. It is an honor to feel that one cannot permit oneself to become narrow; that one must have a general knowledge of all things while one is specifically trained in some.

TEXAS

WANT AD in the Beaumont *Journal*:

WILL swap 8-gallon beer crock for Bible, large print, \$14 basketball for good brood sow. Route 3, Box 213.

THE shame of Dallas, as reported by the *Journal* thereof:

The city of Dallas believes its feelings are hurt. This is because a fine comfort station is maintained at Elm and Ervay streets, at considerable expense, and the citizenship doesn't patronize it as city officials believe they should. Only when the State Fair is in progress and small-town people who can appreciate such a luxury visit the city does the business turnover justify the existence of the comfort station, finance experts of the city say.

Last year the comfort station cost the city about \$2,000 for maintenance, and this year \$1,868 has been set up in the budget as the estimated overhead. The income from the station is about \$80 a month from the nickel slots on the doors, leaving the city nearly \$1,000 to the bad.

When people mistook the comfort station for a subway and cracked jokes about it city officials endured their sorrow silently, but a growing tendency to ignore the place entirely is bringing protests.

THE spiritual life in the same great city:

God's Warnings to DALLAS

LECTURE SERMONS

by

DR. HENRY W. STOUGH

National Commissioner of the Anglo-Saxon
Federation of America

A Discussion of

WORLD PROBLEMS AND WORLD CRISIS

Southwestern Bible Institute Auditorium

S. Ervay at St. Louis st.—Dallas

Sunday—3.00 "The Fat and the Lean Kine,
or How Communism Brought to Our
Forefathers Industrial Bondage".

Monday—"The Fighting Stars, or How
Germany Lost the War Seven Times."

Tuesday—"God, Abraham and the Kaiser,
or Why God Defeated Germany."

Thursday—"The Three Unclean Frogs, or
Sinister Influences Leading Up to the
Next World War."

Friday—"The Great Earthquake, or How
the Topography of the World is Soon
to be Changed."

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

FROM the London correspondent of the
eminent Manchester *Guardian*:

In the late afternoon dusk on Sunday a small procession of white and colored people assembled outside the west door of Westminster Abbey, where they had attended service, and laid a wreath on the Unknown Warrior's grave, and, headed by a Salvation Army band, made their way to the Cenotaph. In the front ranks of the procession were Sir Ian Hamilton and Mr. H. W. Nevinson (walking arm-in-arm), Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis, the discoverer of Trader Horn, and Mr. and Mrs. Beresford Gale, two American colored people who have come to Europe to establish lodges of the Improved Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, of which Mr. Gale is founder, organizer, and grand travelling deputy.

The ceremony, attended by two hundred or so colored people in London, was in honor of the colored soldiers who fell in the Great War. At the Abbey Canon Donaldson dealt in his sermon with the history of the slave trade and with the formation of the Elks. It must have surprised many of his congregation to learn that the Elks today number over half a million in the United States, Canada, the West Indies, Africa, and wherever Negroes are to be found in large numbers.

The organization, which has charity, justice, and brotherly love for its ideals, is a vastly wealthy one and in America alone owns real estate to the value of many millions of dollars. Its practical aims are mainly philanthropic. Their ode, which they sang at the Cenotaph, is "Auld Lang Syne."

ASSOCIATED PRESS cablegram from Dublin:

A banner bearing the words, "British Hangman Destroys Irishman: Is This Justice?" was displayed today amidst a throng gathered outside Mountjoy prison when Patrick McDermott, a Roscommon farmer, was executed for the murder of his brother John. Pierrepont, noted English professional executioner, had been commissioned to carry out the sentence. There were vigorous protests from the throng and, when the execution hour approached, the crowd knelt in prayer.

DISPATCH from Syria via London in the *New York Times*:

The Prime Minister of Syria has issued a decree against the yo-yo top, which was recently introduced into the country. The *ulema*, or Moslem religious leaders, in Damascus complained to the Premier that the yo-yos had caused a drought that killed their cattle because grazing lands were ruined. They said the up-and-down movement of the tops counteracted their prayers for rain, whereupon the Premier issued his decree against the tops, and it rained the very next day.

LEST WE FORGET

BY M. B. HAMILTON

WHEN the Blaine resolution for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment came up in the United States Senate on February 16 last there were eighteen Senators on the floor who had been members at the time the amendment itself was passed, on August 1, 1917. The way they voted on the two occasions offers a history of Prohibition in little. In 1917 seventeen of them voted dry and one voted wet; in 1933 five of them voted dry and thirteen voted wet. The names of the five faithful dries are here embalmed:

Borah of Idaho
Gore of Oklahoma
Norris of Nebraska
Sheppard of Texas
Smoot of Utah (a lame duck)

The only Senator who was wet both in 1917 and in 1933 was Lewis of Illinois. The remaining thirteen all flopped, as follows:

Ashurst of Arizona
Fletcher of Florida
Hale of Maine
Johnson of California
King of Utah
McNary of Oregon
Pittman of Nevada
Robinson of Arkansas
Smith of South Carolina
Swanson of Virginia
Trammel of Florida
Walsh of Montana
Watson of Indiana (a lame duck)

To this list perhaps Young Bob La Follette of Wisconsin and Bankhead of Ala-

bama ought to be added, for they are, politically speaking, only continuations of other Senators of the same names. The latter both voted dry in 1917, but Young Bob and Bankhead were on the wet side last February.

It will be observed that one of the dries who flopped, Swanson of Virginia, is now a member of the Roosevelt Cabinet, and that another, Walsh of Montana, would have been a member if he had lived. A third, Hull of Tennessee, should be added here, for he voted dry as a member of the House in 1917 and wet as a Senator in 1933. Thus three of Mr. Roosevelt's choices for his Cabinet were Democrats who, like himself, had flopped on the Prohibition issue. He led the procession by being converted melodramatically in 1928, when he was a candidate for Governor of New York. The others hung on until the double-headed uprising at the two national conventions last June convinced them at last that Prohibition was on its way down the chute. One man who was offered a place in the Cabinet, Glass of Virginia, stood pat. He voted dry in 1917 and he voted dry again in 1933, though he let it be known that he believed the days of Prohibition were numbered.

Of the thirteen senatorial floppers, five, it will be noted, were Southerners, six were from the Far West, one was from the Middle West, and one was from Maine, the old stronghold of the dries. Eight of them were Democrats and five

Republicans. The so-called Progressives divided on the issue. Two of them, Walsh of Montana and Johnson of California, flopped, and two others, Norris of Nebraska and Borah of Idaho, stood pat. The other current Progressives were not in the Senate in 1917. Of these newcomers, Shipstead of Minnesota, Dill of Washington, Blaine of Wisconsin, Couzens of Michigan, Cutting of New Mexico, young Bob La Follette, and Nye of North Dakota voted wet last February, and Wheeler of Montana was paired on the wet side. But Brookhart of Iowa, Costigan of Colorado, Norbeck of South Dakota and Capper of Kansas voted dry.

Perhaps it may be worth while, in view of these changes, to review the legislative history of Prohibition at Washington, and observe in some detail the contortions of certain eminent statesmen. There have been many changes in both Houses since 1917, but until March 4 last, when a great horde of lame ducks went out, there were enough survivors of the palmy days of the Anti-Saloon League to exhibit by their votes the amazing story of its rise and fall. At the height of its power, at the time of the passage of the Jones' Five-and-Ten Act in 1929, it was able to round up even such Senators as Reed of Pennsylvania, Moses of New Hampshire, and Edge of New Jersey, but after the publication of the Wickersham Report it began to lose ground, and when the resolution repealing the Eighteenth Amendment was passed it was unable to muster more than a corporal's guard.

II

The United States declared war against Germany on April 6, 1917, and a vociferous demand for State and national Prohibition sprang up immediately. The

temper of the times was with the Prohibitionists. Heated up by the war fever, the Federal and State governments were ready to do things that they never would have dreamed of doing before, from seizing railroads to standardizing loaves of bread. Food was an important factor in the prosecution of the War for Democracy, and a good deal of it could be saved by putting an end to brewing and distilling. Labor employed in the liquor business could be diverted to "more useful" war work, and the "efficiency of producers" could be heightened by cutting down or eliminating completely their customary rations of alcoholic drink. Finally, there was this argument: most brewers were Germans, and buying their product was tantamount to aiding the enemy.

The late Wayne B. Wheeler made heavy use of the last appeal, and he was ably aided by such publicists as President Faunce of Brown University, who said that so long as we continued "to pour hundreds of millions of bushels of grain annually into the breweries," it would be hypocritical to talk about patriotism. Ex-President Roosevelt agreed with this sentiment, and joined the Prohibitionists for the duration of the war. The late Herbert Hoover, on vacation from saving children in Belgium, also came out in favor of Prohibition as a war measure, and so did Major-General Leonard Wood. General Wood said that Kansas, which had had Prohibition for thirty-six years, produced "the finest, the cleanest, the healthiest, and the most vigorous soldiers in point of endurance that we have ever known. The official records show this. We attribute this to Kansas Prohibition. Kansas boys were brought up in a clean atmosphere. They started right."

There had been heavy pressure on the State Legislatures for five years past, and

TABLE NO. I

*Adoption of State Prohibition Laws**(A) States Adopting Laws Before April 1, 1917*

<i>State</i>	<i>Prohibition Adopted</i>	<i>Statutory or Constitutional</i>	<i>Popular Vote on Prohibition</i>		
			<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>	<i>Majority</i>
Maine	1858	statutory			
"	1884	constitutional	70,783	23,811	46,972
Kansas	1880	constitutional	92,302	84,304	7,998
North Dakota	1889	constitutional	18,552	17,393	1,159
Georgia	1907	statutory			
Oklahoma	1907	constitutional	130,361	112,258	18,103
Mississippi	1908	statutory			
North Carolina	1908	statutory	113,612	69,416	44,196
Tennessee	1909	statutory			
West Virginia	1912	constitutional	164,945	72,603	92,342
Virginia	1914	statutory	94,251	63,886	30,365
Oregon	1914	constitutional	136,842	100,362	36,480
Washington	1914	statutory	189,840	171,208	18,632
Colorado	1914	constitutional	129,589	118,017	11,572
Arizona	1914	constitutional	25,887	22,743	3,144
Alabama	1915	statutory			
Arkansas	1915	statutory			
Iowa	1915	statutory			
Idaho	1915	statutory			
"	1916	constitutional	90,576	35,456	55,120
South Carolina	1915	statutory	41,735	16,809	24,926
Montana	1916	constitutional	102,776	73,890	28,886
South Dakota	1916	constitutional	65,334	53,360	11,974
Michigan	1916	constitutional	353,378	284,754	68,624
Nebraska	1916	constitutional	146,574	117,132	29,442
Indiana	1917	statutory			
Utah	1917	statutory			
New Hampshire	1917	statutory			
			1,967,337	1,437,402	529,935

(B) States Adopting Laws After April 1, 1917

New Mexico	1917	constitutional	28,732	12,147	16,585
Utah	1918	constitutional	42,691	15,780	26,911
Texas	1918	statutory			
"	1919	constitutional	159,723	140,000	19,624
Ohio	1918	constitutional	463,654	437,895	25,759
Wyoming	1918	constitutional	31,439	10,200	21,239
Florida	1918	constitutional	21,851	13,609	8,342
Nevada	1918	statutory	13,248	9,060	4,188
Kentucky	1919	constitutional	208,905	198,671	10,234
			970,243	837,461	132,782
<i>Total popular vote, (A) and (B)</i>			2,937,580	2,274,863	662,717

even before the war some of them had succumbed. A list of the States that thus yielded to the Anti-Saloon League is given in Table No. 1, opposite, which also shows those that came into line after the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. Before 1917 Congress had resisted this pressure, but as soon as the United States entered the war it fell into step with the States. In May, 1917, it prohibited the sale of liquor to soldiers, and on September 8 it passed the Food Control Act, forbidding the use of any food material in the manufacture of distilled liquor.

Meanwhile, early in June, Senator Shepard, one of the few dries who have never flopped, introduced the resolution submitting the Eighteenth Amendment to the States. There were a few minor amendments, but none of a serious nature, and on August 1 the Senate passed the resolution by a vote of 65 to 20. It is amazing, in retrospect, to observe how quickly it was jammed through. Altogether, the Senate gave it but thirteen hours' consideration, and on both sides the debate was mainly concerned with technicalities.

Senator Sheppard himself, on July 30, delivered the big speech for the Anti-Saloon League. In it he rehearsed the familiar arguments for national Prohibition, adding all those current at the time in favor of war-time Prohibition. Another dry, Senator Kenyon of Iowa, now a Federal judge, wanted to know why people should be allowed to make liquor "when there is a shortage of labor in the important and necessary work to carry on the war." Senator Thompson of Kansas wanted to know the same thing. All of them cited authorities, but Senator Shepard cited more authorities than anyone else. He quoted Abraham Lincoln, the American Medical Association, Arthur Mee and Stuart Holden ("noted students

of the drink problem in England"), Dr. Howard A. Kelly of the Johns Hopkins, Rudyard Kipling, Mme. Tarnowsky, and Vance Thompson.

On July 31 Senator Reed of Missouri presented the anti-Prohibition argument. He argued briefly and pointedly, but with obvious hopelessness. Senator La Follette of Wisconsin said that he was against "the principle of Prohibition, and therefore have never supported it." He went on:

I do not believe that it offers the best method of dealing with the problems involved. . . . But, sir, for thirty years I have been at all times devoted to the principle of democracy. . . . I should be untrue to my convictions in support of democracy if I did not vote to give the people a right to pass the pending amendment to the Constitution.

Most of the other Senators kept quiet. The passage of the amendment was in the bag, and everybody in the Senate knew it.

Representative Webb of North Carolina introduced the resolution of submission in the House on December 17. The debate was even shorter than in the Senate. It began at eleven in the morning and ended at six that night, when the House passed the amendment by a vote of 282 to 128. As in the Senate, most of the time was given over to a discussion of the wording of the amendment, and all the arguments pro and con, as also in the Senate, covered old ground. Mr. Kelly of Pennsylvania felt that the amendment would strike "the mightiest blow possible at the Prussian idea," though it was plain that it would not be ratified by the States for some time, possibly till after the war.

The most vigorous opponents of the amendment were such old-fashioned Southern Democrats as Small of North Carolina, Slayden of Texas, and, strangely enough, Heflin of Alabama. Mr. Heflin

was really eloquent in his plea for States' Rights. "All candid people must admit," he said, "that the wisest and best way to handle the whiskey question is through the exercise of the police power of the States." He argued that temperance could best be attained by education and free choice, not by

depriving the people of the States of the right and power to do that which they can do and do more wisely and effectively than the Federal government. . . . Mr. Speaker, I regret to see that some gentlemen here from the South, in their enthusiasm for certain Federalistic theories on Prohibition, do not seem to realize that we are treading on dangerous ground.

Table No. 2, opposite, shows the vote in the Senate. Of the fourteen Senators who either voted against the amendment or were paired against it, only one is now in the Senate. He is Lewis of Illinois, who lost his seat soon after he voted nay, largely by reason of Anti-Saloon League opposition to him, but regained it in 1930 by a gigantic majority, defeating the woman politician, Mrs. McCormick, who turned wet at the last moment, but too late. Of the others, the majority are now dead, and most of the rest are out of public life. But there is still some steam in Wadsworth of New York, and France of Maryland may also be heard from hereafter, though he was thrown out of the Republican National Convention last June by order of Chairman Snell, a House dry who flopped last February and is now wet.

It will be noted that Warren G. Harding, then a Senator from Ohio and afterward President, voted for the Eighteenth Amendment. So did Robinson of Arkansas, who was to run for Vice-President in 1928 with the wet Al Smith. So did Curtis of Kansas, Vice-President during Hoover's term. So did Kellogg of Minne-

sota, afterward Coolidge's Secretary of State. So did Knox of Pennsylvania, Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, Johnson of California, Norris of Nebraska, Watson of Indiana, Swanson of Virginia, Vardaman of Mississippi, and Williams of Mississippi. But the two stalwarts of the Republican Old Guard, Penrose of Pennsylvania and Lodge of Massachusetts, voted nay, and so did Ollie James of Kentucky, Phelan of California, Pomerene of Ohio and Underwood of Alabama.

The vote of the House of Representatives on the resolution submitting the amendment is given in Table No. 3 on page 46. Among the members who voted nay was Garner of Texas, now Vice-President. Another hero of the day was his predecessor as Speaker, Longworth of Ohio. Yet others were Tilson of Connecticut, Gillett of Massachusetts (afterward Speaker and then Senator), Britten of Illinois, Madden of Illinois, Heflin of Alabama (later a Senator), Huddleston of Alabama, Pou of North Carolina and Sabath of Illinois. Later on some of these members, facing the Anti-Saloon League at the peak of its power, turned dry, but not all. In the dry corral from the start were Uncle Joe Cannon of Illinois, Snell of New York, Mondell of Wyoming, Frear of Wisconsin, Lenroot of Wisconsin (later a Senator), McFadden of Pennsylvania, Ramseyer of Iowa, Slemp of Virginia, Harrison of Mississippi (now a Senator), Adamson of Georgia, Caraway of Arkansas (later a Senator), Flood of Virginia, Hull of Tennessee (now Secretary of State), Glass of Virginia, Garrett of Tennessee, Kitchin of North Carolina, Rainey of Illinois (now Speaker), Romjue of Missouri, Shouse of Kansas (now head of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment), and most of the other leading members of the war days.

TABLE No. 2

*Vote in the United States Senate on the Eighteenth Amendment**For the Amendment—65**Republicans—29*

Borah, Idaho	Hale, Me.	LaFollette, Wisc.	Poindexter, Wash.
Brady, Idaho	Harding, Ohio	McCumber, S. D.	Sherman, Ill.
Colt, R. I.	Johnson, Cal.	McNary, Ore.	Smith, Mich.
Cummins, Ia.	Jones, Wash.	New, Ind.	Smoot, Utah
Curtis, Kans.	Kellogg, Minn.	Nelson, Minn.	Sterling, S. D.
Fernald, Me.	Kenyon, Ia.	Norris, Neb.	Sutherland, W. Va.
Frelinghuysen, N. J.	Knox, Pa.	Page, Vt.	Watson, Ind.
Gronna, N. D.			

Democrats—36

Ashurst, Ariz.	King, Utah	Ramsdell, La.	Smith, S. C.
Bankhead, Ala.	Kirby, Ark.	Robinson, Ark.	Stone, Mo.
Beckham, Ky.	McKellar, Tenn.	Salisbury, Del.	Swanson, Va.
Chamberlain, Ore.	Martin, Va.	Shafroth, Col.	Thompson, Kans.
Fletcher, Fla.	Myers, Mont.	Sheppard, Tex.	Trammel, Fla.
Gore, Okla.	Newlands, Nev.	Shields, Tenn.	Vardaman, Miss.
Hollis, N. H.	Overman, N. C.	Simmons, N. C.	Walsh, Mont.
Jones, N. M.	Owen, Okla.	Smith, Ariz.	Williams, Miss.
Kendrick, Wyo.	Pittman, Nev.	Smith, Ga.	Wolcott, Del.

*Against the Amendment—20**Republicans—8*

Brandegge, Conn.	France, Md.	Penrose, Pa.	Warren, Wyo.
Calder, N. Y.	Lodge, Mass.	Wadsworth, N. Y.	Weeks, Mass.

Democrats—12

Broussard, La.	Hardwick, Ga.	James, Ky.	Pomerene, Ohio
Culberson, Tex.	Hitchcock, Neb.	Lewis, Ill.	Reed, Mo.
Gerry, R. I.	Husting, Wisc.	Phelan, Cal.	Underwood, Ala.

Pairs of Absentees

Goff (W. Va.) and Townsend (Mich.), Republicans, for, with Tillman (S. C.), Democrat, against.
 Gallinger (N. H.), Republican, and Johnson (S. D.), Democrat, for, with Hughes (N. J.), Democrat, against.
 Fall (N. M.), Republican, and Thomas (Col.), Democrat, for, with McLean (Conn.), Republican, against.
 Unpaired absentees: 2.

The first State Legislature to ratify the Eighteenth Amendment was that of Mississippi, the Worst American State. It led the way on January 8, 1918. Within a week Virginia and Kentucky had also ratified, and by the end of 1918 fifteen States were in line. Thirty-six was neces-

sary to put the amendment into the Constitution. Nebraska, the thirty-sixth, ratified on January 13, 1919, and the amendment was proclaimed by the Secretary of State, but further ratifications followed, and by March 9, 1919, every State had ratified save two—Connecticut and Rhode

TABLE No. 3

*Vote in the House of Representatives on the Eighteenth Amendment
For the Amendment—282*

Republicans—137

Anderson, Minn.	Focht, Pa.	LaFollette, Wisc.	Rowland, Pa.
Anthony, Kans.	Fordney, Mich.	Langley, Ky.	Sanders, Ind.
Austin, Tenn.	Foss, Ill.	Lenroot, Wisc.	Sanders, N. Y.
Bland, Ind.	Frear, Wisc.	Little, Kans.	Scott, Ia.
Bowers, W. Va.	French, Ida.	Lundeen, Minn.	Scott, Mich.
Browne, Wisc.	Fuller, Ill.	McCormick, Ill.	Sells, Tenn.
Browning, N. J.	Good, Ia.	McCulloch, O.	Sinnott, Ore.
Burroughs, N. H.	Goodall, Me.	McFadden, Pa.	Slemp, Va.
Butler, Pa.	Gould, N. Y.	McKensie, Ill.	Sloan, Neb.
Campbell, Kans.	Graham, Ill.	McKinley, Ill.	Smith, Ida.
Cannon, Ill.	Green, Ia.	McLaughlin, Mich.	Smith, Mich.
Carter, Mass.	Griest, Pa.	Mapes, Mich.	Snell, N. Y.
Cooper, Ohio	Hadley, Wash.	Miller, Minn.	Steenerson, Minn.
Cooper, W. Va.	Hamilton, Mich.	Mondell, Wyo.	Sterling, Ill.
Cooper, Wisc.	Hamilton, N. Y.	Moore, Ind.	Stiness, R. I.
Copley, Ill.	Haugen, Ia.	Morgan, Okla.	Strong, Pa.
Costello, Pa.	Hawley, Ore.	Mott, N. Y.	Sweet, Ia.
Cramton, Mich.	Hersey, Me.	Nelson, Wisc.	Switzer, O.
Currie, Mich.	Hicks, N. Y.	Norton, N. D.	Temple, Pa.
Dale, Vt.	Hollingsworth, O.	Osborne, Cal.	Timberlake, Col.
Dallinger, Mass.	Hutchinson, N. J.	Paige, Mass.	Towner, Ia.
Darrow, Pa.	Ireland, Ill.	Parker, N. Y.	Treadway, Mass.
Dempsey, N. Y.	James, Mich.	Peters, Me.	Vestal, Ind.
Denison, Ill.	Johnson, S. D.	Platt, N. Y.	Volstead, Minn.
Dillon, S. D.	Johnson, Wash.	Powers, Ky.	Wason, N. H.
Dowell, Ia.	Kearns, O.	Pratt, N. Y.	Wheeler, Ill.
Dunn, N. Y.	Kelley, Mich.	Purnell, Ind.	White, Me.
Elliott, Ind.	Kennedy, Ia.	Ramseyer, Ia.	Williams, Ill.
Ellsworth, Minn.	Kiess, Pa.	Rankin, Mont.	Wilson, Ill.
Elston, Cal.	King, Ill.	Reavis, Neb.	Wood, Ind.
Emerson, Ohio	Kinkaid, Neb.	Reed, W. Va.	Woods, Ia.
Esch, Wisc.	Knutson, Minn.	Robbins, Pa.	Woodyard, W. Va.
Fairfield, Ind.	Kraus, Ind.	Rose, Pa.	Young, N. D.
Farr, Pa.	Kreider, Pa.	Rowe, N. Y.	Zihlman, Md.
Fess, Ohio			

Democrats—141

Adamson, Ga.	Black, Tex.	Carter, Okla.	Dixon, Ind.
Alexander, Mo.	Booher, Mo.	Clark, Fla.	Doolittle, Kans.
Almon, Ala.	Borland, Mo.	Claypool, O.	Doughton, N. C.
Ashbrook, Ohio	Brand, Ga.	Collier, Miss.	Drane, Fla.
Aswell, La.	Brodbeck, Pa.	Connally, Tex.	Evans, Mont.
Ayers, Kans.	Brumbaugh, O.	Connolly, Kans.	Ferris, Okla.
Bankhead, Ala.	Burnett, Ala.	Cox, Ind.	Fields, Ky.
Barkley, Ky.	Byrnes, S. C.	Crisp, Ga.	Fisher, Tenn.
Barnhart, Ind.	Byrns, Tenn.	Decker, Mo.	Flood, Va.
Beakes, Mich.	Candler, Miss.	Denton, Ind.	Foster, Ill.
Bell, Ga.	Caraway, Ark.	Dickinson, Mo.	Gandy, S. D.
Berhlin, Pa.	Carlin, Va.	Dill, Wash.	Garrett, Tenn.

Garrett, Tex.	Kehoe, Fla.	Polk, Del.	Stephens, Miss.
Glass, Va.	Kelly, Pa.	Price, Md.	Sterling, Pa.
Godwin, N. C.	Kettner, Cal.	Quin, Miss.	Stevenson, S. C.
Gregg, Tex.	Kincheloe, Ky.	Ragsdale, S. C.	Sumners, Tex.
Hamlin, Mo.	Kitchin, N. C.	Rainey, Ill.	Taylor, Ark.
Harrison, Miss.	Larsen, Ga.	Raker, Cal.	Thomas, Ky.
Harrison, Va.	Lee, Ga.	Rayburn, Tex.	Thompson, Okla.
Hastings, Okla.	Lever, S. C.	Robinson, N. C.	Tillman, Ark.
Hayden, Ariz.	Littlepage, W. Va.	Romjue, Mo.	Venable, Miss.
Helm, Ky.	Lobeck, N. Y.	Rubey, Mo.	Walker, Ga.
Helvering, Kans.	Lunn, N. Y.	Rucker, Mo.	Walton, N. M.
Hensley, Mo.	Mays, Utah	Russell, Mo.	Watkins, La.
Hilliard, Col.	McClintic, O.	Sanders, La.	Watson, Va.
Holland, Va.	McKeown, Okla.	Saunders, Va.	Weaver, N. C.
Hood, N. C.	Montague, Va.	Sears, Fla.	Webb, N. C.
Houston, Tenn.	Moon, Tenn.	Shackleford, Mo.	Welling, Utah
Howard, Ga.	Nicholls, S. C.	Shallenberger, Neb.	Whaley, S. C.
Hull, Tenn.	Oldfield, Ark.	Shouse, Kans.	White, Ohio
Humphreys, Miss.	Oliver, Ala.	Sims, Tenn.	Wilson, La.
Jacoway, Ark.	Olney, Mass.	Sisson, Miss.	Wingo, Ark.
Johnson, Ky.	Overstreet, Ga.	Snook, O.	Winson, Ga.
Jones, Tex.	Padgett, Tenn.	Steagall, Ala.	Wise, Ga.
Jones, Va.	Park, Ga.	Stedman, N. C.	Young, Tex.
Keating, Col.			

Independents—4

Baer, N. D. (Non-Partisan), Fuller, Mass. (Independent), Randall, Cal. (Prohibitionist),
Schall, Minn. (Progressive).

*Against the Amendment—128**Republicans—62*

Bacharach, N. J.	Gillett, Mass.	McLaughlin, Pa.	Scott, Pa.
Britten, Ill.	Glynn, Conn.	Madden, Ill.	Siegel, N. Y.
Cary, Wisc.	Graham, Pa.	Magee, N. Y.	Snyder, N. Y.
Chandler, N. Y.	Gray, N. J.	Meeker, Mo.	Stafford, Wisc.
Clark, Pa.	Greene, Mass.	Merritt, Conn.	Swift, N. Y.
Classon, Wisc.	Greene, Vt.	Moore, Pa.	Templeton, Pa.
Crago, Pa.	Haskell, N. Y.	Morin, Pa.	Tilson, Conn.
Davidson, Wisc.	Heaton, Pa.	Mudd, Md.	Vare, Pa.
Davis, Minn.	Hull, Ia.	Nichols, Mich.	Voight, Wisc.
Drukker, N. J.	Juul, Ill.	Nolan, Cal.	Waldow, N. Y.
Dyer, Mo.	Kahn, Cal.	Parker, N. J.	Walsh, Mass.
Edmonds, Pa.	Kennedy, R. I.	Porter, Pa.	Ward, N. Y.
Fairchild, B., N. Y.	Lehlbach, N. J.	Ramsey, N. J.	Watson, Pa.
Francis, N. Y.	Longworth, O.	Roberts, Nev.	Winslow, Mass.
Freeman, Conn.	Lufkin, Mass.	Rodenburg, Ill.	
Garland, Pa.	McArthur, Ore.	Sanford, N. Y.	

Democrats—64

Blackmon, Ala.	Campbell, Pa.	Coady, Md.	Dewalt, Pa.
Bruckner, N. Y.	Cantrill, Ky.	Crosser, O.	Dies, Tex.
Buchanan, Tex.	Carew, N. Y.	Dale, N. Y.	Dominick, S. C.
Caldwell, N. Y.	Church, Cal.	Dent, Ala.	Dooling, N. Y.

Doremus, Mich.	Hamill, N. J.	McAndrews, Ill.	Sherley, Ky.
Dupre, La.	Hardy, Tex.	McLemore, Tex.	Sherwood, Ohio
Eagan, N. J.	Heflin, Ala.	Maher, N. Y.	Slayden, Tex.
Estopinal, La.	Huddleston, Ala.	Mansfield, Tex.	Small, N. C.
Fitzgerald, N. Y.	Hulbert, N. Y.	Oliver, N. Y.	Smith, C., N. Y.
Flynn, N. Y.	Igoe, Mo.	O'Shaunessy, R. I.	Smith, T., N. Y.
Gallagher, N. Y.	Key, Ohio	Overmyer, Ohio	Steele, Pa.
Gard, Ohio	Lazaro, La.	Phelan, Mass.	Sullivan, N. Y.
Garner, Tex.	Lea, Cal.	Pou, N. C.	Talbott, Md.
Gordon, Ohio	Leshner, Pa.	Riordan, N. Y.	Van Dyke, Minn.
Gray, Ala.	Linthicum, Md.	Rouse, Ky.	Welty, Ohio
Griffin, N. Y.	Loneragan, Conn.	Sabath, Ill.	Wilson, Tex.

Independents—2

London, N. Y. (Socialist), Martin, La. (Progressive)

Pairs (two for one required)

Stephens (Neb.), and Neeley (W. Va.), for the Amendment, with Gallivan (Mass.), against.
 Goodwin (Ark.), and Miller (Wash.), for the Amendment, with Tague (Mass.), against.
 Taylor (Col.), and G. W. Fairchild (N. Y.), for the Amendment, with Curry (Cal.), against.

Island. Even such notoriously wet States as New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Illinois and Wisconsin were beaten into line by the Anti-Saloon League, which then had a firm grip upon the professional politicians of both parties, and was preparing to take over and run the Harding administration.

III

The National Prohibition Act, popularly known as the Volstead Act, to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment, was passed even more rapidly than the amendment itself. It was introduced in the House by Volstead of Minnesota, and in the Senate by Sheppard of Texas. The debate in both Houses was most perfunctory. In the lower House very few members participated in the discussion, and some of the proposed amendments to the original bill were passed or rejected by such small votes as 26 to 14, and 41 to 6.

In the Senate the interest was yet more

listless, though the dries there made a prudent change in the bill, preserving the dry farmer's right to make "non-intoxicating" drinks out of fruit juices—a change that was to plague the Anti-Saloon League sorely in the days to come, when Ma Willebrandt left the Department of Justice and became attorney for the California grape-growers, who at once proceeded to flood the country with grape-juice. When the act in its final form came to a vote in the Senate, on October 8, 1919, there was almost no debate on the floor, and it passed without a record vote. But the Senators present voted substantially as they had voted for the resolution submitting the Eighteenth Amendment in 1917. So did the members of the House, wherein the vote ran 230 ayes, 69 nays, 129 not voting, one answering "Present," and 24 paired—12 for and 12 against.

On October 27, 1919, President Wilson vetoed the Volstead Act. Within two hours the House passed it over his veto by a vote of 175 to 55, and the following day

the Senate followed suit by a vote of 65 to 20. Senator Lodge of Massachusetts had voted against the Eighteenth Amendment, but now proposed to vote in favor of overriding the veto. He said:

I have always opposed constitutional Prohibition. I voted against it . . . ; but the country decided to put it in the Constitution of the United States, and then it became the obvious duty of Congress to supply the law necessary to its enforcement. There is no greater evil in our system of government than unenforced constitutional provisions. . . . I think at this time to prevent this bill from becoming a law in the present disturbed conditions of the country would be a great misfortune. So I shall vote to pass the bill over the President's veto.

To make up for this defection, in which Lodge was joined by Pomerene of Ohio, six Senators who had voted for the Eighteenth Amendment now voted to sustain Wilson's veto of the Volstead Act. They were Borah of Idaho, King of Utah, La Follette of Wisconsin, Ramsdell of Louisiana, Robinson of Arkansas, and Shields of Tennessee. There were some similar shifts in the House, but not many.

IV

The next step in the evolution of Prohibition legislation was the Jones Five-and-Ten Act, signed by President Coolidge on March 3, 1929. It read as follows:

Section 1. That wherever a penalty or penalties are prescribed in a criminal prosecution by the National Prohibition Act, as amended and supplemented, for the illegal manufacture, sale, transportation, importation, or exportation of intoxicating liquor, as defined by Section 1, Title II, of the National Prohibition Act, the penalty imposed for each such offense shall be a fine not to exceed \$10,000 or imprisonment not to exceed five years, or both; Provided, That it is the intent of

Congress that the court, in imposing sentence hereunder, should discriminate between casual or slight violations and habitual sales of intoxicating liquor, or attempts to commercialize violations of the law.

Section 2. This Act shall not repeal nor eliminate any minimum penalty for the first or any subsequent offense now provided by the said National Prohibition Act.

This amazing act was introduced in the Senate by the late Senator Jones of Washington, who died last November. It occasioned much more debate than the Eighteenth Amendment or the Volstead Act, but far less than many relatively minor bills. Senator Dill, the colleague of Senator Jones, supported it. He said: "I am in favor of this legislation because it proposes to allow judges to impose heavier sentences upon those who violate the Prohibition law. . . . I believe that the judges should have wider powers." Senator Harris of Georgia thought likewise. He said: "In my judgment, the Eighteenth Amendment will not be repealed within the lifetime of anyone now present in this Senate. In fact, I do not believe it will ever be repealed. . . . Mr. Jones has done a fine thing for the country in urging this law." Senator Edge of New Jersey and Senator Reed of Missouri attacked the bill briefly. Mr. Reed ridiculed the latter part of Section 1, which, he said, was an anomaly in Federal legislation. It, in effect, told judges not to take what preceded it seriously. In brief, he said, the bill was obviously shamefaced. But his onslaught was of no avail. The Senate passed the bill on February 19 by a vote of 65 to 18. Nine days later, on February 28, after the most perfunctory debate, the House also passed it by a vote of 284 to 90. The Senate vote is given in Table No. 4 on page 51.

In the House the following, among the

more prominent members, voted aye:

Bachman, W. Va.	Hull, Tenn.
Bankhead, Ala.	Kincheloe, Ky.
Byrns, Tenn.	Langley, Ky.
Chindblom, Ill.	Langford, Ga.
Collier, Miss.	Luce, Mass.
Connally, Tex.	McDuffie, Ala.
Cooper, Wis.	McFadden, Pa.
Crisp, Ga.	Pou, N. C.
Fish, N. Y.	Rainey, Ill.
Frear, Wis.	Ramseyer, Iowa
Garner, Tex.	Romjue, Mo.
Garrett, Tenn.	Shallenberger, Neb.
Haugen, Iowa	Snell, N. Y.
Huddleston, Ala.	

Among those who voted nay were:

Bacharach, N. J.	Norton, N. J.
Black, N. Y.	Sabath, Ill.
Bloom, N. Y.	Schafer, Wis.
Celler, N. Y.	Sirovich, N. Y.
Igoe, Ill.	Tilson, Conn.
Kahn, Calif.	Tinkham, Mass.
LaGuardia, N. Y.	

It will be observed that Garner of Texas, now Vice-President, voted dry. So did Rainey of Illinois, now Speaker of the House.

So did Hull of Tennessee, later a Senator and now Secretary of State. So did Byrns of Tennessee, the present majority leader in the House. So did Crisp of Georgia, leader in the last Congress. So did Hamilton Fish of New York!

That was four years ago. Soon afterward Prohibition began to crack, and by the end of 1930 the end began to be in sight. The next test in Congress came on March 14, 1932, when an effort was made to discharge the Judiciary Committee of the House from consideration of the Beck-Linthicum beer resolution. It was defeated by a vote of 227 to 187, but the wet vote was the largest ever recorded in the House, and so the wet leaders rejoiced loudly.

It showed some interesting shifts, especially among the Democratic leaders. McDuffie of Alabama and Rainey of Illinois were among those who flopped to the wet side, and Garner of Texas was also ready to do so, but escaped by the fact that, as Speaker, his name was not called. But Snell of New York, the Republican floor leader, remained on the dry side. McDuffie was the only Alabaman to flop; all the rest voted dry. Also faithful to the decaying Anti-Saloon League were the solid delegations of Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Arkansas, Idaho, Kansas, Maine, Mississippi, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Utah and Vermont. But the delegations of New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico and Wyoming voted solidly for beer. Four of the six women members of the House voted wet—Mrs. Kahn of California, Mrs. Norton of New Jersey, Mrs. Pratt of New York, and Mrs. Rogers of Massachusetts.

In June came the national conventions, and the beginning of the end. When Congress reassembled in December a prompt effort was made to put through a repealer of the Eighteenth Amendment, and it failed in the House by but six votes. The vote was 272 to 144, two-thirds being necessary to pass it. Two weeks later a new beer bill passed the House by 230 to 165. The tide was now running heavily toward the wet side, and many dries who had held out in March went along with it, notably Byrns of Tennessee, Yon of Florida, Collier of Mississippi, and Steagall of Alabama. Of the 133 Democrats who voted for the beer bill 53 were Southerners, and of the 96 Republicans 27 were from the Middle West.

The time had now come to tackle the Eighteenth Amendment again. After a debate almost as perfunctory as that

TABLE No. 4
Vote in the Senate on the Jones Five-and-Ten Bill
Yeas—65

Ashurst, Ariz.	Frazier, N. D.	McNary, Ore.	Simmons, N. C.
Barkley, Ky.	George, Ga.	Mayfield, Tex.	Smith, S. C.
Black, Ala.	Glass, Va.	Moses, N. H.	Smoot, Utah
Blease, S. C.	Goff, W. Va.	Neely, W. Va.	Steck, Ia.
Borah, Idaho	Greene, Vt.	Norbeck, S. D.	Steiwer, Ore.
Bratton, N. M.	Hale, Me.	Norris, Neb.	Stephens, Miss.
Brookhart, Ia.	Harris, Ga.	Nye, N. D.	Swanson, Va.
Burton, Ohio	Harrison, Miss.	Oddie, Nev.	Thomas, Idaho
Capper, Kans.	Hastings, Del.	Overman, N. C.	Thomas, Okla.
Caraway, Ark.	Hayden, Ariz.	Pittman, Nev.	Trammell, Fla.
Couzens, Mich.	Heflin, Ala.	Reed, Pa.	Tyson, Tenn.
Curtis, Kans.	Johnson, Calif.	Robinson, Ind.	Vandenberg, Mich.
Dale, Vt.	Jones, Wash.	Sackett, Ky.	Walsh, Mont.
Deneen, Ill.	Kendrick, Wyo.	Schall, Minn.	Warren, Wyo.
Dill, Wash.	McKellar, Tenn.	Sheppard, Tex.	Waterman, Colo.
Edge, N. J.	McMaster, S. D.	Shortridge, Calif.	Watson, Ind.
Fess, Ohio			

Nays—18

Bayard, Del.	Copeland, N. Y.	Hawes, Mo.	Tydings, Md.
Bingham, Conn.	Edwards, N. J.	Phipps, Colo.	Wagner, N. Y.
Blaine, Wis.	Gerry, R. I.	Ransdell, La.	Walsh, Mass.
Broussard, La.	Glenn, Ill.	Reed, Mo.	Wheeler, Mont.
Bruce, Md.	Gould, Me.		

Not Voting—12

Fletcher, Fla.	Keyes, N. H.	Larrazolo, N. M.	Pine, Okla.
Gillett, Mass.	King, Utah	McLean, Conn.	Robinson, Ark.
Howell, Neb.	LaFollette, Wis.	Metcalf, R. I.	Shipstead, Minn.

which preceded its passage in 1917 its repeal came to a vote in the Senate on February 16, and was passed by a vote of 63 to 23—the necessary two-thirds, and five votes to spare. On February 20 it passed the House by 289 to 121.

The vote in the Senate is given in Table No. 5 on the next page and that in the House in Table No. 6 on page 54. They are set forth at length so that anyone interested may compare them with Tables Nos. 2 and 3. They reveal eloquently the change that had come over the political scene since the days when the Anti-Saloon League was in the saddle, and they tell a great deal about the limber leaping and dodgings of American politicians, including some of the most eminent.

V

The learned justices of the Supreme Court of the United States have not had a chance, as I write, to follow Congress in changing their minds about Prohibition, but there have been some indications that, when the time comes, they will probably do so. While the Anti-Saloon League hegemony lasted they were almost unanimously dry, and among the dryest of them were the two so-called Liberal justices, Messrs. Brandeis and Holmes. They began back in 1917 by deciding that the right to possess alcoholic beverages for personal use was *not* among the constitutional rights of the free American citizen. This was in the case of *Crane vs. Campbell*, argued on November 15, 1917, and decided (with

TABLE No. 5

*Vote in the Senate on the Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment**For Repeal—63**Democrats—33*

Ashurst, Ariz.	Clark, Mo.	Kendrick, Wyo.	Russell, Ga.
Bailey, N. C.	Connally, Texas	King, Utah	Smith, S. C.
Bankhead, Ala.	Coolidge, Mass.	Lewis, Ill.	Swanson, Va.
Barkley, Ky.	Dill, Wash.	McKellar, Tenn.	Trammell, Fla.
Black, Ala.	Fletcher, Fla.	Neely, W. Va.	Tydings, Md.
Bratton, N. M.	Harrison, Miss.	Pittman, Nev.	Wagner, N. Y.
Bulkley, Ohio	Hayden, Ariz.	Reynolds, N. C.	Walsh, Mass.
Bulow, S. D.	Hull, Tenn.	Robinson, Ark.	Walsh, Mont.
Byrnes, S. C.			

Republicans—29

Austin, Vt.	Glenn, Ill.	Keyes, N. H.	Patterson, Mo.
Barbour, N. J.	Grammer, Wash.	La Follette, Wis.	Reed, Pa.
Bingham, Conn.	Hale, Maine	McNary, Ore.	Shortridge, Cal.
Blaine, Wis.	Hastings, Del.	Metcalf, R. I.	Vandenberg, Mich.
Couzens, Mich.	Hebert, R. I.	Moses, N. H.	Wallcott, Conn.
Cutting, N. M.	Johnson, Cal.	Nye, N. D.	Watson, Ind.
Davis, Pa.	Kean, N. J.	Oddie, Nev.	White, Maine
Frazier, N. D.			

Farmer-Labor—1

Shipstead, Minn.

*Against Repeal—23**Democrats—9*

Caraway, Ark.	Gore, Okla.	McGill, Kan.	Stephens, Miss.
Costigan, Col.	Logan, Ky.	Sheppard, Texas	Thomas, Okla.
Glass, Va.			

Republicans—14

Borah, Idaho	Dickinson, Iowa	Norris, Neb.	Smoot, Utah
Brookhart, Iowa	Goldsborough, Md.	Robinson, Ind.	Steiwer, Ore.
Capper, Kan.	Hatfield, W. Va.	Schuyler, Col.	Townsend, Del.
Dale, Vt.	Norbeck, S. D.		

Paired for Repeal

Carey, Rep., Wyo.; George, Dem., Ga.; Copeland, Dem., N. Y.; Long, Dem., La.;
Wheeler, Dem., Mont.; Broussard, Dem., La.

Paired Against Repeal

Howell, Rep., Neb.; Thomas, Rep., Idaho; Fess, Rep., Ohio.

Absent and Unpaired

Schall, Minn.

unusual celerity) on December 10. The court was then made up of Justices White, McKenna, Holmes, Day, Van Devanter, Pitney, McReynolds, Brandeis and Clarke. There were no dissents. Mr. Justice McReynolds, writing the opinion of the court, said:

It must now be regarded as settled that, on account of their well-known noxious qualities and the extraordinary evils shown by experience commonly to be consequent upon their use, a State has power absolutely to prohibit manufacture, gift, purchase, sale or transportation of alcoholic liquors within its borders without violating the guarantees of the Fourteenth Amendment . . .

As the State has the power above indicated to prohibit, it may adopt such measures as are reasonably appropriate or needful to render exercise of that power effective . . .

And considering the notorious difficulties always attendant upon efforts to suppress the traffic in liquors, we are unable to say that the challenged inhibition of their possession was arbitrary and unreasonable or without proper relation to the legitimate legislative purpose.

We further think it clearly follows from our numerous decisions upholding Prohibition legislation that *the right to hold intoxicating liquors for personal use is not one of the fundamental privileges of a citizen of the United States* which no State may abridge. A contrary view would be incompatible with the undoubted power to prevent the manufacture, gift, sale, purchase or transportation of such articles, the only feasible ways of getting them. An assured right of possession would necessarily imply some adequate method to obtain not subject to destruction at the will of the State.

In the case of *Jacob Ruppert vs. Caffey* (251 U. S. 264) two questions came up: the constitutionality of the War Time Prohibition Act after the cessation of hostilities, and the constitutionality of the Volstead Act, before national Prohibition went into effect. The War Time Prohibition Act

went into effect June 30, 1919, more than six months after the Armistice. The Volstead Act became a law on October 28, 1919, though national Prohibition did not become effective until January 16, 1920. The court, in a 5-4 decision handed down on January 5, 1920, upheld the constitutionality of both acts, the War Time Prohibition Act and the Volstead Act. The sitting justices were Messrs. White, McKenna, Holmes, Day, Van Devanter, Pitney, McReynolds, Brandeis, and Clarke. The majority opinion was written by Mr. Justice Brandeis. He said:

The legislation and decisions of the highest courts of nearly all the States establish that it is deemed impossible to enforce either prohibitory or regulatory laws if liability or inclusion within the law is made to depend upon the issuable fact whether or not a particular liquor is intoxicating. In other words, it clearly appears that a liquor law, to be capable of enforcement must, in the opinion of the Legislatures and courts of the several States, be made to apply to *all liquors of the species enumerated*, like beer, ale or wine, *regardless of the presence or degree of alcoholic content*, or if a more general description is used, such as distilled, rectified, spirituous, fermented, malt or brewed liquors, to all liquors within that general description *regardless of alcoholic content*; or to such of these liquors as contain a named percentage of alcohol; and often several such standards are combined so that certain specific and generic liquors are forbidden and such others as contain a given percentage of alcohol.

A test often used to determine whether a beverage is to be deemed intoxicating within the meaning of the liquor law is whether it contains one-half of 1% of alcohol by volume. A survey of the liquor laws of the States reveals that in seventeen States the test is either a list of enumerated beverages *without regard to whether they contain any alcohol*, or the presence of *any alcohol in a beverage, regardless of quantity*; in eighteen States it is the presence of as much or more than one-half of 1% of

TABLE No. 6

*Vote in the House of Representatives on the Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment**For the Resolution—289**Democrats—179*

Abernethy, N. C.	Dickinson, Mo.	Jones, Tex.	Parks, Ark.
Allgood, Ala.	Dickstein, N. Y.	Keller, Ill.	Parsons, Ill.
Almon, Ala.	Dies, Tex.	Kelly, Ill.	Pettengill, Ind.
Arnold, Ill.	Dieterich, Ill.	Kemp, La.	Polk, Ohio
Auf der Heide, N. J.	Disney, Okla.	Kennedy, Md.	Pou, N. C.
Bankhead, Ala.	Doughton, N. C.	Kennedy, N. Y.	Prall, N. Y.
Barton, Mo.	Douglas, Ariz.	Kerr, N. C.	Ragon, Ark.
Beam, Ill.	Douglass, Mass.	Kleberg, Tex.	Rainey, Ill.
Black, N. Y.	Drane, Fla.	Kniffin, Ohio	Ramspeck, Ga.
Bland, Va.	Drewry, Va.	Kunz, Ill.	Rayburn, Tex.
Bloom, N. Y.	Eagle, Tex.	Lambeth, N. C.	Reilly, Wis.
Boehne, Ind.	Evans, Mont.	Lamnuck, Ohio	Rogers, N. H.
Boland, Pa.	Fernandez, La.	Lanhan, Tex.	Romjue, Mo.
Boylan, N. Y.	Fiesinger, Ohio	Larrabee, Ind.	Rudd, N. Y.
Briggs, Tex.	Fishburne, Va.	Lea, Cal.	Sabath, Ill.
Brunner, N. Y.	Fitzpatrick, N. Y.	Lewis, Md.	Schuetz, Ill.
Buchanan, Tex.	Flannagan, Va.	Lichtenwalner, Pa.	Shannon, Mo.
Bulwinkle, N. C.	Flood, Va.	Lindsay, N. Y.	Sirovich, N. Y.
Burch, Va.	Fulbright, Mo.	Loneragan, Conn.	Smith, Va.
Byrns, Tenn.	Fuller, Ark.	Lozier, Mo.	Smith, W. Va.
Canfield, Ind.	Fulmer, S. C.	McCormack, Mass.	Somers, N. Y.
Cannon, Mo.	Gambrill, Md.	McDuffie, Ala.	Spence, Ky.
Carden, Ky.	Gasque, S. C.	McMillan, S. C.	Steagall, Ala.
Carley, N. Y.	Gavagan, N. Y.	McReynolds, Tenn.	Stewart, N. J.
Cary, Ky.	Gilbert, Ky.	McSwain, S. C.	Sullivan, N. Y.
Castellow, Ga.	Gillen, Ind.	Major, Ill.	Sumners, Tex.
Celler, N. Y.	Granfield, Mass.	Maloney, La.	Sutphin, N. J.
Chapman, Ky.	Green, Fla.	Mansfield, Tex.	Sweeney, Ohio
Chavez, N. M.	Gregory, Ky.	Martin, Ore.	Taylor, Col.
Clark, N. C.	Griffin, N. Y.	May, Ky.	Thomason, Tex.
Cochran, Mo.	Griswold, Ind.	Mead, N. Y.	Tierney, Conn.
Cole, Md.	Haines, Pa.	Miller, Ark.	Underwood, Ohio
Collier, Miss.	Hancock, N. C.	Milligan, Mo.	Vinson, Ga.
Condon, R. I.	Harlan, Ohio	Mitchell, Tenn.	Vinson, Ky.
Connery, Mass.	Hart, Mich.	Montet, La.	Warren, N. C.
Corning, N. Y.	Hastings, Okla.	Moore, Ky.	Weaver, N. C.
Cox, Ga.	Hill, Ala.	Nelson, Mo.	West, Ohio
Cross, Tex.	Hill, Wash.	Norton, N. J.	Whittington, Miss.
Crosser, Ohio	Howard, Neb.	O'Connor, N. Y.	Williams, Mo.
Crowe, Ind.	Huddleston, Ala.	Oliver, Ala.	Williams, Tex.
Crump, Tenn.	Igoe, Ill.	Oliver, N. Y.	Wingo, Ark.
Cullen, N. Y.	Jacobsen, Iowa	Overton, La.	Wood, Ga.
Davis, Tenn.	Jeffers, Ala.	Owen, Fla.	Woodrum, Va.
Delaney, N. Y.	Johnson, Mo.	Palmisano, Md.	Yon, Fla.
De Rouen, La.	Johnson, Tex.	Parker, Ga.	

Republicans—109

Aldrich, R. I.	Connolly, Pa.	Hopkins, Mo.	Ransley, Pa.
Amlic, Wis.	Cooke, N. Y.	Horr, Wash.	Rogers, Mass.
Andresen, Minn.	Coyle, Pa.	Hull, Ill.	Schafer, Wis.
Andrew, Mass.	Curry, Cal.	James, Mich.	Schneider, Wis.
Andrews, N. Y.	Darrow, Pa.	Johnson, S. D.	Seeger, N. J.
Arentz, Nev.	Davis, Pa.	Johnson, Wash.	Selvig, Minn.
Bacharach, N. J.	De Priest, Ill.	Kading, Wis.	Shreve, Pa.
Bachman, W. Va.	Doutrich, Pa.	Kahn, Cal.	Sinclair, N. D.
Bacon, N. Y.	Dyer, Mo.	LaGuardia, N. Y.	Snell, N. Y.
Baldrige, Neb.	Eaton, N. J.	Lankford, Va.	Stafford, Wis.
Barbour, Cal.	Englebright, Cal.	Lehlbach, N. J.	Stokes, Pa.
Beck, Pa.	Erk, Pa.	Loofbourow, Utah	Stull, Pa.
Bohn, Mich.	Estep, Pa.	McLeod, Mich.	Sullivan, Pa.
Boileau, Wis.	Fish, N. Y.	Martin, Mass.	Tinkham, Mass.
Bolton, Ohio	Foss, Mass.	Michener, Mich.	Treadway, Mass.
Britten, Ill.	Freeman, Conn.	Millard, N. Y.	Turpin, Pa.
Brumm, Pa.	Gibson, Vt.	Nelson, Wis.	Watson, Pa.
Buckbee, Ill.	Gifford, Mass.	Niedringhaus, Mo.	Welch, Cal.
Burdick, R. I.	Golder, Pa.	Nolan, Minn.	White, Ohio
Campbell, Iowa	Goss, Conn.	Parker, N. Y.	Whitley, N. Y.
Campbell, Pa.	Hadley, Wash.	Peavey, Wis.	Wigglesworth, Mass.
Carter, Cal.	Hancock, N. Y.	Perkins, N. J.	Withrow, Wis.
Carter, Wyo.	Hartley, N. J.	Person, Mich.	Wolcott, Mich.
Cavicchia, N. J.	Hess, Ohio	Pittenger, Minn.	Wolfenden, Pa.
Chase, Pa.	Hollister, Ohio	Pratt, N. Y.	Wolverton, N. J.
Chindblom, Ill.	Holmes, Mass.	Pratt, N. Y.	Woodruff, Mich.
Clague, Minn.	Hooper, Mich.	Purnell, Ind.	Wyant, Pa.
Clancy, Mich.			

Farmer-Labor—1

Kvale, Minn.

*Against the Resolution—121**Democrats—32*

Ayres, Kan.	Doxey, Miss.	Ludlow, Ind.	Rankin, Miss.
Blanton, Tex.	Driver, Ark.	McClintic, Okla.	Sanders, Texas
Browning, Tenn.	Ellzey, Miss.	McKeown, Okla.	Sandlin, La.
Busby, Miss.	Eslick, Tenn.	Mobley, Ga.	Shallenberger, Neb.
Cartwright, Okla.	Goldsborough, Md.	Morehead, Neb.	Swank, Okla.
Collins, Miss.	Greenwood, Ind.	Norton, Neb.	Tarver, Ga.
Cooper, Tenn.	Johnson, Okla.	Patman, Tex.	Wilson, La.
Dominick, S. C.	Lankford, Ga.	Patterson, Ala.	Wright, Ga.

Republicans—89

Adkins, Ill.	Burtness, N. D.	Cole, Iowa	Davenport, N. Y.
Allen, Ill.	Cable, Ohio	Colton, Utah	Dowell, Iowa
Beedy, Me.	Chiperfield, Ill.	Cooper, Ohio	Eaton, Col.
Biddle, Pa.	Christopherson, S. D.	Crail, Cal.	Evans, Cal.
Bowman, W. Va.	Clarke, N. Y.	Crowther, N. Y.	Finley, Ky.
Brand, Ohio	Cochran, Pa.	Culkin, N. Y.	Frear, Wis.

French, Idaho	Ketcham, Mich.	Murphy, Ohio	Summers, Wash.
Garber, Okla.	Kinzer, Pa.	Nelson, Me.	Swanson, Iowa
Gilchrist, Iowa	Kopp, Iowa	Partridge, Me.	Swick, Pa.
Guyer, Kan.	Kurtz, Pa.	Ramseyer, Iowa	Swing, Cal.
Hall, Ill.	Lambertson, Kan.	Reed, N. Y.	Taber, N. Y.
Hall, N. D.	Leavitt, Mont.	Rich, Pa.	Taylor, Tenn.
Hardy, Col.	Lovette, Tenn.	Robinson, Iowa	Temple, Pa.
Haugen, Iowa	Luce, Mass.	Sanders, N. Y.	Thatcher, Ky.
Hawley, Ore.	McClintock, Ohio	Seiberling, Ohio	Thurston, Iowa
Hoch, Kan.	McFadden, Pa.	Shott, W. Va.	Timberlake, Col.
Hogg, Ind.	McGugin, Kan.	Simmons, Neb.	Underhill, Mass.
Hogg, W. Va.	Magrady, Pa.	Snow, Me.	Wason, N. H.
Holaday, Ill.	Manlove, Mo.	Sparks, Kan.	Weeks, Vt.
Hope, Kan.	Mapes, Mich.	Stalker, N. Y.	Williamson, S. D.
Houston, Del.	Moore, Ohio	Strong, Kan.	Wood, Ind.
Jenkins, Ohio	Mouser, Ohio	Strong, Pa.	Yates, Ill.
Kelly, Pa.			

Pairs (two for one required)

Knutson (R., Minn.), Horner (D., W. Va.), Stevenson (D., S. C.), and Montague (D., Va.) for the resolution and Christgau (R., Minn.) and Hare (D., S. C.), against.

alcohol; in six States 1% of alcohol; in one State, the presence of the "alcoholic principle"; and in one State 2% of alcohol. Thus in forty-two of the forty-eight States malt liquor containing over 2% of alcohol by weight or volume is deemed, for the purpose of regulation or prohibition, intoxicating as a matter of law. Only one State (Rhode Island) has adopted a test as high as 2.75% by weight or 3.4% by volume. Only two States permit the intoxicating character of an enumerated liquor to be put in issue. In three other States the matter has not been made clear either by decision or legislation. The decisions of the courts as well as the actions of the Legislatures make it clear—or, at least, furnish ground upon which Congress reasonably might conclude—that a rigid classification of beverages is an essential of either effective regulation or effective prohibition of intoxicating liquors.

Purity Extract Co. v. Lynch (226 U. S. 192) determined that State legislation of this character is valid and set forth with clearness the constitutional ground upon which it rests. "When a State exerting its recognized authority undertakes to suppress what it is free to regard as a public evil, it may adopt such measures having reasonable relation to that end as it may deem necessary to make its action effective. It

does not follow that *because a transaction separately considered is innocuous it may not be included in a prohibition* the scope of which is regarded as essential in the legislative judgment to accomplish a purpose within the admitted powers of the government . . . The State . . . must decide upon the measures that are needful for the protection of its people, and having regard for the artifices which are used to promote the sale of intoxicants under guise of innocent beverages it would constitute an unwarranted departure from accepted principle to hold that the *prohibition of the sale of all malt liquors*, including the beverage in question, was beyond its reserved power. . . ."

It is therefore clear both that Congress might reasonably have considered some definition of intoxicating liquor to be essential to effective enforcement of Prohibition and also that the definition provided by the Volstead Act was not an arbitrary one.

Mr. Justice McReynolds wrote a dissenting opinion for himself and Messrs. Day and Van Devanter. He asked the pointed question: "Did Congress have power on October 28, 1919, directly and instantly to prohibit the sale of a *non-intoxicating* beverage, theretofore lawfully produced and

which until then could have been lawfully vended, without making any provision for compensation to the owner?" The Eighteenth Amendment, he added, was not yet in effect, and while Congress had special war time powers, the occasion for the use of these powers was long passed on October 28, 1919. He ended with these words:

Moreover, well settled rights of the individual in harmless property and powers carefully reserved to the States, ought not to be abridged or destroyed by mere argumentation based upon supposed analogies. The Constitution should be interpreted in view of the spirit which pervades it and always with a steadfast purpose to give complete effect to every part according to the true intentment—none should suffer emasculation by any strained or unnatural construction. And these solemn words we may neither forget nor ignore: "Nor shall any person . . . be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation."

Mr. Justice Clarke also dissented, but did not write a separate dissenting opinion.

VI

The wets in this decision were badly beaten—in fact, routed—but they still did not give up hope. They brought up seven new cases before the Supreme Court—one of them the now celebrated Rhode Island vs. Palmer case—in an attempt to defeat the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act (253 U. S. 350). The cases were argued on March 8, 9, 10, 29, and 30, 1920, and decided on June 7, 1920. Mr. Justice Van Devanter wrote the opinion of the court, upholding the constitutionality of Federal Prohibition and of the Volstead Act. The justices sitting were Messrs. White, McKenna, Holmes, Day, Van Devanter, Pitney, McReynolds, Brandeis, and Clarke.

Mr. Justice Van Devanter, speaking for the court, said:

The prohibition of the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation and exportation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes, as embodied in the Eighteenth Amendment, is within the power reserved by Article V of the Constitution.

The Amendment, by lawful proposal and ratification, has become a part of the Constitution, and must be respected and given effect the same as other provisions of that instrument.

The first section of the Amendment—the one embodying the prohibition—is operative throughout the entire territorial limits of the United States, binds all legislative bodies, courts, public officers, and individuals within those limits, and of its own force invalidates any legislative act—whether by Congress, by a State Legislature, or by a Territorial Assembly—which authorizes or sanctions what the section prohibits.

The second section of the Amendment—the one declaring "the Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation"—does not enable Congress or the several States to defeat or thwart the prohibition, but only to enforce it by appropriate means.

The words, "concurrent power," in that section do not mean joint power, or require that legislation thereunder by Congress, to be effective, shall be approved or sanctioned by the several States or any of them; nor do they mean that the power to enforce is divided between Congress and the several States along the lines which separate or distinguish foreign and interstate commerce from intrastate affairs.

The power confided to Congress by that section, while not exclusive, is territorially coextensive with the prohibition of the first section, embraces manufacture and other intrastate transactions as well as importation, exportation and interstate traffic, and is in no wise dependent on or affected by action or inaction on the part of the several States or any of them.

That power may be exerted against the disposal for beverage purposes of liquor

manufactured before the Amendment became effective just as it may be against subsequent manufacture for those purposes. In either case it is a constitutional mandate or prohibition that is being enforced.

While recognizing that there are limits beyond which Congress cannot go in treating beverages as within its power of enforcement, we think those limits are not transcended by the provision of the Volstead Act, wherein liquor containing as much as one-half of 1% of alcohol by volume and fit for use for beverage purposes are treated as within that power.

Mr. Justice McKenna wrote a very long dissenting opinion, in which he pleaded for more reasons why the Volstead Act should supersede the State liquor laws. He also wanted to know precisely what "concurrent power" in the Eighteenth Amendment meant. Is Congress to be supreme, or equal with the States? He went on:

From these premises the deduction seems inevitable that there must be united action between the States and Congress, or, at any rate, concordant and harmonious action; and will not such action promote better the purpose of the Amendment—will it not bring to the enforcement of Prohibition the power of the States and the power of Congress? . . . Will it not bring to the States as well, or preserve to them, a partial autonomy, satisfying, if you will, their prejudices, or better say, their predilections? and it is not too much to say that our dual system of government is based upon them.

Mr. Justice Clarke wrote a similar dissenting opinion. But Justices Holmes and Brandeis were with the majority.

Finally, there was the case of *Samuels vs. McCurdy*, argued on January 22, 1925, and decided on March 2, 1925. It involved the constitutionality of a Georgia law prohibiting the possession of *all* intoxicating liquors, even if they had been acquired before the State law went into operation. The late Chief Justice Taft, writing the opinion of the court, upheld the constitutional-

ity of the law. The other justices sitting, in addition to him, were Messrs. Holmes, Van Devanter, Brandeis, Sutherland, Butler, and Sanford. Mr. Justice Butler wrote the only dissenting opinion. He said:

Any suggestion that the destruction of such private supply acquired and held for the use of the owner in his own home is necessary for or has any relation to the suppression of sales or to the regulation of the liquor traffic or to the protection of the public from injury would be *fanciful and without foundation*. . . . To me it seems very plain that, as applied, the law is *oppressive and arbitrary*, and that the seizure deprived plaintiff in error of his property in violation of the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

Again Justices Holmes and Brandeis, the Liberals, were with the majority.

On March 14 last, by a vote of 316 to 97, with 17 members not voting, the new House, purged of lame ducks, passed the Beer Act, and two days later, with a few amendments, it was passed by the Senate by a vote of 43 to 30.

This Beer Act, in due course, will come before the Supreme Court. Will the learned justices decide that Congress may freely determine what is intoxicating and what is not intoxicating, or will they stand on their decision of June 7, 1920, that "the second section of the Eighteenth Amendment . . . does *not* enable Congress to defeat or thwart the prohibition, *but only to enforce it by appropriate means*?" If, responding to changes in the personnel of the court, they go the former way, then Prohibition will be done for at once, even though the States take another year or two to ratify the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. But if they stand pat, then the plebiscite of last November will be ineffective until the repeal resolution worms its way through constitutional conventions in forty-eight States.

THE MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE HIMSELF

BY ERSKINE CALDWELL

EVERYTHING that Luther Branch touched was wont to crumble in his hands like so much desiccated clay. It had always been like that. He was barely able to keep himself alive, and his clothes were always in rags. But no man could truthfully say that he had not tried and was not still trying to make a decent living. He worked harder, day in and day out, than any other man in town.

Several years before, one of his efforts to get ahead had been selling fire insurance to store-keepers and house-owners. He failed in that just as he did in everything else he tried to do. It looked as though it were impossible for him to make a dollar.

Once, while he was trying his best to sell insurance, somebody came right out and told Luther that he was not suited to that line of work.

"Luther," the man said, "I can't buy fire protection from you. You don't look like an insurance man."

There was nothing Luther could say, because he knew he did not look like the men who sold insurance. And, for that matter, he knew he did not look like anyone else in town.

"That's the whole trouble, Luther. You don't look at all like an insurance man ought to look."

"What do I look like, then?," Luther asked.

"I'll be jumped up if I know, Luther. If I could see you in the right job, I'd know for sure; but to save my life I can't figure

you out. I suppose you just look like yourself."

Luther Branch did look like himself. Everybody had been saying that since he was a boy, and now that he was past forty, that was all there was to it.

He went into Ben Howard's grocery store early one morning to have a word with Ben. He had been going in there for the past ten or fifteen years to see if Ben had anything to tell him. Ben told him that he ought to start out that same hour and try every kind of known way there was to make money, and jump from one to the other just as fast as he discovered that he was not suited for the work.

"It's the only way I know to tell you how to do," Ben said. "I've known you all my life, and we live on the same street, and go to the same church on Sunday, and I want to do everything possible to help you. I've always tried to be your friend. That's why I say the best thing to do is to try everything till you find the work you were cut out for. If I could think of a better scheme, I'd certainly tell you about it the minute I heard about it."

"I guess I'll try selling fruit from door to door," Luther said. "It might just as well be that as anything else. It's one line I haven't tried my hand at yet. I'll sell fruit."

He went home and got out a push-cart from under the shed and bought it full of oranges and tangerines and grapefruit. He started out trying to sell the fruit.

At the first house he stopped he hesitated for a moment at the door before ringing the bell. He had a feeling that fruit-selling was not his life work, either. He started to turn around and go back home without even making an effort to sell anything. He would take the fruit to the store where he had got it on credit and turn it all back.

"Good morning, Mr. Branch," somebody said.

He was half way down the steps when he heard the woman speaking to him. He stopped and looked around at her in the door.

"What have you for sale today, Mr. Branch?" she asked pleasantly.

"Fruit, Mrs. Todd," he answered.

"What kind of fruit? Citrus?"

Luther knew by the tone of Mrs. Todd's voice that she was in the market for citrus fruit. He felt a little better then, because he was certain he would be able to make a sale. He ran out to the street and brought several baskets to the porch and set them down in front of her. He stepped back, taking off his hat, and waited for her to select the fruit she wished to buy.

"The oranges are nice-looking," Mrs. Todd said, rolling one in her hand. "And I've been looking for some large juicy grapefruit. How much are they, Mr. Branch?"

"The grapefruit are ——"

She looked up at Luther then, waiting for him to quote prices to her. Their eyes met for a second, and Luther choked on something in his throat. He coughed and rubbed his neck, but he could not force a single word from his lips after that. Mrs. Todd had averted her eyes, but she looked up into his face again. He knew at that moment that it was hopeless. It had always been like that. It did not matter whether it was insurance, fruit, soap, china

doorknobs, or second-hand automobiles that he was attempting to sell. When people stopped and looked at him, the deal was off. He had never yet looked like the thing he was trying to sell.

There was a long period of silence when nothing was said. Mrs. Todd stepped back toward the door, glancing at Luther. Luther picked up the baskets and backed down the steps in the direction of the pushcart in the street. By the time he had reached it, the woman had gone into the house and had closed the door behind her.

II

On the way home with the empty cart, after having returned the unsold fruit to the store, Luther felt as if there was not any use in his trying to make a living any longer. The best thing for him to do, he told himself, was to apply for admittance at the county poor farm. That was all that was left for him to do. He was ready to quit trying after almost a lifetime of effort to make a living.

The next day he stopped at Ben Howard's store for a moment. Ben was busy at the time, but he motioned to Luther to wait until he was free. Luther waited until the customer had left the store, and Ben came up to him in front of the candy counter.

"How did you make out selling oranges and grapefruit yesterday, Luther?"

Luther shook his head, allowing it to fall forward until his eyes were staring at the oiled floor at Ben's feet.

He was getting ready to tell Ben that he had decided to go to the county farm, when Ben slapped him heavily on the shoulder, causing him to forget what he had in mind to say.

"Now, Luther, you might think it was none of my business again, but I'm your

friend and I want to help. This is what I've got to say, Luther. I've thought of something else for you to try. Go get yourself a ——"

Somebody burst through the door, throwing it wide open and running up to the counter where Ben and Luther were standing.

"What's the trouble, Henry?," Ben asked as soon as he could see who it was. "You ran in here like something was after you. What's the matter?"

"I've got to find somebody quick to butcher a hog for me, Ben. One of my five-hundred-pound hogs broke out of the barn and got run over in the street by a truck just a little while ago. I've got to find somebody to butcher it for me right away. The weather's too hot for me to waste any time on it. Who can I get to help me?"

"Why don't you get Jim Hall, down at the market, to do it for you, Henry?," Ben said.

"I just now spoke to Jim, but he's all alone today in the market, and he can't close up. I've got to find somebody else. I've got to have a man in a hurry. He needn't be a finished butcher, because I can do some of the work myself. I need somebody to help me, and quick!"

Luther started for the door, leaving them both silent while they searched their minds for a butcher. Just as he got to the door, Ben caught up with him.

"Looks like you ought to know somebody in town, Luther, who could help Henry with his hog."

Henry came forward and stared Luther in the face. His mouth hung open for several seconds while he stared. Ben, too, had begun to stare at Luther by that time. Luther looked from one to the other bewilderedly. He thought they were going to accuse him of running down the fattened hog and killing it.

"Well, I'll be a son of a gun!," Henry said, stepping back to survey Luther from head to toe. "I'll be a son of a gun, if I won't!"

Luther stood at the door, not knowing what to do. He waited for one of them to say what it was that had caused them to stare at him so hard.

Presently, Henry glanced at Ben and walked up to Luther, putting his hand on his shoulder.

"You're the man, Luther. I'll be a son of a gun if you aren't."

"He's right, Luther," Ben said. "Henry's dead right. You're the man."

Luther started to protest.

"I didn't run over a hog in the street, Ben. I don't even own a truck. And you know good and well I couldn't even kill a chicken with that little push-cart of mine."

"No! No! Luther," Henry protested. "I didn't try to accuse you of killing my hog. You're all mixed up. You're the man I'm looking for to butcher it for me. Why, Luther, you even *look* like a butcher!"

Luther's hands went to his face. He stepped back, biting his lips with his teeth and trying to feel what he looked like.

"Luther," Ben said, "if God ever made a man to look like a butcher, he made you for that reason and nothing else. You even look more like a butcher than Jim Hall. You are a butcher, Luther!"

Both men had become excited.

"All your troubles are over with now, Luther," Ben said. "You won't have to worry again for the rest of your life. You'll own your own market before the month is out, and everybody in town will be buying their meat from you. It's going to be hard on Jim Hall, but there's no help for that. Maybe, after you get started, you can hire him to help you. But don't let him stay up front. It's your place to stay up front in full view where the people can see you.

When people buy something, Luther, they want the man who's selling it to look like the thing they're buying."

"But I haven't any money to buy a meat market," Luther protested.

"You let me take care of that part," Ben said. "You don't have to think about anything but being a butcher."

Luther shoved his hands deep into his pockets where his gripped fists would be safe from sight. He was even trembling a little.

"Why didn't you tell me before, Ben?," he asked shakily. "Here I am, past forty years old, and I've been a failure all my life. If I had known that twenty years ago, I wouldn't be in the fix I'm in now. Why didn't you say it sooner?"

"I didn't know it myself, Luther, till just now when Henry started talking about a butcher. I suppose it needed just something like what Henry said to bring it out. But

there's no mistaking it now. I know what I see when I see it."

Henry went to the door.

"Let's hurry, Luther. We've got to get that hog quartered before night."

III

Luther went out on the sidewalk in front of the store and stopped to look across the square toward Jim Hall's meat market. His head went up erectly, his shoulders went back, and his thick heavy body stiffened. He was still looking at the market when Henry caught him by the sleeve and pulled him up the street.

As they turned the corner, Luther looked back over his shoulder once more, and then he started walking briskly up the street with Henry at his side. He was walking so fast by that time that Henry was finding it difficult to keep up with him.

THE AMERICANS IN ETHIOPIA

BY JERROLD ROBBINS

THE Americans in distant and hoary Ethiopia number only 150, and the majority of them are humble Af-ramerican settlers, but the whites of the minority are important people in the country. Intrigue simply seethes at Addis-Ababa. Italy, France, England, and Germany are rivals for favor, and even, it is strongly suspected, for possession. All have legations there, though their combined trade, export and import, does not exceed \$3,000,000 annually. Italy tried to seize the country in 1896; her army of 18,000 was massacred and she is believed to be waiting to wipe out the disgrace. France controls the 550 miles of railway, and collects a transit tax on most of the exports and imports. England is vitally affected by Lake Tsana, source of the Abai or Blue Nile; while Germany, during the World War, tried to oust the other whites by uniting Abyssinian and Somali against them.

These and other nations plot either with or against one another. As late as 1925 England and Italy secretly divided Abyssinia into spheres of influence, to the detriment of France. The Ethiopians aired the matter at Geneva, and Mussolini growled an explanation, while MacDonald stuttered a half apology. There is, of course, a great show of amenity among the diplomatists at Addis-Ababa, and all are in accord that this Sick Man of Africa needs an operation. But they have never been able to agree on how to split the fee. America, too far away to be credited with territorial

designs, is welcomed by the Ethiopian government, and thus serves as a sort of check-mate to all the others.

The resident Americans give the impression they are there solely to help their Ethiopian brother. They persist in cleaning up things, they build medical centres and schools, they pay good wages, they set up a higher standard of living. The Europeans are more openly self-seeking, but also more diplomatic. Their policy is to disturb the native customs as little as possible. But it was the Americans who, in 1927, got the contract to build the dam at Lake Tsana—a \$20,000,000 job.

England made a treaty dealing with this lake in 1902, but treaties, as we know, are only scraps of paper. Lake Tsana is as great an international danger spot today as any in Europe or Asia. An American resident said to me: "America made as great an error in getting into the ancient Nile mess as she did in entering the World War."

When the dam is completed England can increase enormously her acreage of cotton in the Sudan, thereby accelerating competition with the American product.

Trifles otherwise light as air become of moment in this stronghold of the Middle Ages. A foreigner, especially if white, is even more marked than a Negro in a high position among whites in America. His every move is watched by keen eyes and reported. Hence each Power is most anxious to preserve a spotless reputation

for its nationals, and will readily pass the buck when one of them gets into difficulties.

Illustrative of this was the case of Hubert Julian, a Harlem Negro, and erstwhile the Black Eagle of Ethiopia. Taken there by a relative of the Emperor, he showed his skill as an air pilot by landing in a parachute at the feet of the ruler. This feat by a black man so delighted the natives that they made a hero of him, and the Emperor gave him \$1600 (equivalent to \$16,000 there), and the Gold Order of Menelik. The resident Americans thereupon appropriated all his honors for the Stars and Stripes, though Julian was really a British subject. Soon after, however, he smashed a plane, thereby wrecking a half of the fleet that the Emperor uses for dropping bombs on the heads of those of his subjects who do not yearn for the blessings of civilization. His disgrace and departure followed, whereat the British continued magnificently silent. Just when the incident seemed closed, Mrs. Julian, also British, arrived to implore the Emperor's forgiveness. The English immediately tried to hustle her out of the country and did succeed in cutting short her stay. So the unlucky Julian is still known as an American there.

II

The Americans in Abyssinia are having sad adventures with the color problem. Since the natives insist on running their own country, the whites commonly flatter them, and this cajolery in the case of the Americans and the English often takes an amusing turn. They try to convince the blackamoors, who must ride jim-crow when in America and are barred from many London hotels, that they are really not Ethiops at all, but blood-brothers to

the Nordics. Abyssinia is really a hodge-podge of some forty races, but all show a predominant Negroid strain. The Emperor is one of the lightest-colored of the Abyssinians, save for the mulattoes there, yet an American who once saw him escorted down the Champs-Élysées by Poincaré and the Garde Nationale, demanded: "Why is all this fuss being made over a common nigger?"

The Abyssinians realize that it is only their great military prowess that has saved them from being under-dogs, like all the other Africans, black, brown, or yellow. These fiery mountaineers have defeated every white or near-white nation that has attacked them, save the British. Except a few, they consider themselves really superior to white men, for they trace their history back to the Deluge. Hence when a white American seeks to flatter an Ethiopian grandee by telling him that he is eligible for the Klan or Rotary it is something like trying to land a *Mayflower* descendant by telling him that he looks like a Greek immigrant.

The most popular figure among the masses is still the deposed ruler, Lidj Yassu, who was noted for his dislike of white men. This, however, did not prevent his favorite concubines being of the other race. The natives call the whites *frangi* (the equivalent of foreign devil), but the term of real contempt is *natch*. The color prejudice of certain haughty natives often reminded me of the antics of the more violently anti-niggerish of Southern whites. I have seen an indescribably dirty and odorous Ethiop hold his nose at the approach of a white American in a clean drill suit lest the revolting effluvia of the latter reach him, and I have seen a Galla mother hastily cover the face of her infant from the evil eye of a white man. All free Abyssinians object to the term Baria

(Negro). The really black natives are the Chankalla, or slaves, an extreme Negroid type, so black that the average Aframerican is a lily in comparison. Yet the offspring of a Chankalla woman and an Abyssinian takes the caste of his father, and Menelik, the greatest of their rulers, was the son of such a female slave.

Count Gleichen has said: "With the exception of the King and a few enlightened dignitaries, it may be said that no Abyssinian wishes for progress or civilization in any way. He hates a white man, and is anxious to keep all Europeans out of his country." The Americans and the British try to exclude their own blacks lest they add fuel to the fire. Once, when an Aframerican writer, after telling about the lynchings in America to a small group of Abyssinians, Hindus, and Egyptians, was invited to recite the same story to an audience of leading Abyssinians, an Egyptian objected in horror, saying: "If they heard that they would rise up and kill all the white people." Last September the American Minister broadcast advice to the Aframericans to keep out of Ethiopia, but in December another party of forty-eight set out for the country.

Many educated Abyssinians, perhaps fortunately, do know of the American color-line. Alexander Powell, a white writer, said that once, while he was regaling the Emperor with the glories of America the latter suddenly asked him how colored people were treated there. Powell said that to hide his embarrassment and change the conversation he overturned his coffee-cup.

The most influential American in Abyssinia is the former American Minister, Addison E. Southard, a Kentuckian who served there seventeen years. He engineered the Lake Tsana deal and is a warm friend of the Emperor. But in 1932, having some difficulty with a group of natives, he

was set on and badly beaten. On his plea they were pardoned from long prison terms.

The Vice-Consul is James L. Park, another excellent official. The National Director of Education is Professor F. Ernest Work of Muskingum College, Concord, Ohio. Everett A. Colson, former Deputy Receiver-General of Customs in Haiti, is financial adviser to the government. Major L. B. Roberts of the United States Army mapped out the road to Lake Tsana in 1930. The major's factotum on this trip was a Georgia Negro, John Henry Ware, who welcomed the arduous undertaking as a vacation from his numerous Abyssinian progeny. Americans are filling other posts once held by Europeans.

The medical director of the United Presbyterian Mission in Ethiopia is Dr. A. W. Pollock, and the treasurer of the same is F. L. Russell. Dr. T. A. Lambie is medical director of the Abyssinian Frontier Mission, while the chief surgeon of the American Hospital is Dr. S. Bergsma. This hospital, like the mission stations in Godjam and elsewhere, is maintained by the United Presbyterians of America. It is a neat stone structure, roofed with corrugated iron, in a park of eucalyptus trees, with a magnificent view, the whole reminiscent of California. The staff of white doctors and nurses is kept busy by sick natives, who in their dirt-caked rags may be seen asleep on the parched earth outside, waiting for one of the seventy-eight beds to be free. Nearby is the girls' school.

The American missionaries strive, it seems futilely, to teach sanitation. The poorer Abyssinian greases his tightly-fitting cotton trousers before he puts them on, and when they come off they usually fall off. The missionaries induce the native women not to use cow's urine to wash their milk-pails, and have aided in inaugurating a

street-cleaning squad at the capital, to the discontent of the kites, mangy curs, and hyenas which even now take care of most of the garbage. Beggars abound and some will tear open their sores to excite public pity.

This American medical care is not given without considerable opposition from the swarming and very powerful Abyssinian clergy, who see in it a challenge to their power. Like the priests of civilized lands they deem their brand of Christianity, the Monophysite, the only true one. It is actually a mass of African superstitions and Pentateuchal hocus-pocus. Notwithstanding, its ceremonies are immensely more diverting, not only to the natives, but to a civilized Occidental, than the incantations of most pale-face divines. With their drums, brass cymbals, praying-staves, and flowing robes of gorgeous colors, and their dancing and chanting over the Ark of the Covenant, these dark priests offer a show not easily forgotten.

Because of the opposition to them the American missionaries attempt little evangelizing. In Africa an exchange of presents is a fixed custom: when one gives one expects to receive better than one gave. Hence the natives cannot fathom the glaring American benevolence, and want to know where's the catch. However, the missionaries, among whom are some Seventh Day Adventists, are in the end beloved and trusted by those natives who get to know them. When an Abyssinian feudal lord fares forth on one of his tax-raids (he collects whenever he wishes) they rush their cows and donkeys into the mission compound until his minions are gone. They appeal to the missionary also against slave-raids, and against other injustices, for the black man in his domain is as rapacious as the white man in his, and much cruder in his technique.

The American missionary is held in higher regard than his European brother, for the latter is usually considered an agent of his government. For this reason King Johannes once drove the European brethren out. Menelik tolerated them because they helped to advertise the country and taught the natives trades, while the present régime keeps a watchful eye on them.

American Jews also do some missionary work among the Falashas or Black Jews. The latter call themselves Beta-Israel (the Chosen People). They still offer sacrifice. Some are so orthodox that after conversing with a Christian they bathe and change their clothes before going indoors. They regard the white Jews as inferior. Some years ago a Falasha rabbi who visited New York expressed himself vigorously on the alleged unorthodoxy of the American Jews. The Falashas work in clay and iron, and are regarded as sorcerers by their neighbors. For a brief period in the Tenth Century they ruled the land under their Queen, Judith.

III

Modern American methods are approved by the present Emperor. The tutor to the Crown Prince, Isfao Wasen, is the Professor Work before mentioned. The governor of the only modern town in Abyssinia, Dire-Dowa, is an American-trained Abyssinian. The Emperor's coterie seems so much sold to the American idea that there is even talk of introducing Prohibition. But at the present tempo ages will have to elapse before white civilization makes any dent on the country. Not only is illiteracy almost general, but there is a sublime disregard of time. Further, reform takes money and Abyssinia is nearly broke, what with the recent coronation and the present Depression. Of course, it possesses

great natural resources, but there is a fixed governmental policy not to give concessions to whites for periods long enough to make them profitable. The natives, untrained save in war and the priesthood, cannot develop them.

The vast mass of the population is for going on in the old way, and the native priests, Christian, Mohammedan, or pagan, agree. As in Ancient Rome, the creditor leads the debtor about with him on a chain fastened to his wrist or his ankle, like a dog, and may do so for months. The cook at the American Legation once had a debtor whom he used to chain up at the kitchen door, while he himself prepared the meals inside. Since the creditor must feed the debtor, he used to nourish him on Mr. Southard's provisions, until Mr. Southard paid the debt, a few dollars, much to the discontent of the debtor. It is a common sight to see creditor and debtor, chained together, begging on the streets. Disputes are settled in a primitive way. One of the parties will say to a passerby: "Hear my case in the name of Menelik." An *al fresco* court is at once formed and oratory flows, to the huge delight of the spectators, who are the jury.

Marriage is simple. One has but to say to the bride: "I take thee in the name of Menelik." The formula for divorce is just as easy. But the rare church marriages are indissoluble.

The form of government is a melange of patriarchy and feudalism, with a whiff of capitalism. In 1932 the Emperor instituted two Houses of Parliament, based somewhat on the American model, but everyone knows that this was only for foreign consumption. The members are figure-heads. Haile Selassie I really runs the country. The treasury is his privy purse.

There are, nevertheless, chiefs in the South who rebel from time to time. This

is one reason why the Emperor's hobby is air-planes. Since the roads of the country are but tracks for horses, mules, or camels, it is months before he can reach the recalcitrants on land. Abyssinia is considerably larger than France and the British Isles together. Increasingly the old feudal lords (kings, in reality) are being brought under subjection. Ras Hailou, the most powerful and richest of them, was sentenced to death in 1932, but was finally imprisoned for life. As in Norman England, these rases, or governors, in time of war, call upon their immediate subordinates for men, who, in turn, call upon their retainers. Today each one furnishes soldiers for the standing army which polices the country. A part of this army (cavalry and infantry) is trained by Belgians and is snappier at drill than most white regiments.

In Southern Abyssinia are tribes who acknowledge no over-lord. From time to time they raid British territory for slaves for the Arabian market. In 1932 they killed a hundred Kenya natives, bringing a sharp protest from Great Britain, which strongly intimated that if the King of Kings was unable to preserve order in his realm, it would.

Haile Selassie owes his position to his extraordinary ability. He is not the rightful heir, the Ras Kassa being much nearer the direct line, not to mention the deposed Emperor. Haile Selassie was educated by Europeans, has modern ideals, and at fourteen was Governor of Garamoulata. His party succeeded in ousting the rightful ruler (who had renounced Christianity), after a bloody battle at Sagalle in 1916—a repercussion of the World War. He was soon after named successor to the Empress Zaiditou, and from then on fought hard to civilise the land, against the party of the Empress and her Minister of War, Hapti Giorgis, a castrated ex-slave.

Haile Selassie is strongly opposed to slavery, has taken his country into the League of Nations, has sent young Ethiopians to be educated in Europe and America, has built electrically-lighted streets at the capital, has organized a part of his large and picturesque army on a modern basis, and in a land where exertion is not easy works often eighteen hours a day.

In physique he is tiny, weighing, it seems barely a hundred pounds. But he is withal poised and dignified; is affable and has a winning smile, though he has the reputation of being inflexible. The natives call him Arko (the Wise). He is the 384th ruler of the land and traces his line to King Orin, 4478 B.C. His family tree is older than that of King George's by 5,000 years. Nevertheless, he sets the whites an example in democracy. He will at times descend from his red Rolls-Royce to instruct a Guragi road-worker.

In 1930, at a function given in his honor and that of the visiting Duke of Gloucester, by the British Minister, a New York woman, who had been invited to the affairs at all the other legations, was ignored. She was especially hurt because her travelling companion, the daughter of a former Indian viceroy, had been invited, and she complained to all who would listen. Eventually her protest reached the Emperor's ears—everything does—whereupon he invited her to a banquet and seated her at his own table.

At the coronation ceremonies, the Empress, who was *enceinte*, had a white midwife always beside her. The Europeans, and the British in particular, objected to having this white woman seated in a place of honor and protested; whereupon, the Emperor solved the problem by declaring that when the midwife was with the Empress she was a lady-in-waiting, but when not she was only a midwife.

The jockeying for position at court by the whites causes much amusement to the natives. Certain of the Americans at the coronation felt that enough attention had not been paid them; others complained about the presents given to them by the Emperor, saying that he had been badly advised as to their importance. As it was, all the costliest gifts went to Americans, although the United States government had sent only a photograph of Mr. Hoover, whereas two of the European nations gave air-planes.

IV

The few American housewives in Abyssinia find conditions ideal. There is no servant problem. Domestic workers are cheap, obsequious, and unquestioning, even if a pay day is missed, and they never ask for Thursdays off. But at times they make up for all this by slipping poison into one's food that may take one off weeks later. This is a risk faced by cruel employers everywhere in the near East. Those who long for the halcyon days of the Old South may have slaves, if they wish, while an American dollar at the present rate of exchange will purchase almost a week's supply of food. At Addis-Ababa a grown chicken may be bought for eight cents, and beef at a cent and a half a pound. Servants ask for less than \$3 (American) a month, and a laborer will work for eight cents a day, while in the interior the scale will be two-thirds less. But one must keep out of the hotels for Europeans, with their poor accommodations and super de luxe tariffs. During the coronation these squalid hostels demanded and obtained \$15 a day.

Since the climate, especially in the uplands, is ideal, except in the rainy season, American residents with an American income think Ethiopia a paradise. The Eu-

ropean and American bachelors also find the prevailing standard of sexual morality to their taste for, like the sanitation, it is almost non-existent. In the interior a host will sometimes offer his daughter to a guest. Many white males are actively engaged in imparting a yellowish tint to the color of the inhabitants. Houses of prostitution are distinguished by the sign of the cross, thus supporting those who assert that this was originally a sexual symbol.

Aframerican adventurers arrive periodically with fanciful schemes, such as inducing the late Menelik to head the Negroes of the world, building roads, shooting monkeys for their skins, opening hair-straightening parlors, caring for the teeth of the natives, teaching them jazz and spirituals, introducing barbecued pork (pigs are almost unknown), and opening cabarets and movie houses. Promoters of the last-named enterprise soon learn that all natives save a few must be indoors at sundown, or risk arrest by the soldiers.

Since the coronation a hundred or so Aframericans have arrived and are settling in the rich grass and game lands around Lake Tsana, which has been given them by the government. These Negroes do not relish the presence of white Americans, or any white man, as they feel that Ethiopia is a black man's land. They have come there to escape the whites, and constantly recite their woes in their native land to the Abyssinians.

Efforts were once made to get trained Aframericans for government jobs but without success. A young Washington Negro, taken out in 1930 as medical adviser,

left soon after. Other colored doctors have migrated also, but all have returned. The first hospital in the country, however, was established by a West Indian Negro, who was private physician to Menelik.

The oldest American resident is a patriarchal Negro from Lincoln county, Missouri, named Daniel R. Alexander. He went out as a missionary thirty years ago and was a favorite of Menelik. He is now wealthy, and has a farm near the capital, many servants, and an estate with cattle in the interior. He did much toward paving the way for the coming of the other Americans, white and black. There are also two colored American women who do social work.

A singular figure in the interior is a white American who fought with the Italians at Adowa. As soon as the Italians saw that they had lost this battle they fled in panic, knowing that it was the custom of the Abyssinians to castrate their prisoners, the object being to prevent their offspring returning for revenge. Among the prisoners alleged to have been so treated was this American. Since he hails from Texas, the Aframericans consider his case poetic justice.

The big question in Ethiopia is whether the whites are to gain a real foothold there. In other words, whether feudalism or capitalism shall prevail. As it is, the Americans, having won the friendship of the Abyssinians and impressed them by their efficiency and altruistic attitude stand an excellent chance of obtaining the inside track. If they can forget their color prejudice they will find a rich field for their exploitation.

THE SIREN

BY JACK CONROY

EVERYBODY in Monkey Nest coal-camp thought Hassem, the pack peddler, was an Italian at first, for he had the eloquent dark eyes and the ingratiating smile of the swart Sicilians who loved to haggle over their wares with the miners' wives, eager for the sight of something more colorful than the drab calico prints stocked by the company store. Franz Vanek was the only one in camp who could talk to Hassem. Franz said he was from Syria, a part of Turkey. The miners addressed every foreigner as John when speaking to him, but at other times it was necessary to differentiate them with more definite appellations. So Hassem became known as the Siren, not because he was thought to be a beguiler, but because that was the way the miners thought a Syrian should be called.

There was a rank patch of jimpson weeds behind our house, and at dusk the air whirled with the wings of humming-birds that came to sip from the long evil-smelling flowers, shaped like phonograph horns. I never caught one of the birds, but I never ceased to try. I had manufactured a net of gunnysacks, and one evening I stationed myself near the jimpson patch. Hearing a slight rustle behind me, I turned and saw Hassem smiling brightly at me. I had never seen him before.

He was a stocky fellow with crinkly hair, a smooth olive skin and flashing teeth. His two hand-cases stood beside him where he had dropped them, and he loosened the

strap on the pack he carried on his back, easing it quietly to the ground. He grasped the net and crept stealthily toward a ruby-throat poised before a blossom; the only sounds were the bird's wings humming and the peddler's quick, agitated breathing. He swung rapidly and crushed the blossom to the ground, shearing it from its stalk. Then he ran his hand confidently beneath the net and groped about. He raised the net and stared at the ground. After a moment he arose slowly, looking as incredulous as a rustic who bets the wrong way on a shell game at a country fair. He could not believe that the bird had escaped.

He sighed gustily, picked up his cases and rapped briskly on the back door. I followed close behind, for I knew there were many interesting things in his pack. Mother was glad to see him, too, though she seldom bought anything. He set his pack down and planted his foot on it to loosen the taut straps. When they were unbuckled, the compressed contents of the pack rose up like an unfolding accordion. The peddlers of those days carried whole dry-goods and novelty stores about with them.

Hassem would lay something on the table, eyeing mother expectantly. He had the prices marked on tags attached to each article and something in Syrian to tell him how much it cost, so he could bargain if he had to. Mother shook her head negatively at gaudy bandanas as large as small

bed sheets, at wool fascinators which all the women who could afford them wore about their heads, at combs, hairpins, paring knives and gingham. Hassem's sanguine manner began to desert him. He fished out a mouth organ, ran an octave, and broke into "Pony Boy." He unfolded a warm crimson table cloth and draped it suggestively on the table. It glowed like fire in the grey room. Mother cast a surreptitious look at Father, who lay dozing in a rocker, his long, coal-scarred fingers dangling limply on the floor. Again she signalled negatively. The miners tore the coal dearly from the earth, and few unnecessary knick-knacks enlivened their austere lives.

"I guess it won't hurt to *look*," Mother said, and allowed Hassem to empty his packs.

It would have been difficult to stop him, for he proceeded like a mechanical toy wound up and bound to run down. He hurried a little, his eyes downcast. When Mother uttered a sharp exclamation at something she liked particularly, he glanced up. But she froze her features into denial. In the end, she bought a package of safety-pins. As far as my memory extended, there had always been a baby to be diapered.

Hassem tightened his straps till the leather creaked. Before he hoisted the pack on his back, he produced a placard on which was neatly lettered the words: "Can I sleep in your barn tonight? I do not smoke."

Mother shook her head, telling him we had no barn. He shouldered his pack, picked up his hand-cases and sidled through the door, his burdens scraping against the jamb.

"Gooda bye-bye! See you 'gan," he called back amiably, deftly closing the door with his foot.

II

Within two years Hassem could speak English fairly well, though his tongue would stumble over the more unfamiliar words. Then he'd wave his hands in exasperation and rotate a finger around an ear to indicate that the wheels of his head were askew.

"I go back to Syria when I get rich," he told me. "In Syria a man has a thousand dollars is rich and never works no more."

I thought that a man who had a thousand dollars in America would be rich, too. I didn't doubt that Hassem would achieve his ambition. Other peddlers had opened stores in town, and they always flourished.

Hassem's favorite sleeping quarters were in a log barn belonging to Lafe Towles, a farmer who lived on the edge of a section of cut-over land known as the Nation. Lafe's was the last house for miles along the Sugar Creek road. Beyond it was a maze of stumps, buck brush and white oak saplings. His barn was built of hewn oak logs, chinked with clay, and it was much warmer in Winter than any of the pineboard unplastered shacks in Monkey Nest camp. Hassem would spur or lag his footsteps so as to reach Lafe's at twilight. Some inexpensive trinket for Lafe's crippled daughter, Birdie, would pay for his lodging for the night and frequently for his breakfast as well.

The first time he asked to sleep in the barn, Lafe insisted upon searching his pockets for matches. Finding none, he explained apologetically:

"I don't wanta be a fussgut, John, but one match in a pile o' hay c'n raise more hell'n Ol' Scratch hisself. Ad Guffy, over on Stinkin' Crick, had a peddler, stock, barn an' all t' burn up on 'im year 'r so ago.

Even if you didn't smoke, a rat might chew a match in yer pocket an' strike it off."

Birdie was a devout girl, and when she learned that Hassem was from the Holy Land she asked him into the house to tell about what he had seen there. At first she regarded him with the impersonal reverence that pious pilgrims have for such hallowed relics as splinters of the True Cross. Here was a man, alive, aware and articulate, who had perhaps actually stepped in the footsteps of the Saviour. At first that man moved in an aura of sanctity quite divorced from John the Siren, a humble and anonymous peddler who had no other place than in barns and haystacks to lay his head. But gradually his dual personalities drew closer together, and Birdie was attracted by them both.

She led a sedentary life, not entirely from necessity. She had a club foot which buckled under her as she walked and her right arm was slightly withered. She could straighten out the fingers to grasp something, but in repose they looked like a claw poised to scratch. Her curious limping gait caused everybody to stare at her, so she preferred to stay at home. There was no place to go, anyhow, she consoled herself, that a Christian girl would want to go. She would not have been caught at the square dances where they worked themselves into a lather whirling to "Shirt Tails Out an' Toenails Draggin'" or "Chase That Rabbit, Chase That Squirrel."

So Birdie sat in the house day after day and year after year piecing quilts and reading *Comfort* and *Hearth and Home*. She was gifted at rhyming, too, and often the neighbors asked her to compose epitaphs and memorial notices. This was one:

Mother dear, we sadly miss you
And our home don't seem the same.
Just a short year since you left us.
Aching hearts still call your name.

These were published in the *Weekly Headlight* and when the editor appended a note saying that they were "from the pen of our talented local poetess, Miss Birdie Towles, daughter of Mr. LaFayette Towles, a prosperous farmer of the Nation neighborhood", all the Towles family felt proud of Birdie.

Birdie's pale face was placid as a mill-pond as she quilted, cudgelled her brain for rhyming words, or painted religious mottoes with water colors. The mottoes she sold to sympathetic friends and neighbors, and even as far afield as the hinterlands of the Nation, where a colony of wild Irish woodsmen lived riotously in a community called Hell's Tater Patch. The motto reading: "Christ Is the Head of This House, the Unseen Guest, the Silent Listener to Every Conversation" was a favorite among the Irish wives, for it was thought to have a disciplinary and deflating effect upon blasphemous husbands.

Neighbor women stopped in frequently to see how Birdie's quilts were progressing. Perked up by their attention, she would hobble across the floor and drag the cracker-box full of patterns from beneath the bed. She'd spread out each one on the counterpane, her face flushed with pleasure, making deprecatory remarks such as "I didn't have such good luck with *this* one," as the women gabbled their praise. The Nine Patch and the Blazing Star were easy for her, and she devised intricate designs of her own.

III

One morning in early Autumn Lafe was feeding his chickens when he saw Hassem come stumbling out of the barn and lean weakly against the corn-crib.

"He looked like a sad accident that had started out to happen but hadn't happened

yet, an' his face was red 's a spanked baby's butt," Lafe said later. "His eyes was bug-gin' out like hoss ches'nuts. I c'd see he had smallpox. Lucky the wind was blowin' the other way."

Smallpox was a terrifying disease then. Those stricken with it were isolated in a "pesthous", a shack somewhere in the woods, and everybody avoided the plague-infested spot. Another boy and I would steal up to the lake shore and look across to where a pesthouse perched on the opposite shore. If the wind blew toward us, we held our breaths. One day a man's head and torso rose up suddenly from behind a knoll near the pesthouse. His face was horribly splotted, and as he waved at us, we cut and ran. It seemed to us as dreadful as if a cadaver had come shouldering out of his grave.

Hassem was not moved to a pesthouse. He was not a resident of the town, and while they were parleying over what to do with him, Lafe announced that he could stay in the barn if he liked. Dr. Allen visited him on his rounds and said that nothing else could be done. He would have to wear out the disease. Lafe set food on a stump between the barn and the house and then withdrew into the house while Hassem crept out to get it.

"A terrible awful snake, t'ick as my arm and long like a grape vine," shouted Hassem out of the hayloft window one morning. "I ketch me stick and smack like hell."

Lafe sprayed tobacco juice through his broken front teeth and called back:

"Don't you lay 'ary finger on that air snake, John! Hain't you never seen 'im afore? He's lived in that barn fer near ten years an' he's death on mice an' rats. He's jes' like one o' the fam'ly. I think more o' that snake than I do o' lots o' human bein's."

"He open he mout' and 'sssss!sssss! like maybe bite," insisted Hassem, hissing stridently.

"Pshaw, John," Lafe scoffed, "they's no harm in that snake; no more 'n a babe in arms. Jes' git used t' 'im, tha's all."

When the early frosts came, Hassem built a nest of gunnysacks in the implement shed and bunked there till he was able to travel again. In later years, when affluence touched him, he always recalled that as his most terrifying experience. There were irate housewives who scalded him or hurled sad-irons at his head, half-wild dogs that shredded his trousers and lacerated his flesh as he ran, and nocturnal journeys along unfrequented by-roads with an occasional panther screaming and sobbing like a woman in the underbrush, but he never again shared his bedroom with a serpent. The snake grew in circumference and length with successive recitals of the adventure.

Hassem had to throw away all his goods, for nobody would touch anything that was in his packs when he took to bed with the smallpox. His face was honeycombed with pockmarks, particularly his nose.

"I swear t' God, John," Lafe greeted him on his next trip after his illness, "you look like somebody had peppered you in the face with an eight-gauge shot-gun. Looks like the good Lord had made you jest as ugly as he could an' then slapped you in the face."

IV

One morning Hassem appeared driving a raw-boned sorrel mare hitched to a spring wagon covered like a miniature prairie schooner. It was festooned with jingling tin pans and milk buckets and inside was a larger stock of goods than he had ever been able to carry on foot. Later in the

evening, he drove rapidly past on his return trip with a load of eggs, butter, chickens, ducks and geese which he had collected in exchange for his wares.

By the time the World War began, he was established in a thriving business. He enlisted in the Army and returned from training camp unscathed to begin anew in a small building near the edge of town. His trade with the farmers multiplied. They liked to sit around his pot-bellied stove in Winter and plan their next Spring's work. They'd keep beads of tobacco juice dancing on top of the stove, and an overpowering stench billowed out when the outer door opened. Hassem never rebuked the loud-mouthed, red-faced farmers, though some of them loafed for days without spending a cent. His nearest approach to discourtesy was a sign reading: "If you spit on the stove at home, spit on the stove here. We want you to feel at home." But nobody paid any attention to the sign.

As business grew, Hassem yearned for things he could not obtain in the town. He bought a victrola and sent to New York for a lot of Syrian records. The eerie wailing and chanting at times set him to laughing heartily; again he'd listen pensively, a tear glinting in his eye. It all sounded the same to everybody else.

"This is a sad one," he announced one day as he wound the phonograph and started the disk to whirling. "It's called 'The Woman Who Murdered Her Son' and it's about a Syrian woman who killed her son who had come back from America rich. She killed him for his money before she found out who he was; he wanted to surprise her. The woman that sings this is a great Syrian singer; she's the greatest singer in the world. They offered her three million dollars to come to the United States, but she wouldn't do it."

"Sounds like somebody's gettin' murdered, all right," carped Lafe Towles, who was a constant visitor. "Sounds like a shoat caught under a rail fence an' squealin' bloody murder! Call that a human singin'? Dogged if it sounds like it!"

His æsthetic sensibilities wounded, Hassem slammed on the brake abruptly, and the wailing soprano slowed to a mumbling basso and died away with a subterranean growl.

Lafe had assumed the rôle of mentor, and was continually giving Hassem advice as to the conduct of his business.

"How much is *that* wuth, John?" he would demand imperiously, pointed with his gnarled hickory walking-stick to some article on the shelves.

Hassem would display what a modern criminologist would classify as "consciousness of guilt", and would name the price in an apologetic tone.

"Too high! Too high, John! High's a cat's back!" Lafe would expostulate, thumping on the floor with his stick. "Split Nickel Cash Market's got you skinned on that deal forty ways from Sunday. Better study up on these prices, John. You ain't a gonna hold no custom around thissa way thatta way."

Hassem might swear softly in Syrian, but never so that Lafe could hear him. He was eager to please everybody, for he was a congenitally affable man, and he also had an eye for business.

Lafe sat about mouthing a continuous jeremiad. The morning-glories choked his corn before it was fairly through the soil; grasshoppers and chinch bugs in numberless phalanges passed by a thousand fields to invade and ravish his own. Birdie was not of much help about the farm; she couldn't do as much as slop the hogs or shuck corn, let alone the heavier tasks which farm women habitually performed.

"Birdie's 'bout as useful as tits on a boar hog," Lafe complained. "Some folks 'low she's some sort o' judgment sot on me fer my devilish ways when I was a young un, but I been walkin' in the ways o' the Lord fer thutty years now, an' it does look like I oughta served out my time some time since."

Hassem would look troubled when Lafe grumbled about Birdie, and he'd send out a box of chocolates or some magazines.

As his prosperity increased, he'd reminisce over his early privations and exult volubly about his present good fortune. But he did it with such childish candor and simple delight that nobody regarded him as vainglorious. He was open-handed and hospitable, forever calling people to his living quarters and urging them to sample some Oriental dish which he had concocted. Lentils, pomegranates, dates, figs, and olive oil he tasted again after a long time.

His belly had griped with the harsh beans and greasy fried potatoes that the farmers thrived upon, although he had been hungry enough more than once to relish any kind of food. Now he mixed bland salads with olive oil and stuffed himself with a lardy Turkish candy which made everybody else sick. His pockets were always sticky with dates and figs. It was comical to see the visible ecstasy that gripped him as he sucked the crimson acid pulp from pomegranates. He said that after pomegranates the juiciest apples tasted like ashes in his mouth.

Every Winter made him realize that his tropical skin had never been thickened by the North wind, even when he had slept shivering under hay in drafty barns and awoke to find snow sifted over him like a blanket. Now he backed his buttocks to his huge stove and stretched to the heat like a grateful cat, his complacent eyes ranging

along the serried ranks of cans on his shelves, the bins bulging with vegetables, and the carcasses of beef hanging from hooks in the ice-box. He'd ring No Sale on the cash-register and stand staring at the piles of greenbacks and the coins in the tills as though it was an incredible sight.

He was a faithful member of the American Legion and never missed a parade. He joined every fraternal order that would have him. It was good for business, he said. It intoxicated him to think that he, known for years merely as the Siren or John, was now a business man of substance who might arise in a crowded hall and command attention to anything he wished to say. The Odd Fellows debated over him a long time. It was the first time a foreigner had applied for membership. But he was never initiated, for there was always at least one black one when the fateful marbles were deposited in the cigar-box.

He sometimes took Birdie driving in the cool evenings. Lafe felt that his dignity was impaired a little, but he held his peace, for the Siren extended him unlimited credit, and the grasshoppers and chinch bugs were getting more aggressive. Squadrons of moles came humping through the weed-infested garden, but Lafe allowed his traps to rust in the smoke-house, and his hounds were forgetting to dig for the blind marauders. Lafe settled down to a life of pleasant lassitude. He considered that he had fought the forces of earth and sky long enough and deserved a rest and a living. In the course of time his bill at Hassem's had mounted almost to four figures.

"How much is that bill o' mine, John?" he would inquire casually. "Creepin' up, ain't it? Well, I'll square that up one o' these days. Dogged if it don't look like I'm gonna have seven lean years like in the Bible, but the seven must be nigh over

now. Well, all a man c'n do is his best; tha's all a little red bull c'n do!"

Hassem would assure him that it was all right, and that he needn't worry.

Birdie was tremendously excited to hear that Hassem had sent a letter to a relative in Syria asking him to pack up and ship to him a bottle of water from the River Jordan and some sand from the Syrian Desert. Eventually, the sand arrived, but the cork had worked loose from the bottle and not even a drop of the Jordan water remained. Hassem was sorely perturbed. It took a long time to get anything from the Orient, and Birdie was inquiring every day about the sand and water from the Holy Land. Finally Hassem drove out to Sugar Creek and refilled the bottle. The water looked practically the same, anyhow, he told the few who knew of the mishap, and the sand, at least, was genuine.

Birdie then had something more interesting than quilts to show callers. She'd hold the bottle of murky water to the light and squint rapturously through it. A Holy Roller preacher asked to borrow it; then he advertised far and wide that he would restore the sight of a woman who had been blind for ten years. An immense crowd gathered in Walden's Grove and after hours of praying and shouting, the preacher flipped a drop from the bottle into the blind woman's eyes. There was a tense moment while the woman sobbed throaty prayers, but it didn't work. She was as blind as ever, and the preacher said the Lord wouldn't heal her because she didn't have enough faith.

Hassem was horror-struck, and went around for days muttering in Syrian. If it had been *real* Jordan water, he said, the woman might have regained her sight. He sent the blind woman a basket of fruit, and promised that he would try to get her some pebbles from the Mount of Olives.

V

When the railroad strike began, Hassem was at the zenith of his prosperity. He had hired two clerks and had built a warehouse at the back of the store. Every farmer within a radius of twenty miles knew him, and in the farmers' trade his strength resided.

They rarely asked him for credit; they traded produce for goods and the commission houses paid Hassem cash for the produce. They never asked for piddling dabs like a nickel's worth of coal oil or a dime's worth of sugar. The strike did not worry Hassem at first. He assured the few railroad men trading with him that he would see them through.

Soon there were strike-breakers protected by militia, and many of the farmers were going into the shops, lured by the high wages and bonus. Hassem's sympathy inevitably went to the strikers. The clumsiest panhandler could touch him with the flimsiest story; suffering and poverty moved him irresistibly. Soon he was getting into virulent arguments with some of his farmer customers. His trade declined but he would not curb his tongue.

"I know what them fellows is up against," he declared. "You farmers always got something to fall back on, but when their wages stop, their eating stops, too."

Hassem appeared at the abandoned theatre where the strikers were holding their daily meetings and asked permission to address them. It was the largest audience he had ever faced, and he fumbled a bit at first. The rows of white, determined faces in the half light, the current of excitement vibrating in the air, served to loosen his tongue. Wave after wave of applause spurred him on. The strikers were grateful for the support of a business man, for most of the town tradesmen were keep-

ing mum, trying to determine which side would emerge on top.

"You want to keep a stiff upper lip," Hassem told the strikers, "because you got the right on your side and the right always wins." He could not say what he actually felt, so he combed the recesses of his memory for inspirational sentiments culled from the house organs left in the store by salesmen. He paused and bowed his head modestly till the storm of hand-clapping subsided into a staccato popping like firecrackers exploding. "I'm with you boys to win," he declared finally. "I want to see you boys win, and if any of you boys ain't got a place to trade, you come to me. I got nothing but good goods in my store, and my prices is the lowest."

The little stores that had depended upon the railroad shops trade were hard pressed, and one by one they closed their doors. The strikebreakers lived in barracks inside the yards and were fed at a commissary. Though Hassem had lost his farm trade and was crediting a number of strikers who had accepted his invitation, he somehow kept going. The strikers, menaced by injunctions and harassed by the militia, were leaving town. Hassem's customers among them came to him and told him they would pay him when they could—when they found other jobs. He told them not to fret about that, that he knew how it was.

A group of superannuated miners and some of the strikers who were too old to uproot themselves and start afresh whiled the time away in the store now. The red-faced farmers whipped up their horses or stepped heavier on the accelerator when they passed by. Hassem was less energetic and cheerful; he no longer ran the feather duster along his shelves, and match stubs and gum wrappers littered the floor.

"Whatsa matter, John?" chaffed Lafe, who had diplomatically held his seat by the stove through all the business's vicissitudes. "You look like you been weaned on a sour pickle. Don't git outdoors when it's cold an' let that face freeze on you. If you do, I want it next Spring t' scare the crows outen my corn patch."

The telephone bell rang, and Hassem picked up an order-book, thankful for the interruption. He listened intently for a moment, then dropped the receiver and dashed into his living quarters, reappearing almost instantly with his coonskin cap and his fur overcoat. The cap was on his head awry, and he wormed his way into the sleeves of the overcoat as he ran. Then he wilted like a pricked balloon, and sat down heavily upon a pickle keg, holding his head and sobbing.

"Oh, it's no use! No use! No use to go no place!"

After a moment he sprang up and filtered two cans of canned heat through a loaf of rye bread. Then he tossed down the fiery potion, using several bottles of vanilla and lemon extract for chasers. He carefully felt his way down on the keg again and sat quietly, a stupid grin curling his lips.

"If you can give bond, Hassem, you can come back to the store after a while," said the constable, coming in. "S'pose you can lock the store up for a while; reckon you'll *hafta* lock it up for a while."

Hassem cocked his eye at a crack in the floor and toed it as steadily as he could. He asked Lafe to watch the store till he came back. Lafe cut himself a huge slice of ham, pinched two buns from a panful, and said that he would.

Then it was discovered how Hassem had performed the gravitation-defying feat of running a store in which goods were constantly going out, but little money coming in. One of the strikers had found a job as

checker with the wholesale grocery house with which Hassem traded. Hassem still drove the covered wagon left over from his peddling trips. He had been going to the wholesale warehouse after his own goods, and the striker-checker always managed to wait on him, and conveniently forgot to set down the major portion of his order. If Hassem took out a gross of gloves, a dozen would appear on the bill; if one bag of sugar had been marked down, it was quite likely that half a dozen had been loaded into the wagon and driven out through the huge doors. Somebody had caught on and squealed.

When Hassem was done with lawyers and fines he had little left. Few were inclined to sympathize with him; most of those who had eaten the groceries had left town or no longer had a voice in anything. Even Lafe forsook him and sent him word that he must not come to see Birdie any more. Hassem paced up and down his store room, talking shrilly in Syrian to the empty shelves. Where the pockmarks were deepest on his face, whiskers would not grow, but they sprung in wiry tufts here and there unheeded. His long hair twisted about his head like a haystack worried by a whirlwind.

At night he never had a light any more, and the unlatched door of the store was sucked to and fro by the wind. A passerby directed his flashlight's beam inside and brought it to rest on Hassem standing immobile by his cold stove, his eyes unwinking and unseeing. Boys stoned the dust-clouded windows blind and thwacked on the weatherboarding with sticks, but he never stirred.

His source of livelihood cut off, Lafe soured on Hassem, but his animosity remained passive till he caught Birdie hobbling down to the wood lot and followed her. It was unusual for her to fare forth.

She waited beside the stake-and-rider rail fence behind the barn, and in a moment Hassem pushed out of the underbrush. He grasped her hands and seemed about to embrace her when Lafe rose up majestically and grimly from behind the hog pen.

"Tha's the kind of a Christian gal you are, hey?" he howled. "A layin' out in the bresh like a fo' bit chippy! Git to the house! And John, dad blast yer hide, you'd better skedaddle outa here 'fore I fill yer rump so full o' buckshot it won't hold shucks."

Birdie limped away, her shriveled hand swinging, her good one dashing the tears from her eyes and scratching her nose where the brine smarted.

But within a week, Lafe discovered another subterfuge. He thought it peculiar that Birdie should be so eager to make a trip to the mail-box to see if the rural carrier had left anything. The Towles family seldom received any mail at that season of the year. In the Spring there would be a sprinkling of seed catalogues and patent-medicine almanacs, but never letters. At one time an English sparrow had built its nest in the box and reared a brood before it was molested. Lafe saw Birdie take a letter from the box and rip it open eagerly, but before he could grab it she had torn it to bits and scattered the fragments. Birdie never left the house after that.

VI

Hassem went to a neighboring town to try to get a start as a peddler again. He began as a door-bell pusher, selling rugs. He'd carry an arm load, and when the door opened to his ring, he'd spread a rug adroitly on the floor and begin his spiel. But as a rule, before he could get past the "Lady, I represent the . . ." portion of his

carefully rehearsed speech, the door would slam.

One day I stopped at the rug company's headquarters, and was surprised to hear that he had returned to Syria. Several of the strikers had paid up their accounts.

"He's crazy," said the manager, also a Syrian. "He's heard about how them French treat our people and he's mad about it, but what can one man do? He'll get himself into trouble."

Hassem did get into trouble. The next time I called, the manager exploded: "Well, they got him, all right! He got mixed up in a regular revolution. Now maybe he'll be shot."

"Can't somebody help him? He was an American citizen. The Legion. He was very active in the Legion."

"The Legion is trying, but it don't seem much use."

I stopped in a few weeks after to see what Lafe thought of it.

"I ain't a bit surprised," he declared. "I never did trust that Siren fu'ther than a body could throw a bull by the tail." Suddenly his face crinkled with laughter.

"Birdie was sweet on him," he chuckled. "Her pushin' forty, and lissen t' this pome I found in the bureau drawer!" He pulled a sheet of paper from his pocket and read:

Your love was a fountain of strength to me,
It brightened my world with its silver spray;
My love for you was as deep as the sea,
And deeper has grown since you went away.

"This one is the best," he guffawed. "A lion! John a lion! Imagine that!"

At last they tracked the Desert Lion down
And stood him by a wall outside the town,
"Don't blind my eyes," the dauntless hero
cried,

"After you've fired, tell others how I died."

He paused, startled, as I was, by a queer choking cry from the kitchen. Birdie limped in, holding out both her good hand and her claw, her face screwed into an agonized protest. She stumbled and went down, clutching wildly at a chair.

"Paw! Paw!" she gulped. "*Pleeease* don't, Paw!"

She lay on her face, her thin shoulder blades almost punching through her dress, her hands scratching at the rag rug muffling her sobs.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

THE MISSISSIPPI SWALLOWS ANOTHER BILLION

By JOHN ALROY

Rock Island, Ill.

THE captain stroked his gray mustache and grinned at me. He has been guiding vessels up and down the Mississippi for more than half a century. Thirty-five years ago he owned one of the larger packets, and his annual excursion to New Orleans at the opening of the season was a social event. He is now piloting one of the Inland Waterways Corporation's freight vessels.

"Sure, it had a full cargo," he said. "It had a hundred per cent cargo of Minneapolis hot air."

He had been telling me about a trip down the river on which he had encountered considerable difficulty.

"We were towing three barges," he continued. "Each of them had a capacity of two thousand tons, six thousand in all. Our cargo weighed a hundred and seven tons. The barges were so light we couldn't control them when the wind came up. We went aground twice."

The captain's story explained a number of figures that had been puzzling me. For instance, I knew from observation that a good many barges passed up and down the river last Summer, that many of them put in at Rock Island, that their capacities were large. But the figures prepared by the city showed that, during all of 1932, only 8,190 tons of freight had been handled at the municipal barge terminal. Just one good-sized capacity load in a whole year!

The Inland Waterways Corporation has discarded its fleet of 500-ton barges in favor of new 2,000-ton vessels. According to the captain, a full cargo is almost unheard of, and even a half cargo is unusual. But the directors of the corporation believe it good advertising to have these huge empty barges travel back and forth. The manufacturers at various points, they say, will see them, realize that others are taking advantage of the low freight rates offered, and start using river transportation themselves. Expensive as it is, they still believe that it is cheap advertising. To which the oldtime river men answer: "Oh, yeah!"

Before the turn of the Twentieth Century the Mississippi was a busy thoroughfare. Packets, lumber rafts, and freight barges went in almost constant procession. But the timber in Minnesota and Wisconsin played out, automobiles superseded passenger boats, and the railroads, subsidized with great grants of land, steamed through the territory, built through lines and trunk lines, offered much quicker delivery at a cost only a third more, and took most of the freight business. Some of the manufacturers regretted the passing of river shipping. They had not found it profitable to use its facilities, but it had been a fine tool with which to hammer down railway rates. When the barge lines ceased to exist the Interstate Commerce Commission decreed against preferential rates to river towns. They had been established to meet a competition that no longer existed.

The manufacturers organized and fought for years to interest the government in reviving river shipping. Not all the

manufacturers; only a few of the larger ones. Most of the others are, and always have been, apathetic. The bulk of potential shipping consists of South American products coming up through New Orleans. The savings in shipping all the way by water for a few months, as compared to a year-around rail and water rate, are small. The inconvenience and loss of time are considerable.

Why the government should wish to revive this traffic, even if it were possible, does not appear. Obviously, any business obtained by river agencies must be taken from the railroads. Equally obvious is the fact that the governmental subsidizing of railways has become a generally accepted practice; the Reconstruction Finance Corporation figures serve as a constant reminder. In inaugurating the river improvement project and the operation of a barge line, the government authorized the spending of many millions of dollars to engage in a most unprofitable enterprise highly competitive with a business in which it was already vitally interested.

For the improvement of the Upper Mississippi alone, that is, the section from Saint Paul to the mouth of the Illinois river, expenditures totaling \$124,006,139 were sought. If the estimates run true to form, an expenditure of at least \$200,000,000 will be required to complete the work in this district. An example of the accuracy of estimates by government experts lies in the Hastings dam project, where claims of \$8,000,000 for flowage damage have been filed, ten times the estimated amount, and almost three times the cost of the dam itself.

At all events, Congress decided to develop a nine-foot channel by means of canalization. To make a nine-foot channel necessary, a new type of towboat was devised, carrying much heavier and more

complicated machinery, drawing two to three times as much water as the old type river boat, but by no means more efficient. Probably the maddest element in this plan is the fact that canalization means the abolishment and destruction of the entire jetty system. The latter, started in 1878, comprised, so far as the upper river was concerned, a series of wing dams to keep the channel in a comparatively narrow pathway, and dredging to keep it clear. It was 95% complete and wholly satisfactory, for the old boats drew only three feet of water and the jetty system maintained a six-foot channel.

Having decided on canalizing the river, it was, of course, necessary to find an agency to handle the expected rush of business. Private capital was not interested, but the lobbyists persuaded Congress that it could organize, and hold the stock in, a corporation of its own, and that this venture would prove so profitable that, in a short time, the assets could be sold advantageously to private concerns. In the five years of its existence, the Inland Waterways Corporation has spent \$32,000,000, and last Summer the Interstate Commerce Commission appraised its holdings at \$7,000,000. But, it added, it is most improbable that any purchaser will be found. The *Waterways Journal* of February 18 last estimated the average annual operating loss for the Upper Mississippi, exclusive of capital investment, at half a million dollars, although the corporation's report shows a book profit for the entire Mississippi system last year.

River shipping simply did not respond to the stimulus of the millions shot into it. A government bulletin boastfully announces that 864,583 tons of freight were handled in the district in the fiscal year of 1931, an increase of 61% over 1930. But later, one reads that 591,331 tons, 68% of

the total, consisted of sand and gravel, much of which was undoubtedly used in the construction work the government itself was doing on its various dam and sea-wall projects. Still further down the page, one reads that the total value of freight handled in 1931 was \$11,041,887, a decrease from the preceding year of \$6,073,429.

Nor can one see just how any great increase of business could be profitably handled. The Inland Waterways Corporation insists that its business be conducted through municipally owned terminals, built according to its specifications, and leased by it from the cities owning them. There are, on the Upper Mississippi, five such terminals, one at Minneapolis, one at Saint Paul, one at Dubuque, Iowa, one at Rock Island, Ill., and one at Burlington, Iowa. The Saint Louis terminal handles freight for both upper and lower divisions. Other cities, once excitedly interested in floating bond issues to construct terminals, have had attacks of cold feet.

When the corporation decided a terminal was needed in the cluster of cities consisting of Davenport, Iowa, and Rock Island and Moline, Ill., it painted a glowing picture. Estimates of the amount of freight likely to be handled convinced General Ashburn and his staff that the venture would prove highly profitable to the municipality engaging in it. A feverish quarrel ensued between the three cities. Committees of business men, lawyers, mayors, and chamber of commerce officials wore a path to Washington. Each town wanted that terminal. General Ashburn finally selected Rock Island as the logical site. A bond issue of \$380,000—which is a large amount in a community of 35,000 people—was floated. Of that amount, \$22,000 was paid as a fee to the corporation engineer in charge of construction. When the terminal was completed, they had to wait

two weeks to get together a mixed cargo with which to load the barge waiting to inaugurate it.

Under the terms of the lease, the Waterways Corporation was to pay the city fifteen cents for each ton of freight handled. In 1931, the city received a gross revenue of \$1,718, while its interest and principal retirement needs were \$29,215. In 1932, the gross revenue shrank to \$1,228, although \$35,471 was required to redeem the city's pledges. Insurance alone was more than half the gross receipts. Other cities have become somewhat dubious of General Ashburn's estimates.

Large as they are, the expenditures mentioned in this article represent the amount being used on only a fraction of the Mississippi; the Mississippi is only one of several rivers involved in the canalization plan and the operations of the Inland Waterways Corporation. In this era of belligerent demand for government economy, the nation is embarked on a fruitless project that, if carried to its conceived conclusion, will eventually cost more than a billion dollars.



A GENTLEMAN IN POLITICS

BY ISIDOR FEINSTEIN

Philadelphia

FORESTS along the Delaware in Northeastern Pennsylvania hide a Norman castle that rears its bulk on an estate of 1,200 acres. Its owner, when he established legal residence there in 1911, declared himself a forester and was at once assessed \$50 as an occupation tax. The following year, according to his political enemies, he appeared on the township's books as a "gentleman."

No man has a better right to that title. The Hon. Gifford Pinchot, Governor of

Pennsylvania, is America's outstanding example of a type beatified by lady civics teachers and adoring Anglophiles. He is the gentleman in politics. Private tutors, a childhood in Gramercy Park, Phillips-Exeter, several millions inherited, are reflected in his lordly graciousness and ease of manner. It is true that those millions were gathered in by merchant Pinchots and, on the maternal side, by merchant Enos. But their possessor and product—despite that mercantile taint—is no less truly an aristocrat than his late brother-in-law, Sir Alan Vandem-Bempde-Johnstone, G.C.V.O., fourth son of the first Baron Derwent; and the Derwent family seat, "Hackness Hall," at Scarborough, in Yorkshire, is hardly more impressive than Pinchot's baronial "Grey Towers," with its twenty-three fireplaces and enormous rooms. The Governor's father built it as a Summer home. It is but a few miles from the one-street town of Milford, where Constantine Cyril Desire Pinchot, a French Huguenot fleeing the Bourbon restoration, opened a country store and married the daughter of a major in the Continental Army. Gifford is their grandson.

The Governor is a romantic. His latest United Press obituary will inform the newspaper reading public, when he is gathered to his fathers, that he "rode, a jousting knight, along the political highways of his day, . . . emulating one of his Frankish ancestors." It is hard to believe that the subject did not have a hand in the glowing lineaments of that portrait. Alas, the Governor's jousting is only too often, like that of a true tournament, make-believe. His lances are still aimed, with convenient harmlessness, at Entrenched Wealth, the Plutocracy, and other decrepit hobgoblins of the Bull Moose era. A large portrait of Roosevelt I is said to hang in his study at "Grey Towers," like that of Karl Marx

over the worktable of Stalin, and the Governor's speeches rarely omit reference to the Square Deal.

Huguenot and Puritan ancestors lent him the delusion—so fertile in eloquence—of high moral fervor, and the shrewdness of money-making forbears has helped him to become a master at getting publicity, a task in which he is ably abetted by Pennsylvania's First Lady, Mrs. Cornelia Bryce Pinchot. The team of Pinchot & Pinchot can always be counted upon for novel exhibitions on the political circuit. When the senior member lately encountered opposition in his attempt to introduce the commissary method of relief in Pennsylvania, the junior member made a dinner to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt the occasion for a stunt worthy of Eddie Bernays. Then it was that the nation heard how she had fed fifty persons at a cost of \$2.72, or less than five-and-a-half cents apiece, by buying her food at wholesale from the model commissary in York. What the nation did not hear was that the number of guests was closer to thirty-five than fifty persons, that the ice cream had been included in what Governors love to call a supplementary budget, that a beverage, butter, sugar, salt, pepper and salad dressing did not figure in the estimate, and that the *pièce de résistance*—hamburger—had been glorified by a French chef of a quality not often available to jobless families.

Both the Governor and his Lady are steeped in old-fashioned righteousness. When Mrs. Pinchot campaigned for Congress last Spring against Louis T. McFadden, in the rural Fifteenth District, knickers were frequently part of her costume and a bright Hispana-Suiza her chariot, but the slogan emblazoned on her electioneering placards was "You Cannot Serve God and Mammon." The voters ditched both for McFadden.

Her husband rises in Old Testament wrath to excoriate Washington for "calious, cruel and damnable putting of the dollar first and humanity second." Nor, as a Friend of the Common People, did he fail to take advantage of all the juicy possibilities in the unemployment issue during his campaign for the governorship. Thus he thundered:

I belong to the Roosevelt school of executives. I believe that it is the duty of a Governor not simply to do for the public welfare what the law specifically directs, but to do whatever the people need which the law does not specifically forbid. On that theory I propose to exercise the powers of the governorship in every practicable way to bring relief to the unemployed of this Commonwealth at the earliest possible moment. We must organize Pennsylvania not only to cure but to prevent or to ameliorate unemployment crises such as the present.

But after election his ardor cooled. One of the reasons may have been his alliance with the Hon. Joe Grundy, guiding spirit of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association. Joe supported Gifford to spite Vare and State Republican Chairman Martin.

Perhaps it was out of consideration for this comrade-in-arms that Pinchot, in his first message to the Legislature, sidestepped the question of unemployment insurance in a sweetly reasonable manner typical of a Great Liberal in a Tight Corner. He announced that volunteer plans of insurance were being considered by "many employers," advised suspending action to "await the result of their efforts" and declined to commit himself with "If these volunteer efforts fail, I have no doubt that the matter of compulsory insurance will deserve increasing attention." The volunteer efforts, if any, never materialized, but the matter of unemployment insurance is still on the shelf.

If Grundy is Pinchot's political bedfellow, roads are his grand passion. In neither case is affection unalloyed with eagerness to enter the United States Senate. The former love may explain why so little has been done at Harrisburg on that fight for social justice with which the Governor loves to cram his speeches. The latter may explain a policy on unemployment relief hardly in keeping with his past broadsides at Mr. Hoover. Since 1929 employment in Pennsylvania has declined one-third; payrolls, two-thirds. The Governor himself estimates that 450,000 families are dependent on relief. He casts such pearls as "the right to work," "Pennsylvania listens to the cry of the fatherless," and "the need of the people is the obligation of the Commonwealth," before the Legislature. Yet for the fiscal biennium of 1932 and 1933 he suggested only \$20,000,000 for relief—depending on highly conjectural economies for the money—while asking \$104,000,000 for highways, and hinting at an extra cent of gas tax to help him take over 53,000 more miles of second-class township roads. As against this \$10,000,000 a year for the unemployed, Pinchot himself estimates the State's need at \$125,000,000 a year.

His love of highway building is not unconnected with the fact that it provides excellent patronage for rural lieutenants in strengthening the Pinchot-Grundy machine. He cried the blues all over Washington to obtain relief loans from the R. F. C., but did not hesitate to divert \$5,500,000 of the meagre funds obtained to road work. In the past he has even had recourse to the dolephobia of the Hoover administration in order to further highway construction at the expense of direct relief. His first message praised a Pittsburgh relief plan because there was "nothing of the dole about it." "I do not recommend that the Commonwealth shall appropriate

money directly for providing food, clothing and shelter," he told that Legislature.

As conditions grew worse he was prevailed upon to call a special session but fell back, in decidedly unRooseveltian fashion, on the State Constitution to block borrowing, a State income tax, or direct relief of any kind. Instead, he brought forward a Rube Goldberg scheme for selling \$35,000,000 in Prosperity Bonds to wealthy Pennsylvanians with the understanding that they would be repaid with 4% interest if and when two successive Legislatures and a popular referendum approved a constitutional amendment legalizing the loan and authorizing its repayment. The plan provided excellent publicity for the one and a few embarrassing moments for the other when Pinchot tackled Andy Mellon for a contribution. The proceeds of the Prosperity Bonds were to be used as the Governor pleased, "except that none of it will be given as a dole in any form." That is, it would have gone for road building.

The Vare-Martin crowd wrecked the Governor's programme—which also included oil, billboard and cigarette taxes—and then, after weeks spent in mutual charges of "playing politics with human misery," played him a dirty trick and the unemployed a good turn. That is, it passed a \$10,000,000 direct relief act, despite his warning that it was unconstitutional. And the State Supreme Court upheld it on the ground that "the support of the poor . . . is and has always been a direct charge on the body politic for its own preservation and protection." Curiously enough, the two supposed Liberals appointed to the

bench by Pinchot dissented. They concurred in a minority opinion that sets a new high for judicial sophistry. This dissent pointed out that the Governor's call limited the special session to unemployment relief, and declared the act in question unconstitutional because its failure "to draw a distinction between those who are poor because of laziness, old age, sickness, or inability, or unwillingness to work for any other cause" made it a poor relief, not an unemployment relief, bill.

The decision seems to have broken the great Liberal's heart. In his next message his only reference to it was that "a balanced budget is a mandatory constitutional requirement. The establishment of this principle was a most constructive achievement on the part of the Attorney General." (The decision ordered other appropriations abated to raise the \$10,000,000 for relief.) He still weeps copiously over the unemployed and Pennsylvania's inability to help them—while boasting in the *New Republic*, of the State's magnificent highway programme, that "it is quite within the means of so rich a State as Pennsylvania." In a recent message on relief, he found that "the Commonwealth has a clear and sacred duty to do what it can and all it can to help its own people." But he also discovered that to touch the fat highway fund would "break the implied contract of the State with the users of the highways." The "implied contract," obviously, outweighs the "sacred duty."

Gifford will pave his way to the Senate yet, even if he has to put macadam on every cowpath in the State to do it.

THE CARILLON INVADES AMERICA

BY F. R. WEBBER

HOLLAND and Belgium have long looked upon carillon playing as a great national institution, but it is only within the past few years that carillon recitals have drawn crowds in the United States. To read that 25,000 people flocked to a little village in Massachusetts, and that traffic was diverted from an important arterial thoroughfare in a New Jersey town, and all to hear the ringing of bells, sounds like a fairy tale. But such are the facts. Few ever heard of Cohasset until Mr. Cram built a small church with a rugged tower there, and a wide-awake rector hung fifty-one tuned bells in the tower. We used to motor through Morristown, N. J., with one eye on the traffic cop and the other on McKim, Mead and White's fine tower. But since thirty-five tuned bells have been hung in that tower, we stand in the graveyard in snow a foot deep and freeze our toes, simply to hear the unearthly music that Mr. Rocke or Mr. Parsons can send floating down.

Within the past nine years, some thirty carillons have been brought into the United States, and six or eight more into Canada. In spite of the Depression their number is constantly increasing. The representative of a noted firm of British carillon makers wrote to me not long ago that upon one recent trip to America he took orders for three more important carillons. Shortly after that, an organist in Cincinnati wrote that he had just completed an American-built carillon of twenty-five

tuned bells, which is among the first of its kind made in America. New carillons are arriving at the rate of several a year, and older ones are being enlarged to keep up with the competition. New York has one of seventy-two bells, the largest over ten feet in diameter, and weighing eighteen-and-a-quarter tons. The University of Chicago has lately installed one whose largest bell is almost ten feet across, weighs 36,926 pounds, and is so big that a whole church vestry could stand upright in it.

A carillon is a series of at least twenty-three bells, tuned so as to play a chromatic scale. From this small battery of two octaves it may range in size to that of the great Riverside Church carillon, in New York, with seventy-two bells, and the Mountain Lake, Florida, carillon, with seventy-one. On such a set of bells one may play almost anything that can be played on a modern organ, with its standard keyboard of five octaves.

The new carillon at Richmond, Va., lately dedicated by Anton Brees, the world-famous *carillonneur* of Antwerp, has sixty-six bells. The largest is in G, weighs 11,200 pounds, and is six feet nine inches in diameter. With the exception of the lowest semitone, the carillon rises chromatically to c^{'''}, whose bell is six inches in diameter and weighs twelve pounds. To obtain proper volume, the upper thirteen notes contain two bells each, as is the case with many large carillons. The Richmond carillon is a war memorial. It is hung in a

tower which rises 240 feet above the crest of a hill. Ralph Adams Cram designed and built this tower, with Carneal, Johnston & Wright, of Richmond, as his associates.

Not so many years ago you and I used to climb a rickety ladder to the ringing-room in some convenient church tower. It was six in the evening, and the kind rector had given us permission to play the bells. We found the familiar clavier, which was composed of eight or ten hickory levers, each the size of a shovel handle. Hickory rods an inch square led to the belfry. To ring the bells we had to yank these levers down fully a foot from their normal position. In the belfry were straps, as heavy as the heaviest team harness, running over wooden pulleys, and connecting the vertical rods to the clappers of the bells. Very slowly, and with almost agonizing muscular effort, we picked out the melody of "Sun of My Soul," "Duke Street" or "Eventide," annoying all the neighbors for a mile in every direction, because we invariably substituted an F-natural for an F-sharp, for the simple reason that there was no F-sharp to play. Or, perhaps we would dash off what we fondly believed to be a demonstration of true English change-ringing. It was unmercifully slow, because each lever had to be hauled down at least twelve inches, and the transmitting mechanism was clumsy beyond words. The fact that the treble, or smallest bell, was almost half a tone too sharp, and the G bell sounded as though it were badly cracked, did not dampen your ardor in the least, or mine either.

Now compare that bungling mechanism of a quarter of a century ago with the marvellous clavier of today. We ascend an easy stairway to a well-lighted, cheerful ringing-room above the roofs of the building. It may be a church, or a college building, or an isolated campanile, or even a

commercial building, for they have been hanging carillons in all types of structures lately.

In the center of the room is a compact framework, as beautifully made as a fine organ console. Two rows of levers, each three-quarters of an inch square, project from the clavier. Except for the fact that these levers have rounded ends, and are perhaps two inches or so apart, it looks for all the world like the console of a two-manual organ. Below are two rows of pedal keys, of organ-like appearance. A row of wires, not much thicker than a match, connect with the bells above.

Our curiosity aroused, we ascend a second flight of stairs to the belfry proper. Here we see a framework of structural steel, five tiers high. On the lowest level are hung four monster bells. Above them are seven smaller ones. In the third tier are thirteen yet smaller ones, and as we look high up to the top tier we see long rows of bells, some of which are but five to six inches in diameter. These bells do not swing. They are bolted firmly to the steel framework, or hung dead, as the ringers express it. The clapper of each bell is carefully adjusted so that it remains about an inch from the inner surface, or sound-bow, of its bell.

We return to the ringing-room. The *carillonneur* steps into a small dressing-room, and soon emerges with a light track-suit and sandals in place of his business suit. He seats himself on the bench, adjusts the tension of some of his wires with a peculiar wrench, and then opens a book of music, which we note is arranged in four-part harmony. To our astonishment he turns the pages to Bach's Gavotte in B Minor. He has slipped a pair of small leather pads over the outer edges of his palms. He plays by depressing the levers lightly and rapidly with the edges of his

hands, his little fingers curved inward. Both hands and both feet are flying rapidly over the keys, and from the belfry above comes a most astonishing succession of noble chords, runs, arpeggios, and often a thrilling, sustained *tremolando*, obtained by vibrating two or more levers with marvellous rapidity, so that the separate tones blend into a single chord.

The keys of the modern carillon have a drop of but an inch or so, and the action is so delicately adjusted that the touch is not much heavier than that of a grand piano. Sometimes the player spreads out his hand and depresses two or three levers at the same time. But it is only when he brings out a glorious *crescendo* that he really seems to exert himself. Nothing in the world can send shivers of delight up and down one's spinal column like good carillon playing.

Descend to the ground, walk away four or five hundred feet and listen. The treble bells, played in chords and rapid arpeggios, and the slow-moving bass of the big bells, sound soft and extremely delicate at first. Then the sound swells into a majestic *crescendo*, and the sky is full of music.

II

It was from Belgium, Holland and French Flanders that we imported the carillon. Franz and Pieter Hemony were the first men to understand the art of scientific bell tuning, and between 1645 and 1680 they made a number of fine carillons. Their first was for a wine house in Zutphen. They were followed by the van den Gheyns. Since then the Low Countries have erected carillons in great numbers. A single city in Holland or Belgium may contain three or four. In 1734 the people of Malines installed a great drum, made of gun metal, and operated by gigantic clock-

work, to play their carillon automatically. It is five feet three inches in diameter, with 180 rows of holes, or perhaps 10,000 in all, into which pegs are fitted, as in a Swiss music box. A similar drum was installed at Bruges in 1746, and a public holiday declared when it was finished. Throughout Belgium and Holland, carillons are thus played by clock-work, often as frequently as eight times an hour, but this is only supplemental to recitals by famous *carillon-neurs*, who play from the hand clavier.

The success of a carillon depends upon the perfect tuning of the bells, a secret mastered in the Low Countries nearly three centuries ago. In 1895 it was discovered again by a firm of English bell founders. Today two British firms have learned it, and almost all the American carillons are made by them. In America, Professor J. Prower Symons, of Cincinnati, has been carrying on experiments in bell tuning, and has succeeded in making a carillon of twenty-five tuned bells. They are now hung in the tower of the Episcopal Convent of the Transfiguration at Glendale, Ohio. The Meneelys, of Watervliet, N. Y., have built three carillons recently.

Most people are not aware of the fact that a bell yields five distinct tones audible to the ordinary ear, and seven, ten and even thirteen tones recognized by the trained ear. When next you hear a bell ringing, try to locate the exact note on your piano. It is a difficult thing to do at first, because one hears not a single note, but a chord of five notes. The most prominent is the strike-note, as it is called. Likewise one hears the hum-note, which is an octave lower, the octave above the strike note, the minor third and the major fifth. These five notes must be in absolutely perfect pitch if a bell is to be in proper tune with itself. In fine tuning, even more harmonics must be brought into correct tune.

Bell founders have known this for a long time, but the difficult task was to do it properly. Small bells are especially hard to tune, and that is why the average small chapel bell or school bell sounds like a fire wagon approaching. The harmonics are out of tune. Tuning is accomplished by placing the bell mouth upward in a vertical lathe, and with delicately-adjusted, but powerful cutting machinery, skimming off thin shavings of metal on the inside of the bell. Just where and how much to take off is the big problem. The old-timers worked by crawling inside the bell and chiseling away, each stroke of the hammer causing the bell to ring. Sometimes this went on for days and weeks.

It is only since the rediscovery of the art of scientific five-tone tuning that the carillon has once more been possible. Until a few years ago there were but six carillons in America. The forty-three bells in St. Joseph's Cathedral, in Buffalo, were cast by the Bolleés as early as 1870. The Bolleés also made the series of thirty-two bells in the University Chapel at Notre Dame, Ind. In 1883 van Aerschodt installed twenty-five bells in Trinity Church, Philadelphia.

In 1897, just after the rediscovery of the art of tuning in England, the John Taylor firm, of Loughborough, sent over a set of ten bells, which were placed in the campanile of the college at Ames, Iowa. These were the first correctly tuned bells in America. In 1929, the same founders increased the peal of ten bells to a carillon of thirty-six. In 1922-23, the little Portuguese Church in the fishing village of Gloucester, Mass., installed one of thirty-one. The same year brought over a set of twenty-three bells to Plainfield, N. J., one of twenty-five to Birmingham, Ala., the beginning of a series of thirty-seven to Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., twenty-eight to the House of Hope Presbyterian Church, St. Paul,

and thirty-five to St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Morristown, N. J. That same year the carillon began to be front-page news. Recitals were given in Morristown by Frederick Rocke, and later by Anton Brees, of Antwerp Cathedral. The crowds attending these recitals were so dense that traffic on Highway No. 24, which runs through the town, had to be diverted.

III

In 1925 the great Rockefeller carillon, in New York, was started with fifty-three bells—eight more than in the world-famous cathedral at Malines. In 1931 the number was increased to seventy-two, making it the largest carillon in the world. In 1927 carillons ceased to be confined to the church tower and college campus. Albany ordered sixty big bells for her city hall, Edward Bok built his singing tower at Mountain Lake, Florida, and two years later hung seventy-one bells in it, and Norwood, Mass., built a war memorial in the form of a campanile in which are fifty bells. The same year Princeton hung thirty-five bells in the tower of her Graduate School. Ottawa placed fifty-three bells in the tower of her Houses of Parliament, Toronto University dedicated twenty-three bells, and St. Chrysostom's Church, Chicago, got forty-three.

All this happened in 1927. The following year the Mayo brothers placed a carillon in the tower of their clinic building at Rochester, Minn. Since 1927 a singing tower, with a great carillon, has been a popular form of war memorial, and several cities are in the process of getting one.

Six carillons were dedicated in 1928, six in 1929, and twelve within the past three years. Conspicuous among these is the great singing tower at Chicago University, in which are seventy-two fine bells by Gil-

lett & Johnston, of Croydon, near London. This carillon was dedicated last Thanksgiving Day, with 50,000 people attending. It contains ninety tons of bell metal, and its compass is six chromatic octaves. Incidentally, Mr. C. F. Johnston, the distinguished builder of the carillon, fell afoul of a gang of Chicago hold-up men in the very shadow of the University chapel.

A carillon's importance is judged not only by the quality and number of its bells, but by their weight. There is a vast difference between a carillon whose bourdon, or lowest bell is in the key of C and one whose bourdon sounds G, just five notes

higher. A C-bell weighs 50,000 pounds or more, and is about ten feet five inches in inside diameter. The G, just five notes higher, weighs but 12,500 pounds and is less than seven feet in diameter. The C above that is a very modest thing, weighing about 4,700 pounds, and is about five feet across, or the size of many a church bell. Thus it is that the New York carillon, whose range is from an octave below tenor C upward, has a total weight of 102 tons for the bells alone, while the bells of the Regal Cinema carillon, pitched but two octaves higher, weigh but two and one-half tons.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Penology

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT BY LETHAL GAS

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

THAT hanging was originally employed for the execution of criminals mostly because of its impressive terror is evidenced by the fact that in England executions were always public, and that the body was subsequently gibbeted as a part of the performance. It is doubtful whether the question of painlessness was ever considered under the earlier jurisprudence. But the retention of the gallows in modern times is large'y due to the knowledge that it does not, in fact, cause much pain. If a hanging is properly performed there seems to be no doubt that the release of the trap produces an almost instantaneous loss of consciousness, and a cessation of the heart beat within from seven to fifteen minutes.

Death does not result, technically, from strangulation, but from a fracture or dislocation of the cervical vertebrae that severs or wounds the spinal cord; although it is true that the result is also hastened by the noose itself, through its compression of the windpipe and its obstruction of the cerebral circulation.

Among the reasons that caused a number of American States to depart from execution by hanging is the fact that the preliminaries require rather skillful handling. If the drop is insufficient the fracture of the vertebrae will not take place; and unless the performance is repeated, death occurs by the much slower proc-

ess of strangulation. And it has happened lately in at least one case that a barbarous decapitation of the prisoner has been caused by too deep a drop for an unusually heavy body.

It is generally agreed that death by electrocution is more rapid than by hanging, but there is a division of opinion on the question of its painlessness. There is small doubt, however, that the first application of 1,700 or 1,800 volts brings about, by the end of the first ten seconds, a complete cessation of all the vital functions, including respiration and circulation. The current is then reduced to low voltage, and later again increased, as a measure of precaution, and to suppress the remaining reflexes. As in the case of hanging, a successful electrocution depends on expert operation. An imperfect application of the current may cause great pain, as is reported to have occurred in the case of Ruth Snyder. And the body may be burned at the places where the electrical contact is made.

When the Nevada Legislature decided, several years ago, to try capital punishment by lethal gas, it expected to remove, for humanitarian reasons, all of the objections that attend the other methods. It was to be a physically painless death in the absolute sense, and it was to exclude all possibility of bungling in technique. The main consideration was to save the condemned man the terrors of the ordeal, as well as some of the mental anguish of its anticipation. It was planned, therefore, that the sentencing court should fix the

time of execution indefinitely during a certain period of a week. The hour would be decided by the prison officials, without the knowledge of the prisoner. While he slept, he was to be dispatched painlessly and unconsciously, by means of a subtle and narcotic gas, without ceremony or punitive vengeance.

Unfortunately, the purpose of the law was completely defeated by the haphazard manner in which it was drawn. By failing to repeal all of the provisions of the earlier law, the Legislature left it the duty of the sentencing judge to fix a definite day of execution when cases are appealed, and the Supreme Court sustains the sentence. But the chief difficulty lies in the fact that the death penalty is directed to be inflicted by "lethal gas," without setting forth a precise formula, or the manner in which it is to be administered. The prison officials, left to their own devices, do the best they can under the limitations of the statute, but the inevitable result is a sharp contrast between the humane motives of the Legislature and the ritual whereby it is attempted to carry it out.

Seeking a gas that would be both quick and deadly, the Nevada prison authorities chose prussic acid, and the system whereby it has been administered in five executions involves the use of a concrete compartment, about ten feet square, with a low ceiling, wherein the prisoner is seated and strapped to a specially built chair. The cell is air-tight at the door and the observation windows. Suspended by strings are ten or twelve one-ounce pellets of sodium cyanide in solid form, and under them is a container filled with sulphuric acid. When the signal is given, the strings are severed, and the dropping of the pellets into the liquid immediately generates the deadly fumes, known as hydrocyanic gas.

The reactions of the prisoner appear in

detail from a report by Dr. Edward E. Hamer, the Nevada health officer, on the execution of Robert H. White on June 2, 1930. (The prisoner's last request, denied by the warden for sound reasons, was that he be given a gas mask!) At 4:36 A.M. he was strapped to the chair. A stethoscope was applied to his chest, and the elongated tube of the instrument was connected to ear-pieces outside the cell, where the doctor made his observations. The report says:

This was at 4:36 A.M. The heart action at that time was 108, strong and regular. The gas was started generating at 4:37½. At 4:38 the pulse rate was 120, regular and strong. A small inspiration was taken at 4:37¾, at which time the prisoner indicated that he smelled the gas. At 4:38 he took a very deep inspiration, turning his head toward the gas. He gave a spasmodic cough, his head fell forward, and he became unconscious. Following this first deep inspiration there was a complete stopping of the heart action for fifteen seconds. After that short period, or at 4:38½, the heart began to beat again in an irregular manner, continuing thus for fifteen seconds, when it became regular and strong. There was no apparent loss of power in the heart action. After this, for two minutes, the heart became slower, beating 100 times a minute at 4:41½ and 80 times a minute at 4:44. At 4:46½ the beats were distinctly regular but coming very weak. The last was noted at 4:47. Respirations during this time, after the first deep inspiration, were convulsive and irregular.

The record does not greatly differ from that in the case of John Hall, whose execution I witnessed on November 28 last; except that in the Hall case loss of consciousness apparently occurred some seconds later. Once the pellets fall into the liquid, there can be no bungling, and death is a certainty within from nine to fourteen minutes.

On the question of pain, there is considerable variance in medical opinion.

Some physicians hold that since the drug is a quick paralyzant of the respiratory organs, its effect must be painless. They hesitate to assert, however, that such a paralytic effect can possibly be as instantaneous as that produced by an electric current.

Others affirm, just as emphatically, that a great deal of pain must be involved, at least during the first minute, on account of the fact that death by suffocation is always very painful.

In the case of Hall, the heart action was recorded by Dr. Erwin J. Hund of Reno by means of an electrocardiograph. His findings are here given in part:

The heart action continued for more than a minute after its cessation was announced by stethoscopic observations. There was evidence of convulsions for as long as four minutes and twelve seconds after the first inhalation of gas. There was evidence of strangulation, indicating that this form of death is not painless, nor as rapid as is claimed. The time of possible pain is certainly much longer than in successful executions by hanging, the guillotine, or electrocution. The first two involve instantaneous severing of the spinal cord, and the latter a general paralysis of heart and nerves. Hydrocyanic acid gas acts, at first, primarily as a violent paralyzant of respiration only, with resulting strangulation.

I saw the prisoner tilt his head backward twice in violent convulsions during the first three or four inhalations. The neck muscles were taut, the eyes seemed to pop from their sockets, and there was an unmistakable struggle of the arms and body against the leather straps of the chair. The face remained upturned for fully thirty seconds during the second convulsion, while the features were horribly distorted.

It may be true that some of these reactions were unconscious and that they also accompany other forms of execution,

but the point is that they are obstreperous enough to dispel the popular notion that death by lethal gas, under the present formula and method, is an instantaneous or peaceful dropping to sleep.

In brief, it seems to be plain that the new method carries no humane advantage over a well-performed hanging, and much less over a competent electrocution. A certain amount of physical pain may be reasonably presumed, together with all of the mental torture that attends the ordeal, both in itself and by anticipation.

Yet it is probable that if the original intent of the Nevada Legislature were carried out by well-considered further legislation, the innovation might still result in perfect euthanasia. Whatever the number of minutes or seconds of pain that may be involved in all forms of execution, the mental elements are undoubtedly greater. There are many kinds of lethal gas that are well known to produce painless death by inducing preliminary sleep. The handiest of them, in fact, if not the least expensive, is to be found in the prison kitchen.

Probably the most painless viaticum, however, would be afforded by carbon monoxide, because it is odorless, and has the dual quality of narcotic and asphyxiant. The time of death could be fixed indefinitely, within a given week. At a time chosen by the warden, the prisoner could be given a simple opiate or soporific, and the gas could be administered while he slept in his cell. Thus he would be carried to Lethe in the arms of Morpheus without the mental anguish of the springing trap or of being bound to an electric or gas chair.

Such a demise would be not only merciful to the prisoner, but it would also save the prison officials a great deal of extremely objectionable labor.

Oceanography

TIDAL WAVES

BY CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

WHEN an erratic upheaval of the ocean surface causes the inundation of a low-lying shore the event is popularly described as a tidal wave. This name is inappropriate for three reasons. First, an event of this character is not tidal in the sense of being related in any way to the normal and regular movements of the sea, under the gravitational effects of the moon and the sun, that are commonly classed as tides. Second, the invasion of water rarely takes the form of a single wave; it is usually a series of waves, or sometimes merely a rapid general rise of sea level. Third, the name tidal wave has long been applied in scientific literature to the slight bulge of ocean waters (not perceptible as a wave except where it forms a "bore" near the mouths of certain rivers) that, in sweeping around the globe, causes the ordinary high tide on seacoasts.

Thus it is an interesting example of the vicissitudes of language that the scientific world, after years of objection to the popular application of this term, has now so far accepted it that an international body of experts engaged in investigating the non-tidal phenomena above mentioned calls itself, in the official English versions of its publications, the Committee for the Study of Tidal Waves. In French it is called the Commission pour l'Étude des Raz de Marée; a title that does slightly—but only slightly—less violence to the literal meanings of words than does the English one.

This committee, which was created in 1927 by the International Geodetic and Geophysical Union, has its secretariat in

Paris and is composed of some thirty well-known oceanographers, meteorologists, seismologists and volcanologists of several nationalities, including four Americans. Its varied scientific complexion corresponds to the diverse character of the phenomena—pertaining to the sea, the atmosphere and the solid crust of the earth—with which it has to deal.

In the light of what we know today about tidal waves of non-tidal origin, these events may be divided into two broad classes. The first class comprises those in which the disturbance of the water is due to an abrupt dislocation of the ocean bed; the second, those in which it is due to a storm. If the initiating episode of the tidal wave is under the ocean it may consist of a volcanic outbreak or of a big landslide along the steep slope of a submarine gorge or valley, but most conspicuous tidal waves of submarine origin are probably due to the sudden rupture and faulting of the underlying rocks incident to a severe earthquake.

It frequently happens that the cause of a tidal wave is fairly obvious to casual observation, even though the mechanism involved may not be altogether clear to the layman. Thus an earthquake may ruin a coastal city, which is immediately afterward engulfed by great waves from the sea, and in such a case it is a natural inference that the waves were stirred up in some way by the quake. Again, as happened the other day at Santa Cruz del Sur, on the south coast of Cuba, the rising waters and terrific winds of a hurricane may perform their work of devastation at the same time, so that the connection between them is evident.

On the other hand, a good many tidal waves are wholly mysterious until traced

to their sources through scientific investigation, and these apparently causeless events have always appealed strongly to the imagination of mankind. Huge billows sometimes invade a coast in the absence of any perceptible earthquake shock and in calm weather. In such cases, however, the clue to the mystery is usually found either in seismograph records—pointing, perhaps, to the occurrence of an earthquake thousands of miles away—or in a contemporary weather map, which reveals the presence of a storm somewhere out at sea.

While much remains to be learned about the mode of operation of tidal waves—so that the new international committee has plenty of work before it—, a good many fundamental facts concerning them seem now to be well established. Those of submarine origin are probably always due to an abrupt upward or downward movement of the sea bed and a consequent displacement of the water above. If the bottom is uplifted, the waters are pushed away on all sides. In the case of a subsidence, the sea first rushes in from all sides to fill the gap; the inflowing currents form, by their mutual impact, a central mound of water; this collapses under gravity, giving place to a depression and sending out a wave in an ever-widening circle; the waters again flow back toward the place of subsidence, and this to-and-fro movement may happen many times before equilibrium is restored.

In either case oscillating movements of the sea are set up, so that many waves are likely to be sent out in succession from the disturbed area, but one or a few of these may be much bigger than the rest. As the waves travel over the ocean they flatten out into long swells, so gradual in slope that they no longer present a wave-like appearance and cease to be perceptible

in any way, but on reaching shallow water along a coast they may again become towering waves and breakers, and may cause great floods. On June 15, 1896, a severe earthquake, registered by seismographs throughout the world, occurred in the Tuscarora Deep, the trough-like abyss in the bed of the ocean just east of Japan. The Japanese coast was inundated over a length of 300 miles and 32,000 persons perished, but the disturbance was not noticed by fishermen a few miles out at sea, who had no suspicion of the disaster until they returned to shore in the evening to find their villages completely destroyed.

The characteristics assumed by a tidal wave when it reaches a coast from the open sea vary greatly with the steepness of the sea bed inshore and with the shape of the coast line. Thus at the time of the great Japanese earthquake of September 1, 1923, the sea bottom off the coast sank, in places, more than a thousand feet, and while this subsidence caused waves thirty-six feet high at one point on shore there was only a rapid inflow of water, without waves, at a point a few miles away. Another striking modification of a tidal wave often observed on a coast occurs in a land-locked bay, where the incoming wave is converted into a series of oscillations resembling the rocking back and forth of the water in a bowl that has been suddenly tilted and then allowed to stand. A movement of this kind is called a seiche. The oscillations vary in period, according to the size and shape of the bay, from a few minutes to an hour or more, and they may last for several hours or even a few days.

A retreat of water along a coast, leaving the bottom bare far beyond the ordinary line of low tide, frequently precedes by several minutes the arrival of a tidal wave and is presumably caused by the flow of

water toward a place of subsidence in the sea bottom. In the famous Lisbon earthquake of 1755, the center of which was off the coast of Portugal, the water first retired from the land, carrying vessels out to sea and leaving the bar at the mouth of the Tagus completely bare, but it returned a few minutes later as a series of waves, the first of which was sixty feet high. The great earthquake that destroyed the city of Lima, Peru, on October 28, 1724, was accompanied by a huge tidal wave at the neighboring seaport of Callao, where the water first withdrew and then returned as a wave eighty feet in height. Nineteen ships were sunk in the harbor, and four, including a 34-gun frigate, were carried far inland.

Volcanic eruptions are not uncommon under the ocean and are supposed to be an occasional cause of conspicuous tidal waves, but an outbreak from a crater above sea level, even when close to the sea, usually leaves the adjacent waters quite undisturbed. An apparent exception to the latter statement was the violent eruption of Krakatoa, in the Strait of Sunda, in 1883, which was accompanied by one of the most disastrous tidal waves in history, but in this case the explosion of the volcano produced an immense chasm below the sea, into which the waters rushed. This was probably the chief cause of the wave, which swept the shores on both sides of the strait, drowning more than 36,000 people. At one place hillsides were washed by the rising waters to a height of 115 feet above the normal level of the ocean.

Tidal waves sometimes produce perceptible and even striking effects on coasts many thousands of miles away from the places where they originate. These distant effects have been recorded especially in connection with waves due to submarine

disturbances, though storm waves doubtless also travel immense distances in some cases. The waves from the Krakatoa outbreak, just mentioned, were registered by tide-gauges at Havre, 12,867 miles away. Waves from an earthquake off the coast of Peru in 1877, after traveling 10,315 miles, appeared in Hakodate Bay, Japan, as miniature tides, with a period of about twenty minutes and a maximum rise and fall of eight feet. The town of Hilo, in the Hawaiian Islands, has been partially inundated and seriously damaged several times by tidal waves coming across the Pacific from South America and from Alaska.

As many hours are required for the long journeys performed by the waves in these cases, and as the location of an earthquake under the ocean can usually be determined very promptly by means of seismograph records exchanged by telegraph, it is sometimes possible to issue timely warnings of a seismic tidal wave that is approaching a coast where it may cause damage. Thus the French colonial authorities gave warning of a somewhat destructive tidal wave, of South American origin, that visited the Marquesas Islands in November, 1922; and one from the Gulf of Alaska that caused much havoc at Hilo in February, 1923, was announced some hours before its arrival by Dr. Jaggar, director of the Hawaiian Volcano Observatory.

The majority of disastrous tidal waves caused by storms have occurred in connection with tropical hurricanes, but the shores of the temperate zone are by no means exempt from similar visitations. Thus the dikes of Holland have been overtopped or battered down several times by storm waves from the Atlantic, and in the year 1570 the invading waters are supposed to have drowned 400,000 people.

Even the circumpolar latitudes sometimes experience such waves. As recently as the night of December 7-8, 1931, storm waves, which caused considerable damage but fortunately no loss of life, swept over the Bering Sea shore of Alaska, carrying blocks of ice as far as seven miles inland.

Storm tidal waves are due chiefly to the mere driving force of the winds, but partly to the elevation of the ocean surface at the storm center under the diminished pressure of the atmosphere above it, and partly, in the case of the relatively small cyclones of the tropics, to the heaping up of water by the convergence of winds toward the center. The waves generated by the storm spread out on all sides, and within the storm area there is a general rise of the water, sometimes described as a storm tide, that is capable of causing destructive floods on low shores over which the storm passes.

The waves and swells from a storm may travel far outside the storm area and thus they sometimes break upon a shore where, at the time, the air is perfectly calm. A remarkable case of this kind occurred on August 29, 1916, when the U.S.S. *Memphis*, lying at anchor off the city of Santo Domingo, was driven ashore and wrecked by huge waves unattended by any wind. Much mystery was made of this occurrence by magazine and newspaper writers, who attributed it to the effects of a great submarine volcanic eruption, but the more prosaic truth appears from the weather reports of the day in question. A small

cyclone was passing on that day not far to the southward of the exposed roadstead in which the *Memphis* lay.

It is probable that tropical hurricanes cause, in the long run, more devastation of property and more loss of human life through the effects of their attendant waves and floods than through the direct action of wind. The Galveston hurricane of September 8, 1900, was an example of what is likely to happen when one of these tempests passes over a populous low-lying shore. The city, not then protected by its present sea wall, was invaded by the waters of the Gulf and most of the 6,000 victims of the disaster perished by drowning.

The shores of the Bay of Bengal have been ravaged by the most murderous storm tidal waves recorded anywhere in the tropics. On October 7, 1737, a cyclone passing over the bay raised the water in the River Hugli forty feet. The adjoining delta lands were submerged and some 300,000 lives were lost. In the same region, at the mouth of the Meghna, the Backergunge hurricane of 1876 caused an immediate loss of 100,000 lives by drowning, while about the same number of victims succumbed to the after-effects of the storm in the shape of pestilence and famine. Among the islands of the Pacific and along the coasts of China there have been several disasters of this kind that, in their toll of human life, completely eclipse the worst ever experienced in the United States or the West Indies.

TWO POEMS

BY MUNA LEE

Champion

DEMONS, goblins, warlocks, dragons,
Stars and planets, saints and angels,
Llama, lizard, barracuda:
Among such creatures, Man is of all
Most gallant and fantastical.
Frail spirit with such frail gear to wear
(Flesh and bone a web to fold it,
Time and space twin gyves to hold it)
Conscious of doom, yet nerved to bear
The iron weight of earth, the hollow sphere of air!

II

Deliverance

I am my own now, never need there be telling
Of the thought that lures and lingers and brightens the mind's dark crevice;
Nevermore the difficult choosing of words to make words plainer;
I am my own now, my silence a proud possession;
From the crags and crannies of silence never need there be dispossession.
If the awful apocalyptic vision flare and thunder about me,
Only within myself need I seek for a clue and a meaning;
I may pick windflowers in the fields, showing none how earth has stained purple
The underleaf close to the ground; I may walk in the rain and the dark.
I am my own, and no other can stand between me and the mountains:
Beauty savored slowly in quiet replaces the haste and the voices.

NO-ACCOUNT ACCOUNTING

BY CLIFFORD B. REEVES

IF THE financial débâcle of the last three years has shown anything, it has proved conclusively that in an alarming number of cases the present accounting methods of American corporations have failed to give investors a true picture of the situation of their companies. The fact that so many corporations, under the lax accounting procedures prevailing, were able to keep from the eyes of investors the true condition of their affairs unquestionably prolonged and accentuated the ruinous inflation of the late 1920's. Investors who retained their holdings, or made new commitments during that period, on the basis of misleading or over-optimistic reports, might never have done so if adequate and impartial information had been available to them.

The inadequacy of present accounting and its responsibility for the recent disasters have been recognized by such a leading financial authority as Richard Whitney, president of the New York Stock Exchange. In a recent address before the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce he said:

It is now generally realized that the lack of complete disclosure of the results of business operations contributed to the inflation of security values which preceded the panic of 1929. More frank and more complete information might have prevented many people from assuming that profitable operation would continue indefinitely. . . . Had they known that in some instances a large part of these profits were

due to non-recurring or fortuitous circumstances and in others to the use of accounting methods which resulted in an overstatement of income, they might have been less optimistic and security prices might not have become so inflated.

In periods of prosperity, when the solvency of the average corporation is unquestioned and security-holders are reaping profits, no one seems to care much how the books are kept. But when business is so bad that first-mortgage bondholders lie awake nights worrying over their next interest coupons, investors suddenly take a frenzied interest in financial statements and their make-up. Then, or subsequently, when receivers are appointed, the security-holders frequently discover, to their amazement, that contrary to the age-old maxim, figures sometimes *do* lie.

They find that a dollar of so-called earnings does not necessarily mean a dollar available for interest or dividends; that intercompany transactions which may prove ruinous have been undisclosed; that a large part of their apparent profit was non-recurring, although they had no previous reason to believe so; that earnings may be artificially inflated by unsound corporate and accounting devices; that the apparent value of pledged collateral may be diluted by the artifices of the lawyer and accountant; and that false values may be created by artificial and arbitrary write-ups. In short, they find that financial statements upon which they relied innocently really

failed to reveal many important facts that should have been known to them, and that any impartial and competent investigator might have unearthed.

In any consideration of the weaknesses and inadequacies of present corporate accounting, no mention need be made of those cases in which outright fraud has been perpetrated. There always have been, and probably always will be, a limited number of cases of downright dishonesty in corporation management, so cleverly concealed that even rigid audits may fail to reveal them for a considerable period of time. The matter of chief concern is not such isolated cases, but rather a consideration of the manner in which the present accounting procedure countenances, or at least makes possible, the presentation of financial statements which, though technically accurate, frequently are so misleading or incomplete as to lull the investor into a feeling of false security.

II

There are given below a number of case histories of recent date, all involving well-known American corporations, which show clearly the manner in which present accounting methods have been found wanting. In some of these cases, the accounts were audited by certified public accountants. In others, statements were issued by the companies, unaudited. In either case, however, the statements and other data presented were the official representations of the companies involved, and as such, comprised the data upon which security-holders relied.

Case No. 1

A large merchandising company, whose books were regularly audited by a firm of certified public accountants, showed in its

annual report a net profit of more than \$8,300,000 for the year, and a balance sheet surplus of almost \$22,000,000. Shortly thereafter a new management was installed and there was promptly issued a second report, which showed that the supposed profit of \$8,300,000 had really amounted to only \$4,500,000, and that instead of a \$22,000,000 surplus, the company, after necessary write-offs, really showed a deficit of \$750,000.

In the first report, issued under the original management, it was stated that "net profit from operations" in the year had exceeded \$7,500,000. The new management, however, stated that the net profit from the operation of the company's stores had been less than \$400,000, and that the balance included in "net profit from operations" comprised chiefly a write-up for *unrealized* appreciation in the market value of miscellaneous investments. Yet the stockholders, when reading the original report had every reason to assume that "net profit from operations" meant profits arising from the operation of the company's stores, and had no way of knowing that millions of dollars of earnings apparently available to their shares represented an untaken paper profit that perhaps never could be realized, and certainly could not be regarded as regularly recurring income.

The original misleading report stated that "the books, accounts and records of your company and all its subsidiaries and controlled companies have been audited by ————— & Company, certified public accountants. The income statements and balance sheets contained in this report have been made in *slightly condensed* form from these audits." Ostensibly, this was an independent verification to stockholders of the accuracy and soundness of the statements, but actually it was not. In the first place, the letter, or "certificate," as it is

known, of the accounting firm, was not given in the company's report. This certificate is always highly important, for the reason that it usually contains any reservations, exceptions, or omissions in procedure to which the accuracy of the financial statements is subject. The publication of the full text of this certificate should be mandatory, if the financial statements shown are alleged to have been audited.

In the second place, it will be noted that the report states that "income accounts and balance sheets contained in this report have been made in *slightly condensed* form from these audits." This sounds innocent enough on casual reading, but actually such condensation may have resulted in the lumping of sound and unsound income under a misleading heading, and thus may have changed the significance of the entire statement of earnings.

All published statements which are accompanied by the assertion that an audit has been conducted should be set up in a form identical with the original statements approved by the certified public accountants. If, for any reason, condensation is resorted to, it should be done with the expressed approval of the auditing firm and should be accompanied by an opinion from them that it does not materially alter the significance of the figures.

Case No. 2

A utility holding company which found itself facing difficulties two years ago caused one of its financially strong operating subsidiaries to issue \$7,000,000 of short term bonds, despite the fact that the operating company itself had no use of its own for the proceeds. The bulk of this sum received by the operating company was promptly lent "upstream" to the holding company for use in meeting the latter's expenses and charges. When the bonds of

the operating company were about to mature, market conditions were so disrupted that no refunding operation was feasible. Meanwhile, the holding company, whose financial troubles had increased in the interim, was unable to repay the amount it had borrowed. Thereupon the operating company, with millions of dollars' worth of securities in public hands, was faced with a receivership as a result of burdening itself with additional debt from which it had received no real benefit.

Statements of the operating company issued subsequent to this transaction showed the "upstream loan" as an asset on the balance sheet, innocently labelled "due from affiliated companies," and its security-holders, unless they were competent analysts of financial statements, were completely unaware of the abuse perpetrated against their company.

Case No. 3

Following the collapse of a large utility system a plan was proposed for its reorganization. The usual *pro forma* (i.e., hypothetical) statements were issued, giving effect to the proposed steps in the reorganization, and showing the position and earnings of various securities to be outstanding after such adjustments. On the basis of these statements, which were unaudited, the security-holders were asked to support the plan by exchanging their securities and by subscribing new capital. The earnings to be available to the common stock of the reorganized company were shown at almost \$1,000,000.

An examination of detailed reports that were not publicly available showed that large amounts of the company's earnings comprised simply income credits, such as credits for "overhead expenses capitalized" and "interest and operating loss capitalized", none of which produced cash in-

come. These items meant simply that after suffering a deduction from income because of such expenses or losses, the company, properly or improperly, charged them against the capital account and arbitrarily credited such amounts back to the income account. This improved the income statement, but did not increase by one penny the cash available for payment of interest or dividends. Frequently, such credits are entirely sound from an accounting standpoint, but often the privilege is abused in an effort to pad the income account.

In the case of the company under discussion, intangible earnings of this sort, and extraordinary non-recurring income were so large that a deduction of them for the purpose of ascertaining truly capturable earnings indicated that on the latter basis, after deduction for adequate depreciation, the common stock showed a deficit of almost \$2,000,000, instead of earnings of \$1,000,000, as reported.

Case No. 4

The average stockholder regards the surplus of his company as a fund of earnings that instead of being distributed in dividends, has been stored up against future contingencies. If the surplus of a corporation represented only "earned surplus" this conception would be correct. There are, however, certain other sorts of surplus, among them the so-called "capital surplus", which is frequently of doubtful origin, and which all too often is used as a medium for the absorption of charges which should properly be made against current earnings.

As an illustration of this, consider the case of a corporation which instead of issuing 6% bonds at par, issued 5% bonds at a discount. Under such circumstances, sound accounting principles require an amortization of the discount at a rate suffi-

cient to write it off entirely by the time the bonds mature. The reason for this is obvious. The corporation is obligated to pay the bonds at par at their maturity, whereas it received considerably less than par for them. The discount, in effect, replaced the additional interest that it would have been necessary to pay in order to have sold the bonds at par. The proper amortization of the discount is thus just as much a fixed charge as is the payment of interest.

In this case, however, instead of including annual amortization of the discount in the fixed charges against current earnings, the corporation caused its properties to be re-appraised at a figure higher than that at which they were being carried on the balance sheet. By writing their value up to this new and higher figure, the corporation automatically created an additional surplus, known as "capital surplus", as differentiated from "earned surplus". Against this capital surplus, arising merely from re-appraisal, there was charged off the entire amount of the bond discount, thus eliminating the need to charge it against current income. As a result, the annual fixed charges of the company were substantially reduced and the apparent coverage of such charges was augmented.

Case No. 5

In the corporate mazes of modern holding companies, inter-company transactions are frequently highly important factors. Such holding companies and their subsidiaries, however, usually report on the so-called consolidated basis, whereby all intercompany items are eliminated. As an instance of how serious such lack of information may be to security-holders, consider the case of a utility company which, in addition to operating certain properties itself, owned 100% of the common stock of some operating subsidiaries. For un-

known reasons this parent company decided to purchase from one of its subsidiaries certain properties owned by the latter, in order to transfer such properties to another subsidiary, newly organized.

The company from which the properties were to be taken, however, had mortgage bonds outstanding, secured by the properties to be transferred. Therefore, the trustee for that issue, before approving the release of the properties, insisted upon the pledge by the parent company of a demand note in the amount of \$10,000,000. The subsequent statement of the parent company to its own security-holders, prepared on a consolidated basis, did not reveal the existence of this short-term intercompany obligation of \$10,000,000, for the reason that in such a statement, intercompany items are eliminated. But when the parent company could not pay or finance the note, the security-holders found themselves faced with a receivership, with their equity seriously diluted by the intercompany obligation, of whose existence they were unaware.

Case No. 6

The growth of holding companies with myriad subsidiaries has led to the almost universal adoption of what is known as the consolidated statement of earnings. Under this method, the total revenues of the company and all its subsidiaries are reported, the total charges of the subsidiaries are then deducted, and the balance is labelled "available for holding company charges and dividends". Theoretically and technically, this is a true statement, but the practical difficulty is that it is impossible to convert every dollar of subsidiary company earnings into cash with which to pay the fixed charges and dividends of the holding company. In other words, the holding company is primarily dependent

for its income, not upon the balance of earnings shown to be available to it by a consolidated statement of income, but on the actual cash dividends that can be declared by its operating subsidiaries. From this standpoint, the so-called consolidated statement may give a very misleading impression.

One large holding company, whose securities were melting away rapidly in the market last year, issued an interim report to reassure its security-holders. The consolidated earnings statement showed that the total fixed charges of the company and all its subsidiaries were being earned about 1.25 times over. Thus reassured, most holders of the company's debentures retained their bonds.

The fact of the matter, however, was that the margin of earnings of most of the subsidiaries over their own fixed charges was so small that they were unable in many cases to declare cash dividends on the stocks held by the holding company. As a result the holding company, despite the complete coverage of all charges, as shown in the consolidated statement, promptly found itself without sufficient cash income to meet its own bond interest, and a reorganization of the entire system proved necessary.

This and many other instances like it have clearly proved the fallacy of the consolidated income account. The alternative method of reporting is what is known as a "direct dividend basis", by which method the holding company reports as income only the dividends actually received by it from subsidiary companies. That method may involve an understatement, for the reason that the undistributed equity earnings of subsidiaries, over and above their dividends, represent an accrual to the holding company. But the "direct dividend basis", when used alone, may be an exag-

generation of the earnings position of the holding company—for example, if subsidiary companies declare dividends in excess of their actual earnings. The best answer to the whole problem seems to lie in the adoption of both methods. The “consolidated” statement will show the investor the total accrual to his investment, while the “direct dividend” statement will show him the cash income actually available for payment of his company’s fixed charges and dividends.

Case No. 7

When holding company securities were a new development and little was known about them by the public, it was customary to offer bonds of such companies on the basis of a so-called “coverage”, figured by showing the balance available for such charges as compared with the total of such charges. Take the case of a holding company whose consolidated net earnings, *i.e.*, earnings of subsidiaries, were \$5,000,000. The fixed charges of the subsidiaries, however, were \$3,000,000 and the deduction of these left a balance of \$2,000,000 for the holding company. Now, the latter company’s bonds required annual interest payments of \$500,000, so the statement was made that interest on the holding company’s bonds was earned four times.

Although perhaps technically true, that statement was grossly misleading. An investor who buys a bond on the basis of a “four times” coverage of interest charges naturally believes that 75% of the earning power can disappear and still leave his interest earned. In the case under discussion, however, the earning power is that of the subsidiary companies, which, as stated, is \$5,000,000. With \$3,000,000 of subsidiary charges and \$500,000 of holding company charges, the total charges against such earnings are \$3,500,000. Therefore, the

true “coverage” of charges is in the ratio of 5 to 3½, or 1.43 times. This presents a greatly different picture than that which is implied by the “four times” coverage claimed for the holding company charges.

To carry this to the point of absurdity, for purposes of illustrating the fallacy involved, assume subsidiary net earnings of \$5,000,000, prior subsidiary fixed charges of \$4,900,000, and holding company fixed charges of only \$25,000. With a balance of \$100,000 available to the holding company so implied, interest charges of \$25,000 for the latter may be said to be covered four times. But the real coverage is only 1.02 times, because, actually, the excess of earnings over combined fixed charges is only \$75,000. Therefore, a decline of only 2% in the total net earnings of \$5,000,000 will mean that the holding company will fail to earn its bond interest.

Case No. 8

A large utility holding corporation which had debenture bonds outstanding included in the indenture securing such bonds the covenant that it would not pledge any of its assets, *i.e.*, stocks of its operating companies, without ratably securing the debenture issue. To nullify this protection to bondholders, a new company was organized, which gave all of its common stock to the holding company in exchange for certain of the latter’s assets. These assets were then pledged by the new company to secure bank loans, the proceeds of which were then reloaned to the holding company. As a result of this device, the holding company, despite its dilution of the bondholders’ equity, could continue to state that none of its assets had been pledged. Its reports to its security-holders failed to reveal that an important part of the security for the debenture bonds had, in effect, been subjected to a prior lien.

Case No. 9

A large utility system whose difficulties were well known was enjoying unusually strong market support for its securities. This led to the rumor that an affiliated company, whose financial position was still strong, was using its own funds to support the securities of its ailing affiliate. Officials of the accused company stoutly denied that their company had done any such thing. This subsequently was proved to be a technically true statement, but it was later disclosed that the company had advanced funds to a subsidiary, which in turn had supported the market. Despite the technical accuracy of the denial, the stockholders of the sound company actually suffered a loss of many millions, after having had adequate reason to believe they were immune to such losses.

III

Despite the obvious weaknesses, deceptions and omissions illustrated by the cases just discussed, there is no intention to allege here that American corporate accounting methods are basically or universally dishonest, or that accountants as a class are arch-conspirators. The great majority of large corporations present their accounts in a reasonably sound form. The cases discussed above, however, and many others like them that might be mentioned, indicate clearly that lack of uniformity in policies and methods, coupled with the increasing complexity of intercorporate relationships, has too often permitted abuses to creep in. Furthermore, it is clear that under present accounting practices, security-holders in many cases are not receiving important detailed information to which they are properly entitled.

The latter defect results from the fact

that the scope of audits has not been extended to keep step with the increasing ramifications of business procedure. In the days of small unit businesses, a balance sheet and income account alone gave a reasonably complete and satisfactory picture of a company's condition. For the giant corporate octopus of today, however, the mere certification of a balance sheet and income account alone is no longer sufficient. The scope of audits should be broadened to include a detailed examination of a company's affairs from the standpoint of the security-holders.

This is not done today in most cases primarily because the certified public accountants who audit a company's books are invariably retained by the management of the company itself. The practice is basically unsound, for the very people whose conduct of the business is to be investigated are given the right to choose the people who do the investigating. As a result, it is inevitable that certified public accountants are frequently placed under pressure by the management to compromise on certain points, under penalty of not being retained in the future. This may not occur in the case of a frank and honest management, but it is not for such managements that audits are primarily conducted.

Frequently so short a time limit is placed upon the accountant's work that an adequate audit is physically impossible. And frequently the management sets definite limits on the work to be done, specifying that inventories or other items shall not be audited. Moreover, the fee which the management is willing to pay is sometimes not sufficient to permit the accountants to do a thorough job. Many accounting firms refuse to accept business unless given *carte blanche*, but by a little shopping around a company is invariably able to find some

firm willing to do the work on its terms and conditions.

If, instead, auditors were retained by a committee of security-holders, this fundamental weakness of the present system would be corrected. Such a committee should instruct the accountants to make the most complete audit possible and to look for every point of weakness in the company's condition. The scope of the audit could be increased to include a discussion of many important points not revealed by a balance sheet or income account alone. Under such a system, the more frank and complete the auditors are, the more likely they will be to retain the business. This will put a premium on efficiency, rather than on evasiveness and willingness to compromise.

Another great need for change lies in the necessity for greater uniformity in accounting principles and practices. The American Institute of Accountants has recently laid down certain principles to be followed by all corporations, and the New York Stock Exchange will henceforth impose them on all corporations applying for the listing of their issues. These principles provide: that unrealized profits shall not be included in income; that capital surplus, however created, shall not be used to relieve the income account of charges which should properly be made against it; that the earned surplus of a subsidiary company created prior to acquisition does not form a part of the consolidated earned surplus

of the parent company and its subsidiaries; that dividends on the stock of a company held in its own treasury should not be treated as a credit to the income account of the company; and that notes or accounts receivable due from officers or employés must be shown separately and not lumped under a general heading with other receivables.

Every corporation which has its securities in the public's hands should be required by law to submit to an audit at least once annually, and as I have said, the auditors should be retained by a committee of security-holders, rather than by the management. More uniform accounting procedures should be adopted, and the scope of the audit should be broadened to include a discussion of many features now not covered, but which are essential in view of present-day corporate structures. In any event, the audit, when completed, should be published in full and distributed to all security-holders, together with a facsimile of the certificate signed by the auditors, containing any reservations made, exceptions taken or procedures omitted.

If any condensation of form is resorted to, it should be issued only with the expressed approval of the auditors, accompanied by a statement from them saying that in their opinion it does not materially affect the nature or significance of the figures, nor result in the withholding of important information.

MAGIC IN AMERICAN TATTOOING

BY ALBERT PARRY

IN the old days it was the custom for a Christian pilgrim to the Holy Land, shortly after his arrival in Jerusalem, to have a religious symbol, or a whole series of them, tattooed on his chest or arms. The name or initials of the pilgrim, and the date of his pilgrimage, were usually added. These pious symbols were widely copied in England by persons who had never been to Palestine, and from England the early migrants brought them to America.

But the Puritans of New England prohibited this embellishment, just as they frowned on the native Indian tattooing. Had they been allowed to do so, the Indians would have strengthened the imported tattooings by sharing their own totemic opulence with the white newcomers. When, in the Eighteenth Century, Bossu, the French explorer, visited the Arkansas (Quapaw) Indians, they tattooed his thigh with the sign of a roebuck. It was a sacred and joyous ceremony, and the Quapaw told him that all their allies would welcome him as a brother when he showed his mark. But the Puritans remembered the prohibition of tattooing in the Old Testament (Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you: Leviticus, xix, 28), and so they banned the Indian art. Eventually, in New England, tattooing came to be a mark, not of piety, but of crime, and in 1818 the Massachusetts Legislature ordered that

every second-term convict, prior to his release from the State prison, was to be tattooed on the inner side of the upper part of the left arm with the letters "Mass. S.P." and the date of his release.

Herman Melville, in his "Omoo," wrote of "a feeling akin to horror," with which he and his fellow-sailors of the early 40's gazed at a blue shark tattooed on the forehead of an Englishman in the South Seas, "a renegado from Christendom and humanity." To Melville the mark was "far worse than Cain's." But American seamanship gave battle to Puritanism, and in the course of time American sailors began to bring home magic designs from the Far East and South Seas, and religious tattooings from the Near East. A. T. Sinclair, a Boston anthropologist, said in 1908:

A large proportion of our naval officers at some time visit Jerusalem, and I have never been able to hear of one who did not conform to the usual custom. One petty officer, a first-class yeoman, was the only exception. He told me that he should have been tattooed, but did not have time.

Studying the medical histories of the victims infected with syphilis by James Kelly, a tramp-tattooer (Philadelphia, 1877), I find that among other disease-carrying designs there were a large crucifixion on the chest, a crucifix on the right forearm, and a crucifix with a background of two oriental-looking buildings and a small tree (Judas's tree?). Kelly was a

painter, born in Bucks county, Pa. Among the twenty-odd men whom he infected through his tattooing, only one was a sailor; the rest were iron-puddlers, a brick-maker, a butcher, a machinist, a teamster, and some common laborers. The custom of tattooing began to spread among the American landlubbers in the 60's and 70's.

II

Today, the three most popular designs among the American tattoo-addicts are the Rock of Ages, Jesus on the Cross, and a cross with a legend, usually either "Dear Mother," or "To my Mother." The Rock of Ages is a favorite with sailors and usually shows a naval background, such as a ship in full sail. The crucifix is often supplied with two angels ministering to Jesus. The mother-cross frequently has a weeping willow behind and above it and a sad sailor in front, slightly to the right. There is also a cross with a flaming heart in its middle, and a royal crown encircling its lower extremity. Some mother-crosses are accompanied by girl-angels of sensual aspect.

Less frequent, yet persisting, are such designs as St. George on horseback with a long spear directed at a vanquished dragon on the ground; the Madonna with the infant Jesus; Peter and the crowing cock; the infant Jesus with angels looking down at Him from the clouds; the head of Jesus in the crown of thorns; and Jesus bearing the cross, with the Holy Spirit descending in the form of a dove. A more elaborate tattooing is that of the Last Supper. In 1927 Dr. Marvin D. Shie reported a case where, beneath the Last Supper, occupying the entire back of the man, were the words: "Much obliged to Joe." Joe was a generous friend who had paid a high fee for the tattooing.

One of the best reproductions of the Last Supper is that on the back of Princess Beatrice, an American circus performer, with the admonishment, in large letters, underneath: "Love One Another." To keep up with his name, C. E. Church, another circus performer, commissioned a Boston tattooer to cover his back with the Madonna and Child, the job taking four months and costing Church several hundred dollars. Prices depend on the fervor of the client and the size of the design. A Bowery tattooer remarked: "I can do a Rock of Ages for \$1.50, but if a man is real religious I can do one on his back worth \$150."

A remarkable example of the Lord's Prayer in tattooing was discovered in a San Francisco hospital, early in this century, on the back of a sick sailor. He hailed from Nova Scotia, and came from a devout family. His mother, on her deathbed, had asked him never to part from the back cover of the family Bible, having the Lord's Prayer printed in golden letters. For many years he carried the cover, but one day, in a fight with a fellow sailor, he dropped it overboard. From then on, many misfortunes visited him, and he attributed them to the loss of the Lord's Prayer. Finally, a friend interrupted his tale of woe to suggest that he have it tattooed on his back. The sailor gladly followed the suggestion, ordered the best job available, and behold! his troubles ceased.

In New York and other large American cities, the most numerous orders for religious tattooings have been coming of late from Italian youths. In addition to crucifixes, pictures of their patron saints are inscribed on their arms and chests. Spaniards and Porto Ricans in New York and elsewhere have been recently following the Italians. On the throat of a Penn-

sylvania Pole I found the words: "Jesus Saves." The Pole came from Warsaw to Wilkes-Barre in 1900 as a boy of eleven; he speaks broken English, but all of the mottoes on his body are in English and grammatically correct, being the work of American tattooers.

Devils with horns and tails are often ordered by God-fearing Americans, usually when they want to spite or awe their wives. Swastika crosses are growing in popularity. Professor Charley Wagner, of the Bowery, the dean of American tattooers (forty-three years in the line), tells me that Italian immigrants were the first to introduce the swastika into American tattooing.

The very word *swastika* is as yet a tongue-twister to the average American tattooer. Usually he says: "Oh, you mean the cross that's on them taxis." Lately, for some obscure reason, the American tattooers call the swastika "that weegee cross." When reversed, it is supposed to bring bad luck. Professor Wagner tells me that in one case he had to surcharge a reversed swastika with a flower, and then tattoo a correct swastika on another part of the body. The customer was full of the misfortunes that the reversed "weegee" had brought him.

In England, the recently deceased Sutherland Macdonald, who started a fad for tattooing in London society, once revealed that among his clients he had many clergymen. He tattooed a serpent around a cross on a bishop's arm; a crucifix nearly a foot long on the chest of a Jesuit missionary bound for China; and the badge of a religious order on a whole community of monks belonging to that order. In America, says Professor Wagner, the few priests who want to get tattooed go in for general designs in preference to religious symbols. Says he:

They see some picture on the skin of a parishioner and like it. They get in touch with me and ask for a duplicate. But they have it tattooed on a part of the body where it's hidden by the clothes. Also, they wouldn't have it done here, in the shop. No, sir, they have it done private.

The serpent is often put around the cross because it is the symbol of eternity. For this reason many Americans have a snake zigzagging down their arms, from the shoulder to the wrist and sometimes to the tips of the fingers, each finger covered with a branch of the snake's tongue. The serpent around the cross is popular in America, but you may also have a serpent emerging from a human skull, or weaving itself around a deadly dagger, or around a smiling girl in her birthday suit.

III

Many persons see medicinal qualities in the very act of tattooing. The Pennsylvania Pole, mentioned above, was an extreme example of this belief. He was tattooed from head to toe, but he wouldn't tell me the reason. When he left the Bowery establishment where we met, Professor Ted (Edgar) Hazzard told me that this man gets himself tattooed on a member of his body every time he ails in that particular spot. He claims immediate relief after each tattooing. If there is already a design on an afflicted spot, it is surcharged with another. Professor Wagner tells me that some of his clients request the work of the tattooing machine without the inks. He claims that rheumatism, particularly, is helped by tattooing, whether inky or inkless. A blue spot on each temple is sometimes considered a good preventive of headache.

For the life-preserving effect, the American sailor usually relies on a pig,

or, now and then, a rooster. A pig, or a pig's head, is generally tattooed on the sailor's left instep. It is considered a charm against any trouble meeting the ship, and, more particularly, a sure charm against the sailor's drowning. Sometimes, a humorous headgear is given the pig, but that does not mean that the sailor makes fun of the superstition. It is a genial belief, this faith in a pig tattoo on the foot, and the sailor does not see why he should be solemn about it. A little fun wouldn't hamper the working of the charm.

But I have not as yet seen a single rooster design with a humorous touch. Is it because the Christian faith here finds its echo? I refer back to the times when American sailors brought from Jerusalem tattooings representing Peter and the crowing cock. Perhaps the modern rooster on the sailor's right foot, guarding him against catastrophe, is a descendant of Peter's rooster, and you couldn't be funny about it. Yet in some cases, an erotic

touch is added to the rooster. In Los Angeles, I saw a tattoo showing a naked maiden astride him.

Some American sailors have eyes tattooed around their nipples. They claim that this additional pair of eyes enables them to see things better when they are on watch. I am also told of a few cases where a pair of ship's propellers, or twin screws, have been tattooed on a sailor's buttocks. The idea is that such designs enhance the celerity of a man's movements on deck and shore. Similarly, some sailors and shore-mechanics go in for hinges tattooed on their arms, on each side of the elbow. This, they say, gives their arms more swing and strength. Some seamen have on their hand-knuckles the magic legend, "Hold Fast," a tattooed letter to each knuckle, thumbs excepted. Others prefer the legend, "True Love," and insist that it is just as efficacious as the nautical term in keeping them from falling from aloft.

CENSORED

BY LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY

VIRGINIA HOLCOMB, deaconess of the Hardwick Memorial Church, was sitting at her desk going through a sheaf of notes. Her office was just off the north end of the Sunday-school room. The door was open, and by moving over to her right she could have seen the pastor's study at the other end of the Sunday-school room. The words Pastor's Study were on the door in white letters.

On Miss Holcomb's desk, within easy reach, was a stack of some half dozen books, each with several strips of red paper in it. She had just finished checking the notes against the marked passages in the books, and was now underlining a memorandum here and there. To the left of the books was a small Bible; to the right, five glasses and a tall pitcher. A tiny piece of ice was floating in the pitcher, which was about half full of water. It was Saturday afternoon, in mid-August, and though there was a draft of air now and then it was not enough to stir the bluish-gray drapes that had been drawn almost together across the open window.

Miss Holcomb underlined another word or so, then put the notes down and sat stiffly upright, the vertical wrinkles of a frown making her high forehead look even higher. She could hear an occasional knocking sound out in the auditorium. Ordinarily, the auditorium was kept partitioned off from the Sunday-school room by a series of sliding doors or panels, but now one of these was open. The thumping or

knocking meant that the janitor was still out there, dusting the seats with a cloth and brush. Now and then the brush handle would strike against a seat, thus making the knocking sound.

Miss Holcomb got up noiselessly, stood in the doorway a second, and then went out into the Sunday-school room to where the partition was open. She looked into the auditorium. The janitor, at the far side, was sliding the dust cloth along the back of a seat. He was pretty well up toward the pulpit and ought to be done in a few minutes. A couple of hours ago he had finished with the pastor's study and had started in on the Sunday-school room. But when the members of the committee came in, he had gone into the main auditorium. The four women had just left.

The janitor was poky and asthmatic, and even while Miss Holcomb was standing there he had a fit of sneezing. When the sneezing let up she called to him, "You needn't finish the Sunday-school room, George. I'll take care of it."

He turned toward her, the dust cloth like a weight in his hand. He was gray-faced and collapsed-looking, with a head of bushy, grizzled hair. "You hadn't oughta put yourself out that way, ma'am," he said. "I can get done in no time." His voice was like his face, thin and colorless.

The deaconess glanced at the wall clock, high up and to the right of the pulpit. "Well, you go on home and do something for that cold. I'll finish things in here."

III

Without waiting for him to say anything more, she went back to her office and sat down before the books again. They were from Richards' Bookshop, and during the past two hours had been under examination by the censorship committee of which she was chairman. Cheap novels of recent publication, they bore such titles as "This My Body" and "A Little Love for Judith."

The committee was one of the newer committees of the Asbury Women's Club. And now, as a result of this afternoon's deliberation, it had decided, after some objection by one of the younger women, to leave no stone unturned to effect a boycott of Richards' shop. A report was to be drawn up by Miss Holcomb, with a list of the books and with references to the questionable passages.

Miss Holcomb picked up the notes again, paused for some time over this and that memorandum, then put the notes aside and took a green book from the stack. Moving her chair over to the left and out of line with the door, she began reading at the marked places, turning from passage to passage, and occasionally raising her head to listen to the janitor. She could hear his feet padding along the carpeted aisles, could hear, after a time, the closing of windows, and finally the opening and closing of the door at the west entry.

She crossed her legs and settled down on a passage midway in the book, reading two or three pages slowly, then rereading them even more slowly. A couple of men, talking and laughing, came along by the church. They stopped under her window for a minute, one of them reaching up and striking a match on the stone ledge. A wisp of smoke from pipe or cigar, another word or so, and they were gone. Miss Holcomb listened to the dying away of their

voices, and then, leaning back in her chair, ran her hand up along her forehead and on over her smooth, black hair.

Half rising, she bent over to the right, her thin face flushing, her pale, rather thick lips parted. She could see the white letters on the pastor's door sharply outlined against the dark oak. Getting up, she walked about the office, stopping after a bit by a wicker stand, near the window, and rearranging the flowers in a blue vase. They were white carnations, one of them pretty badly wilted.

II

Sparrows began quarreling outside in the elm, and two of them flew to the screened window, clinging there for a moment and then flicking themselves out of sight. Miss Holcomb kept standing by the wicker table, her right hand, palm down, against it, close to the vase. Gradually, her long, dark fingers drew together into a tight fist. Street noises came into the church, echoing hollowly, and making sounds now and then as of footsteps in the auditorium. Possibly the janitor had come back, a thing he was eternally doing. She tiptoed out through the Sunday-school room and into the auditorium, making a complete circuit of it, and pausing at both the south and west entries to see whether the doors were locked. Returning to the Sunday-school room, she drew the partition nearly shut.

A lesson chart, showing a brightly-colored picture of Isaac blessing Jacob, caught her eye for a moment. It was last Sunday's lesson. She herself had a class of high-school girls, one of them the Bruce girl. It was Mrs. Bruce that had made some objection to boycotting Richards. A knocking came at the west entry, and Miss Holcomb recalled that at five she had an

appointment with a woman about some charity work. The knocking kept up for a while and then stopped. She tiptoed back to the office, looking at her watch. It was nearly five now. Someone rattled the handle of the south door and a woman's voice said something, but Miss Holcomb stood dead still until the rattling let up.

The green book was lying open on the desk, and Miss Holcomb rested her eye for a long time on a sentence at the bottom of the page. Finally, she replaced the book on the stack. Men's voices were coming along under her window again, one of them loud and insistent. They passed on, and Miss Holcomb crossed the room, pulled the window down, and drew the drapes together. After a moment of listening, she ran her hands along her hips, then clasped them tightly across her stomach.

She was an oddly-built woman, some thirty-five years old, and even the dimming of the light didn't improve her looks much. A black dress followed the absurd lines of her figure—the fattish hips, the small, long waist—that gave an impression of tight corseting—and the full breasts. But with hips and breasts made for a plump body she might have been passable if it hadn't been for a thin neck and a tall, sharp face, the black eyes set in close to a curved nose. Her hair was drawn into a heavy knot at the back of her head.

There came a knocking, as before, at the side entry, but she paid no attention to it, scarcely noting when it let up. She breathed deeply a couple of times against her clasped hands. Then she was at the table, taking all the markers out of the green book with the exception of that at the passage she had last read.

With the book held tight, and almost hidden under her left arm, she stole through the Sunday-school room, opened the door of the study with a quick quiet-

ness, stepped inside, and placed the book on the pastor's desk. Some loose typewritten papers were lying there, the manuscript of a sermon. She gathered the papers together and carried them, along with a hymnal and a Bible, over to the table by the lounge. At the desk again, she scribbled a note, laying it beside the book. She would be in after awhile, the note said, to see about tomorrow's services. Her body, pressed against the desk, grew suddenly tense, and her eyes went shut.

But a creaking somewhere in the church sent her hurrying back to her office, where she sat listening until the church was silent. The faces of the girls in her Sunday-school class began passing through her mind like a row of bright cameos, then the faces of the women on the committee, all save Mrs. Bruce's, hard-lined and militant. And last the gray-whiskered face of old Richards, a long cigar rolling from corner to corner of his mouth, a devilish defiance in his goat's beard. Her eye fell on the Bible and a trembling seized her. She got up and started for the study. But she came back, slipped the Bible into a drawer, and clasped her hands out on the desk in front of her until the knuckles shone white and bony.

III

A gang of boys had begun playing ball in the lot to the east of the church. She could hear their yelling, could catch an occasional word. After a minute or so the ball thumped against the side of the church, and a boy ran under her window to recover it, shouting a shrill curse, calling someone—the ball itself, perhaps—a son of a bitch. The hearty ring of the words stayed in Miss Holcomb's head, and she relaxed strangely, her hands fingering the bindings of the books.

She stepped to the door, almost closing it, switched on the light, then opened a drawer of the desk, and from far back in it brought out a small mirror and a vanity case. Her hands had lost their tremor, had become nimble and sure. They moved the top book slightly, making a shelf for the mirror. Then they fussed with her hair, loosening it a little from its tightness and snarling a few strands about her ears into a semblance of curliness. She reddened her lips, gave a touch of red to her cheeks, and ran the powder puff over her face. Taking the mirror to the glass on the wall, she looked at her face in profile. She lifted her shoulders, making her neck appear shorter, and fussed some more with her hair.

Then she was standing by the table again, having replaced the things in the drawer. For full ten minutes she stood there, motionless and taut, hearing her quick breathing, hearing the rumble of a street car, the honking of automobiles, the yelling of the boys, and creakings, once more, in the church. Finally, a door opened at the south entry, and heavy steps, the steps of a big man, came around through the auditorium. The partly closed panel slid back, and the steps, heavier still, came in to the Sunday-school room, sounding for a moment as if they were moving toward her office, but they turned and went the other way. She sprang to the door, then back from it. The door of the pastor's study opened.

A violent trembling shook her, and she fell into the chair, gripping the arms. She could hear the pastor moving about in his study. His door closed, and she couldn't hear him any more; nothing but the whining squeak of the swivel chair. Then she couldn't hear even that. She held her hands hard against her breasts, closed her eyes so tightly that it hurt, and then, for the first time in her life, she swore. "Oh, damn it," she said. "Oh, God damn it!" Tears started from her closed eyes.

And then came once more the knocking at the side entry—an insistent knocking, a pounding, reverberating through the church. Miss Holcomb's eyes suddenly opened wide. She sprang to the door, hurried along the partition to the panel that had been slid back, but the knocking died away. Her hand at her throat, she stood there looking into the auditorium, noting where the light from the high window struck across the pulpit desk, brightening the gilt edges of the Bible.

At a sound from the pastor's study, a dropping of something, a movement of feet, she turned quickly toward her office, remembering her reddened lips. But with the memory of them, she swung suddenly about and walked directly to the door of the study. She tapped lightly just above the white letters, and heard, after a moment, a voice.

Then she went in, closing the door quietly behind her.

THE SOAP-BOX

A WHOOP FOR IDLENESS

THE old-fashioned moralists are still inclined to extol the merit of hard work and even of wasteful drudgery, but would it not be pardonable in these days of unemployment to recall John Milton's plea for those who only "stand and wait"? They at least are not guilty of over-production or of overcrowding the labor market.

Surely, even more than in the days when Bertrand Russell penned his plea for a "vagabond wage" for the idle, the people who shrink from competition with machinery deserve at least release from drudgery and dull care. Thus freed, they would be just as likely now as heretofore to produce, undriven, works meet for the use and entertainment of their fellow-men.

Some of our local distributors of charity (too bad to misuse good words), in their efforts to construe literally and without regard to modern conditions the sublime teaching of St. Paul (II Thes., III, x), are on record as having procured a quantity of old railroad ties, and a number of carefully dulled axes, and broken-toothed saws, for the purpose of providing fuel and at the same time keeping busy the poor victims of closed workshops, whom they probably would consider it absolutely criminal to feed without insisting on some hard, even if fruitless, work as a preliminary.

Thomas Jefferson believed that no score of years ought to pass without its revolution. Let's invoke his shade to the end that all of us, idle or busy, shall enjoy a care-free life from the inherited fruit of

modern technology, and all of us be inspired with the urge to make our world still more enjoyable for our successors.

WILLIAM R. TYMMS, M.D.

Kenduskeag, Me.

WHO IS AN ARISTOCRAT?

WHEN Mr. Lewis Randolph of Virginia sighs in the February Soap-Box for government by aristocrats he disregards the teachings of history. Aristocracy lacks continuity of intelligence and mental virility.

The House of Lords has been pushed into the background by the Commons of England because its members were unable to grasp realities. Royalty is only glorified aristocracy and like David Harum's calf, just "gin out." The truly great Kings were essentially commoners and they could not reproduce themselves. The sheltered life of the aristocrat unfits him for positions of authority. He is out of touch with and therefore doesn't understand the needs and aspirations of the masses.

There is no more cause to call Thomas Jefferson an aristocrat than there is to call Clarence Darrow a noble. No more reason to call George Washington an aristocrat than there is to place Tom Campbell or Hickman Price in that category. Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and Paine were, by any accepted definition of the word, all born and bred commoners. Mr. Randolph will have to go across the Atlantic to find his ideal aristocrat in the person of the driveling George III.

Of contemporary statesmen, the late speaker Nicholas Longworth and Chief Justice Taft both conformed to the aristo-

cratic type. As tribunes of the people the record of neither was comparable with that of George Norris, Hiram Johnson, LaFollette the Elder or William Jennings Bryan. The voice of the people is the voice of God. Aristocrats have never given conspicuous evidence that they hear either. *Hogeland, Mont.* PARK ANDERSON

THE TRUTH ABOUT YOU-ALL

MR. DARWIN F. BOOCK of Spokane, Wash., is misinformed in his statement (which *you-all* published in The Soap-Box for February) that Southerners say *you-all* whether referring to one or more persons. Perhaps he got his idea from Negro mam-mies and black-faced comedians of the stage and screen, both of whom invariably use the expression erroneously, thereby angering such Southerners as are vain about their provincial idioms and detest hearing them mangled—in other words, most Southerners. Or, he may (quite justifiably) have received the wrong notion from the fact that *you-all* is frequently used by Southerners in *addressing* one person, *viz.*:

Will *you-all* go to the movies with me?

But in this instance (and others like it) the implication is that more than one person, although only one may actually be present when the question is asked, is included in the invitation to go to the movies. In short, the expression is simply a word saver. Here, for instance, the use of *you-all* conceivably makes it unnecessary to say: "Will you and your wife and your Aunt Minnie and whatever other members of your household and neighborhood who feel so inclined, go with me to the movies?" I have never met a person who is not a Southerner who could be

made to see this distinction, or who seeing it, would admit that he did. Lord knows why; it's simple enough.

Incidentally, the stage and screen probably are responsible for the widespread misconception that Negroes say *he am*, etc. Actually, *am* is not in the vocabulary of any Southern Negro I ever heard speak. On the contrary, he would conjugate the present tense of the verb *to be* as follows: *I is, you is, he, she or it is, us is, you-all (or y'all) is, they is.*

BERTRAM H. BROWN

Rocky Mount, N. C.

WHITMAN & TUPPER

SOME days ago, staying with a friend in Harrisburg, Pa., I amused myself on a rainy day by examining the Early Victorians in his library. Among other things, there was the first complete edition of Martin F. Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy". In Part I thereof I found the following:

For I also am as thou art; our hearts can
commune together;
To meanest matters will I stoop, for mean
is the lot of mortal.

This Part I was first published in 1837. It had an immense circulation in England and America. Whitman began writing "Leaves of Grass" in 1850. I wonder!

Pittsburgh

LORENZ HARTMANN

CALL FOR ALTRUISTS

WHENEVER one hears of an income taxpayer objecting publicly to the cost of veteran relief (*i.e.*, squawking about the size of *one* item on the bill for the Big Drunk), he is, nine times out of ten, one of those patriots who fatten on the public purse without giving anything, tangible or intangible, in return. He is benefiting from subsidies, tariffs, public contracts or some

of the other forms of legal speculation which enable him to pick the public pocket barefaced and unashamed. I often suspect that there are others outside these categories, but their names are almost never seen in the papers. I think it would be a very good idea if THE AMERICAN MERCURY gave space now and then to the names of these *bona-fide* patriots, who, while not wearing the uniform, none the less served during the late war through purely altruistic motives, placing their resources of all sorts at the disposal of the government without profit; who, when the thing was over, did not sue for additional reimbursements and who are not now benefiting from special privilege of any sort; and who earnestly support the theory that, in the next emergency, money and resources of all kinds shall be drafted as well as men to do the dirty, ugly part of the job.

HARLEY K. CROESSMANN

Du Quoin, Ill.

* * THE AMERICAN MERCURY will be glad to publish the names of such altruists as Dr. Croessmann calls for, if any exist. Every nomination must be accompanied by three affidavits of discreet persons.

FISHBONE COLLEGE

MR. JAMES STUART'S "Freshman at Fishbone" in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for February is a childish attempt to justify his failing to make the grade in a well-known mountain college, all too flimsily disguised as Fishbone. As an alumnus with the class of '29, I have sat at the feet of the Professor Walrus he speaks of, and there I learned that Christ probably didn't walk on the water and that the Bible is a translation from the Greek with not a few mistakes, and wasn't printed in Heaven and dropped through a chute to gaping mortals. It takes a mountain boy a year or more to recover from homesickness; obviously little Jimmy

Stuart did not recover in time to realize that competition is keen at Fishbone, where but one student is admitted in every four applicants.

I ought to know, for in the Fall of '25 I scraped together just about enough earthly belongings to fill the top tray in my new though small Sears-Roebuck trunk and hit the trail for Fishbone. I was homesick almost a year for my home in the hills about twenty miles from Jackson, the county seat of Bloody Breathitt. That first year I greased pans in the college bakery; my senior year found me still in the bakery, but worked up to special order in pastry and catering. In addition, I was assisting in the biology laboratories and at the end of the year pinching myself to see if it could be true that I was in possession of a research fellowship in a metropolitan university, where I am due to receive the doctorate this June.

It was not easy at Fishbone. Yet it was easier than it would have been had we been reminded of our poverty by rubbing elbows in classes with coon skins and being honked out of the campus drive in order to let a swanky Whatchamacallit pass. Fishbone was as democratic as a New York subway. Stuart is peeved because he didn't get a seat and he is too independent to hang on to a strap (or was he too lazy?). Now he is cussing the company that by the greatest economy is maintaining a five-cent fare.

When he enters another college he may learn that the curricula are now featuring scholarship and self-discipline instead of easy seats and collegiate jokes—and it will cost him several times as much as it would at Fishbone!

RAYMOND M. CABLE

*President of the Class of '29, Fishbone
College*

New York University

SEATTLE THE GLORIOUS

MR. JAMES STEVENS' article, "The Natural History of Seattle", in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for last December, gives an exaggerated idea of the importance of John Pennell's brothel in the development of Seattle into a world city and the creation of the so-called Seattle Spirit.

As the son of pioneers and as a resident in or near Seattle since 1865 I know something of the facts. Pennell may have called his place Illahee but it was always known as a madhouse, a term applied to brothels where squaws were kept. Other mill towns had such places. It was not located near Yesler's mill, but a mile away. It was not put out of business by the superior attractions of "Madam" Damnable's place. *Mother* Damnable was a worthy pioneer woman, rather free in the use of profanity, but she conducted a reputable hotel. Seattle was never known as Madam Damnable's town.

John Pennell's brothel had nothing whatever to do with the rivalry between Seattle and Tacoma. Tacoma did not come into existence until 1868, about the time Pennell's place was gasping its last malodorous breath. Seattle was nothing more than a mill town or village during the '60s. The census of 1870 gave it a population of 1,142. Not one person out of a thousand who came to Seattle after 1875 ever heard of Pennell's place.

The rivalry between Seattle and Tacoma grew out of the selection of the latter as the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Tacoma became a railroad town and for many years the people relied on the railroad company to build a city for them. It was only after they threw off that reliance that they made Tacoma the industrial city it now is. Out of Seattle's disappointment grew the Seattle

Spirit, which is only another term for self-reliance. The people, realizing that they could not expect help from others, settled down to accomplish things for themselves. They fought the Northern Pacific Railroad for years, in the courts, in politics and in business until they compelled it to build to them, when Seattle became in fact, if not then in name, the actual terminus.

They looked at their hills and saw that there were too many and not enough level land, so they moved over 50,000,000 cubic yards of hill and filled in over 1,400 acres of flats, an area now intersected by waterways, crossed by paved streets and covered with modern buildings. They built a canal from the salt waters of Puget Sound to the fresh waters of Lake Union and Lake Washington. When gold was discovered in the Klondike, they made the discovery their own, although a thousand miles from the scene. They put their own lines of steamships on the run to Alaska, their own steamers on its rivers, and their salesmen in its camps. The Great Northern and the Chicago & Milwaukee railroads built in and made the city their termini. The Southern Pacific, the Union Pacific and the Canadian Pacific made connections with the city.

Like all rapidly growing cities, Seattle has had its troubles with vice and disorder, but it settled them in stride. In 1882, toughs sought to terrorize the city. A *vigilante* committee in a night and a day hanged three and drove the others out. In 1910, gambling houses and houses of ill-fame were being openly run under the protection of a too complacent city administration. The administration was recalled, the houses were closed and have never since run openly. In 1919, the Reds thought to take over the government of the city. They were quickly squelched.

Seattle, today, fronts the western ocean, undismayed by the Depression, alert, resourceful, self-reliant, ready to avail itself of every helpful influence and to take advantage of every opportunity, confident, however, that it is the master of its own destiny.

Seattle

LAURENCE S. BOOTH

THE WIDOW'S MITE

IN "One Way to Security in Old Age," in the December issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, Mr. G. W. Fitch points out that the hypothetical investment of a widow's \$100,000, three-fifths in bonds and two-fifths in common stocks, calculated in 1925 to bring her an annual income of \$5,004, actually would pay only \$3,741 in 1932. He further notes that the same sum in life annuities for the widow and her two children would still pay \$5,021 in 1932, exactly as calculated in 1925.

All that is true enough. On the surface, Mr. Fitch's idea of the superiority of placing the principal in annuities instead of in bonds and stocks in order to guarantee "security in old age" seems to be supported in fact. But is it? I believe he has altogether disregarded a serious possibility. Suppose that a few years hence money depreciates, *i.e.*, in value as expressed in terms of goods and services. The annuity income will continue, of course—that is, the stipulated dollars and cents will be paid to the beneficiary according to contract—but with rent, food and other costs from 20 to 50% higher, the widow's income dollars will not exchange for nearly the same quantity or quality of goods and services.

But in such a period of depreciated money (higher costs of living), if the widow owned stocks to the extent of two-fifths of her total principal investment she would be likely to benefit by substantial

dividends and the enhanced value of that part of her principal represented by such stocks. Such an increase of dividends and stock values in boom times, when costs of living are higher in terms of money, is quite usual, as history reveals.

San Francisco

PHIL HAMILTON

REFLECTIONS OF AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERT

I BELONG to that huge horde of irresponsible and unintelligent quacks described so eloquently and dramatically in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*'s editorial article for February. I am not a teacher. I am an educational "EXPERT" whose business it is to "harass" and "terrorize" the "ma'ms" and in turn to be "inspired" and "inflamed" by the "SUPER-EXPERTS."

Yes, the office I fill in its "potentiality" (the heck of it, it's mostly potential) is a profoundly important one. Too bad I am not permitted to use stronger language than "heck" for I would endeavor to impress upon the infinite potentialities of my office. But as you know, being a pedagogical "EXPERT" my language and morals are scrutinized like an old maid's bathtub.

Of course I'm overpaid. No doubt as you emphasize in your editorial article I don't earn half of my salary. It is so obvious that no "swivel-chair" pedagogue "EXPERT" ever earns his salary. But I want to make this confession. I have never worn the squeak out of my swivel-chair as yet, and it has a beautiful squeak, so rhythmical, and soothing to the nerves, and it puts one in a truly pedagogical mood.

Now even if I don't earn my salary I do get such a tremendous kick out of kidding the taxpayers into paying my "pension" for just being a hopelessly standardized pedagogue. I am almost a moron, I admit. My I. Q. has been charted, graphed and tested

by the law of gravitation. The graph of it contains some dirty curves. I would give you the figures on it if it had not been filed away to keep it from mildewing. But if I should give you my I. Q. it might hurt my prestige. And you realize that we "EXPERTS" and "SUPER-EXPERTS" do have a lot of prestige.

I admit you are right when you say in your editorial that positions like mine are seldom filled by a man or woman of any genuine force and originality. My originality certainly could be questioned. For I never played the stock market one single time during 1928-1929. But what can one expect from a bitter enemy of "intelligent interprise" as you label us. The stock market, during those years, was so profoundly intellectual and interprising too, believe me.

It is a shame, a dirty, measly shame that such weasel-headed, blind pedagogical "quacks" like me and my kind are robbing the taxpayers as we are. Such princely salaries as we draw should be diverted and placed in a sinking fund for unemployment insurance for undertakers. For these angels of mercy will surely need some help after the depression is over and folks quit committing suicide.

But even A cramped and dinky "EXPERT" likes to eat. His intellect (if he is fortunate enough to possess one) may run down a single track paralleled on one side by editors and free lance writers and on the other by preachers and politicians, but his stomach is a rambling sort of vehicle that is likely to go any direction where there is a hamburg steak or liver and onions. The hungry "EXPERT" quickly loses his standardization.

Be a sport. Don't kid the people too much about our "graft"! Don't make 'em too mad at us. The politicians have us "skinned" a city block when it comes to

eating out of the public trough. Why not try "riding" them again? The bankers, lawyers, preachers and especially writers have not had their share. They could all stand more and thrive on it. But for the sake of our "PENSIONS" go easy on the "EXPERTS" and "SUPER-EXPERTS!"

J. MAYES HUDNALL,

Supervising Principal,

Marshallton Junior High-School

Box 443, Y. M. C. A.,

Wilmington, Del.

JOHN DAVIDSON

PROBABLY more than one reader of THE AMERICAN MERCURY has read John Davidson's masterpiece: the preface to his tragedy, "The Theatrocrat." Has any of them had the good fortune to find in any other poet a comparable expression of:

1. A *Weltanschauung* so unique, and so superbly comprehensive?

2. One so utterly liberated from dogma, both theological and scientific?

Los Angeles

RUDOLF VON LIEBICH

MORE ON THE YIDDISH PRESS

MR. VLADECK, in The Soap-Box for April, takes issue with some of my figures and comments about the Yiddish press in "Good-Bye to the Immigrant Press" in the January issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. He begins with a slur at "a Mr. Engelman," whom I quote as an authority. Mr. Vladeck should know that the man referred to is Uriah Zevi Engelman, the author of "The Fate of Yiddish in America," a most authoritative socio-statistical study, which appeared in the *Menorah Journal* for July, 1928. The editors of the Encyclopedia of Social Sciences mention it in the carefully selected list of sources of their own article on the foreign language press (Volume VI, December,

1931). I thus felt justified in using Mr. Engelman's figures for that part of my article which dealt with the Yiddish press prior to 1928. My own figure of 450,000 as the 1932 circulation of the Yiddish press I based on the reports of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, which Mr. Vladeck considers reliable, plus the figures of the non-A.B.C. papers, such as the New York *Freiheit* and the out-of-town publications, with a customary discount for the latter. Apparently Mr. Vladeck does not consider this discount as sufficient. But if I accept his Winter-of-1931 figure of 375,000, it will only strengthen my point, as it will show that the drop in the circulation of the Yiddish press in this country since 1916 is even greater than I showed in my article.

I cannot accept Mr. Vladeck's figure of 301,711 as the daily A.B.C. circulation of the four major Yiddish newspapers for the year ending March 31, 1926. My corresponding A.B.C. figure is 320,232. I take it from N. W. Ayer & Son's American Newspaper Annual and Directory for 1927, which, on page 1441, gives (for the year ending March 31, 1926) the daily circulations of the Chicago *Forward* as 40,046, the New York *Forward* as 143,858, the *Day* as 60,599, and the *Jewish Morning Journal* as 75,729, making a total of 320,232. This exceeds Mr. Vladeck's A.B.C. figure by 18,521. The "actual increase" of circulation from 1926 to 1932 claimed by Mr. Vladeck would thus be not 22,914, but only 4,393.

But I will not grant him even this "increase," because, since 1926, the *Jewish Daily News* was amalgamated with the *Jewish Morning Journal*, and the latter now claims the readers of the deceased in addition to its own. According to the Ayer Annual for 1927, the circulation of the *Jewish Daily News* in 1926 was 58,874.

It is a non-A.B.C. figure, and so we shall discount it as much as my opponent may wish to. Let us be terrifically skeptical and lop off 50%. It would still leave about 30,000 to account for. Thus, instead of the 4,393 "increase" there would be a loss of circulation, of the aforementioned four major dailies, of some 25,000.

This loss, to be sure, is not staggering. The major Yiddish dailies seem to continue their course with comparative prosperity. But as Mr. Engelman justly remarked in his study: "Conclusions with regard to the Yiddish press based upon the financial prosperity of one or two papers are without value. Only the annual aggregate circulation figures for the entire country can teach us anything about the real trend." He showed the high mortality of numerous smaller publications, and stressed the disappearance of the Yiddish trade publications so abundant formerly.

Mr. Vladeck argues that English-language newspapers have been closing in greater numbers, but he forgets that there have been more English-language newspapers than Yiddish newspapers to prosper or close. Also, as Mr. Engelman well pointed out: "The English papers do not go under because of a shrinkage in aggregate circulation, but as a result of capitalistic competition. The Yiddish papers disappear—they do not combine, 'retaining the best features (and the readers) of both.'"

Mr. Vladeck's explanation of the growth of the Yiddish press I am compelled to dismiss as pure brain-work. There has been no growth, and the explanation is hooley. The generally recognized truth is that the immigrant, whether or not a Jew, begins to read his native-tongue paper, not when he has been in this country a number of years and acquired "a little more leisure and more expensive habits," but when he

is newly-arrived and bewildered. Later he is far more likely to read the American papers.

In 1928 Mr. Engelman wrote: "With its old strongholds disintegrating as population shifts, the decline of Yiddish has already set in," predicting that "this decline bids within another generation to wipe out Yiddish as a common medium of speech in the United States." Facts and figures since 1926 and 1928 seem to bear out these predictions. As I pointed out in my article, it is not only the general depression that smites the immigrant press, the Yiddish section included, but also—and more powerfully—the virtual prohibition of new immigration.

New York

ALBERT PARRY

THE ROLL OF PERFECTION

I HERE place in nomination the names of the six best light and dark beers in the world:

Light

1. Pilsner Urquell (Pilsen)
2. Pilsner Aktienbräu (Pilsen)
3. Gösserbräu (Vienna)
4. Würzburger Hofbräu (Würzburg)
5. Thomasbräu (Munich)
6. Dortmunder Union-Bier (Dortmund)

Dark

1. Erstes Kulmbacher (Kulmbach)
2. Würzburger Hofbräu (Würzburg)
3. Paulanerbräu (Munich)
4. Hofbräu (Munich)
5. Siechen-Bier (Nürnberg)
6. Löwenbräu (Munich)

Does anyone want to start an argument?

Vienna

PHILIP GOODMAN

THE AMERICAN MERCURY IN RUSSIA

I HAVE noted with interest the letters from readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY who

have found it in far places. It seems to be on sale everywhere in Western Europe—that is, everywhere that English and American periodicals are sold. But on a recent visit to Russia I failed to find it in either Moscow or Leningrad.

Vienna

L. B. HAMILTON

*** Files of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, including the latest issues, may be found as follows in Russia:

The headquarters of the Society for Cultural Relations, Moscow

The library of the Communist Academy, Moscow

The library of the Academy of Sciences, Leningrad

The Belorusskaja Akademia, Gory-Gorki

QUERIES

36. LINCOLN'S FAVORITE.—As every school-boy knows, Lincoln's favorite poem was a piece called "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" Can anyone tell me who wrote it, and when? I have read lately that the author was one William Knox, but I can't find him in any reference book available here in Marietta.

Marietta, O.

L. S.

37. TWO LITTLE GIRLS.—Can any of your journalist readers or writers who know Old Broadway tell me who wrote this immortal song:

There were two little girls with their eyebrows painted,
Met a couple of Johns and they got acquainted,
One got jazzed, and the other one fainted,
Wasn't she the goddam fool?

Personally, I think the ditty originated on the Pacific Coast. It has the lightness of the old San Francisco.

Chicago

TOM RYLANDS

38. THE HANDSOME BEAU.—My wife has had the following verses from an old song running through her mind for the past few days, and regaled me with them this morning over our coffee:

Once I had a handsome beau;
I loved him dear as life,
And long I thought the time would come
When I should be his wife.

He came to see me Sunday night
And stayed till almost three;
He said he'd never seen a girl
He loved so much as me.

His pockets they were lined with gold,
And oh, he cut a dash,
With a diamond ring, a watch and chain
And a handsome black mustache.

Does any reader of THE AMERICAN MERCURY know who wrote this masterpiece? I suspect that there must have been more stanzas. My wife picked up the three that I here quote during her childhood on a farm in Northern Missouri.

Manila, P. I.

WALTER ROBB

REPLIES

12. LIFE OF THE VIRGIN MARY.—In the December AMERICAN MERCURY G. P. L. asks where there is to be found a biography of the Virgin Mary. There is one to be found in the Philadelphia Public Library by (of all men!) John L. Carncross, of the celebrated team of Carncross & Dixey, burnt-cork minstrels, who had Carncross' Opera House in Philadelphia for many years after the Civil War.

The literary diversions of Johnny Carncross, a clown at night, were extraordinary. After his return from Europe in the late '60s he devoted himself during the hours not spent in the opera house or at Pete Dooner's bar in writing a twenty-thousand-word essay on "Rembrandt's Picture of Spinoza." This engaged him some fourteen months. It was only afterward, to his dismay, that he found out that Rembrandt's picture was of General Spinola. There was a typographical error in the Dutch catalogue.

New York

ODO DE CLUNY

19. HARRY THURSTON PECK.—Mr. A. L. Cohen will find a "good critico-biographical study" of Peck in Thomas Beer's "The Mauve Decade," pp. 185-199. There are also references to dead publications which may help him.

New York City

JOHN MCCONAUGHY

28. THE ORIGIN OF SHAVING.—I urge Mr. La Paz to try to get hold of a copy of the book, "Pogonologia, or a Philosophical and Historical Essay on Beards," Exeter, printed by R. Thorn, 1786. He'll find it hairy with

research suggestions, and he will discover among the writers on the subject the following: Plutarch, Homer, Virgil, Chrysippus, Pliny, Strabo, Diodorus, Juvenal, Fénelon, Perseus, Voltaire, Rousseau, Van Helmont, Don Calmet ("Histoire de la Barbe de L'homme"), and Vanetti ("Barbalogia del Caval"). Writers of the Sixteenth Century seemed fascinated with the subject. So did the *Mercure de France* during 1732.

The anonymous author of "Pogonologia" suggests that the old Syrians and Persians shaved when in mourning, that in many ancient countries "a shaved chin was a sign of slavery, infamy, or debauchery," that "the loss of the beard, among many nations, was accompanied by banishment," that the ancient church "regarded a shaved chin as the effect of the vilest licentiousness," and that in far-off days a magnificent wager was to wager beards. He says:

As Pliny judiciously remarks, of all the nations who then consented to cut off their beards, the Romans were the last that yielded to the effeminate custom. Scipio Africanus was the first Roman who daily used a razor—the mode was brought from Sicily to Italy.

Too much prosperity, and the Romans became soft.

The history of the Church bristles with arguments on beard *versus* razor; see especially the writings of St. Chrysostom, St. Clement, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Cyprian, St. Theodoret, St. Sidoin, and St. Epiphanius.

The clergy "demanded of King Lewis the Young of France the penance of shaving," and, of course, "Plutarch says Alexander ordered his soldiers' faces to be trimmed for fear the enemy should seize them by the beards." But of all the physical, moral, immoral, vain reasons for shaving suggested by the author of the stated book, what more curious than this? He says that toward the middle of the Fourteenth Century false beards came much into fashion in Spain: the dudes shaved so that they might be free to wear beards of any color or shape, at will. Somehow it sounds Babylonian, this shaving for the glory of the beard. Hell, anything for Art. In some such idea, no doubt, was the origin of shaving. They must have thought up that one in Sodom or Gomorrah.

Philadelphia

CARROLL FREY

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Utopia in Little

ARCTIC VILLAGE, by Robert Marshall.
\$3. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$; 399 pp. New York: Harri-
son Smith & Robert Haas.

In the Summer of 1929, having some idle time on his hands, Mr. Marshall took a map of Alaska from his shelf and searched it for blank spaces. He found that only two of any size were left—one in the vicinity of Mt. McKinley and the other at the headwaters of the Koyukuk river, north of the Arctic Circle. The latter, for various reasons, attracted him more than the former, so he set out for it by way of Fairbanks, and after a journey of 2,000 miles by rail, boat and air, found himself in the little town of Wiseman. He quickly made friends with its seventy-six white inhabitants, forty-four Eskimos, six Indians and one mulatto, and came to like them so much in a two-months' stay that he decided to return in 1930. He got back in August of that year, and remained more than a year. All the while he kept diligent notes of what he saw and heard, and now he offers his observations in the form of a somewhat elaborate study of the Wiseman *Kultur*. It is a sort of miniature "Middletown" and it makes a very interesting and valuable book.

The people of Wiseman, of course, are not really cut off from what is called civilization, despite the fact that they are snowed in from the middle of September to the middle of May, and surrounded by oceans of mud for two other months of every year. They get their

groceries and a part of their clothing from the Outside, they have a wireless station to give them news, and at a pinch they can call an airplane from Fairbanks and be walking on paved streets in a couple of hours—that is, if the weather permits, which it often doesn't. A United States marshal lives among them, to police them if necessary, and there is also a United States commissioner, to order them to jail in Fairbanks in case they attempt counterfeiting, the manufacture of bootleg oleo-margarine, the robbery of the mails, or piracy upon the high seas. But beyond that they are sufficient unto themselves, and Mr. Marshall shows at length how peacefully they live together, how easily they escape most of the evils that go with life Outside, and how content they are to remain in their remote isolation.

The seventy-seven white inhabitants (I include the colored brother among them, as Mr. Marshall does, for he is very light) offer a very fair cross-section of the people of the United States. Forty-five of them are native-born, and thirty-two are foreign-born, and among the latter are five Germans, five Scandinavians, three Herzogovins, two Englishmen, two Austrians, and single representatives of Finland, Wales, Poland, Lithuania, Dalmatia, Serbia, Montenegro, Greece and the Shetland Islands. Fifty of the seventy-seven are country-bred, and all save two are the masters of useful trades, ranging from that of the farmer to those of the carpenter, blacksmith, electrician, baker, lumberman and butcher. Most of them have been in the Arctic a long while, and so their

average age is somewhat above that of the American at home. Seven enjoy the honor of being female, and of these ladies one is a trained nurse, one is a schoolma'm, and two, on their arrival from Outside long ago, were prostitutes, though they have long since reformed.

The amazing thing about these people is how amicably they dwell together, and how little their apparent hardships oppress them. There is absolutely no color line among them. The lonely colored brother has every right, whether legal or social, that any other citizen has, and the Eskimos have precisely the same. When there is a communal dance, which is very often, every man, woman and child in the settlement is invited, regardless of race, color or wealth. A few of the inhabitants are pretty well heeled, but the great majority are poor, and there is no division along the line of money. If a given citizen falls into difficulties, and runs short of provender or other supplies, they are furnished instantly and without condescension by those who can spare them. If some one becomes ill and must be sent to Fairbanks or Seattle for treatment, the bills of the airplane man, the doctors and the hospital are shared by all, with each contributing according to his means. There is, of course, nothing approaching real communism. Every man's property is his own, and his right to it is respected by everyone. But in times of stress everything finds its way into a common pot, and so there is never any destitution. During the Hoover Depression the people of Wiseman heard of it as they heard of the battles in Manchuria—as of something remote from their concerns, and a bit fantastic. They noticed that they got less than usual for their furs, but that was all they knew of it by direct evidence.

In this far-flung and frostbitten Arcady

the ordinary moral machinery of an American village is completely lacking. There is no church, and save for the inconspicuous devotions of a retired female missionary and a couple of pious Eskimos there is no regular practise of any religion. Most of the white males are skeptics, and so are most of the Eskimos, both male and female. In the palmy days of Prohibition no one paid any heed to it. The sexual behavior of adults is thought to be their own business, and no one presumes to harbor unfavorable views of it. Some of the Eskimo ladies are amiable, and now and then one of them falls in love with a white gentleman to the tune of a more or less public uproar, including the composition of amorous doggerel. But it is not considered seemly to denounce her disposition of her person, and hence there is no scandal, though people may remark her doings in a quietly satirical manner.

Crime is almost unknown in the Koyukuk country. At the height of the Alaska gold-rush it had a great many more inhabitants than it has now, but in its whole history there have been but three murders, one committed by a crazy man and the other two by a prospector in defense of his claim. There have been some fights but not many, and none of a serious nature; sentiment in the community is strongly opposed to quarrelling. Thefts are very rare, and the largest on record involved but \$150. The wealth of most of the people is in the form of gold dust, which is easily purloined, but they do not fear robbers, and never lock their doors when they leave home. Rape is regarded as a heinous crime and if there were ever a case of it the offender would be roughly handled, but there has never been a case. Adultery is unknown as either crime or sin, for public opinion in Wiseman holds that it is nobody's business save that of the

contracting parties, and even the aggrieved spouse is expected to take it in a placid and philosophical manner.

Mr. Marshall gave the Simon-Binet test to forty-five of the adults of the settlement, and to most of the children. He found an extraordinarily large proportion of high I.Q.'s. The Wisemannites, in fact, turned out to be on the general mental level of Harvard professors, members of the General Staff of the Army, and the superior minority of bootleggers, investment bankers, and magazine editors. Only 14% fell below the American average, whereas 46% ranked above it. This fact, I believe, offers a plausible explanation of their felicity. They are naturally intelligent, and there is no agency among them to war upon their intelligence, and make it dangerous. They have no newspapers. They have no politicians. Their police force is rudimentary and impotent. Above all, they are not cursed with theologians. Thus they are free to be intelligent, and what is more, to be decent.

Mr. Marshall has written a very good book. He presents a great deal of novel material, and he interprets it in a shrewd and civilized manner. His writing is competent, and sometimes, as when he ventures to describe the Koyukuk scenery, it is genuinely eloquent. He is also an excellent photographer, and his illustrations really illustrate. Some of his portraits of Koyukuk worthies are superb.

Sacerdotal Agonies

PROBLEMS OF PROTESTANTISM, by Lewis Gaston Leary. \$2.50. 5½ x 8½; 310 pp. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company.

DR. LEARY is a clergyman of the Calvinist rite, but he has traveled widely and enjoyed a considerable worldly experience,

so it is not surprising to find him much more enlightened than the average Protestant ecclesiastic. He avoids altogether, in his discussion of the troubles that have come upon the mystery he professes, the puerile blah that one commonly hears from his brethren of the Sulphur Pit. He does not argue that the Protestants who stay away from church so numerous have been seduced, with their own wicked connivance, by the Devil, and ought to be clubbed back; he tries to find out why they prefer secular recreations on the Sabbath to spiritual exercises, and is not afraid to say so plainly when he discovers what seems to be evidence that it is the fault of the church.

One of the essential weaknesses of Protestantism, he believes, is that it "has never yet dared to be thoroughly and uncompromisingly Protestant". That is to say, it has never really allowed its customers to indulge freely in "the private interpretation of Scripture". On the contrary, it has developed a swarm of theologies that, in most cases, are far more rigorous and vehement than anything on tap on the Roman side of the fence, and it has devoted a large part of its energies (and is still devoting them at this moment) to pitting those theologies against one another, to the discomfort of the faithful and the damage of the Kingdom. The point is well taken. The Protestant theologians, in fact, are the most cocksure and impudent ever heard of. They not only insist, with few exceptions, that their actual clients follow them with the utmost docility; they also try to force their ideas, especially in the field of moral theology, on the rest of us. As a result they have become extremely unpopular, and it is almost sufficient, in these happy days of general backsliding, to say that a Protestant clergyman is for a given course

of virtue to make public opinion revolt against it.

The ruin which has befallen the Methodist-Baptist group of churches (and some branches of Dr. Leary's Presbyterian *bloc* with it) as a result of the long and bitter battle over Prohibition is too familiar to need laboring here. From end to end of the country a Methodist bishop is now a character in low comedy, with overtones of the disreputable, and hence he is never heard with the politeness due his apostolic character, even when, by some accident, he happens to be right.

But to say that Protestantism has committed suicide by becoming a public nuisance is to tell only a part of the story. My belief is that it has also failed on other counts, and that at least one of them is more cogent. I allude to its curious hostility to beauty, and especially to poetry—the product, possibly, of the fact that most of its clergy are uneducated and uncouth men. The Roman church has never made that mistake. It understands clearly that what takes a man to church is the desire to conjure up a world far better than the sad one we have to live in, and it is well aware that poetry can help him to that end quite as comfortably as revelation. So it throws its incantations into the form of florid and lovely ceremonies, and gives the harsh Yahweh who is the sorry god of all Christians the reinforcement of a large number of far more seemly and attractive personages—for example, the Virgin Mary, the gentle Joseph, and the long line of Blessed Saints, many of them female and beautiful. Thus its proceedings have a charm for weary men, even for men who definitely reject its theology, and I

have actually heard a high Wesleyan ecclesiastic confess that, when he was in the right mood of dejection, they affected him much more powerfully than the bald, over-logical and often unnecessarily irritating flubdubs of his own communion.

There are Protestants who grasp this deficiency in their magic, and seek to remedy it. Thousands of Protestant clergymen, in late years, have begun to wear timid imitations of the Roman vestments, and in many Methodist and even Baptist churches candles are now used, and there are other imitations of what used to be dismissed as harlotry. But this movement still remains feeble, and it probably comes too late. In every American town which has a Catholic church it puts on a better show than any of the Protestant churches, and in the best sense. Its ceremonies are ancient and mysterious; they are carried on mainly in an unintelligible tongue, and thus do not arouse and fever the reason; most of all, they are in the hands of persons who are definitely removed from the general, and stand above them. The humblest parish priest, when he puts on his robes and lights his censers, is thus more impressive than the whole bench of Methodist bishops, and it is no wonder that, to persons with any trace of civilized taste in them, he seems more attractive. His operations, at their worst, are soothing to a troubled soul, whereas those of the Methodist brethren, at their best, are upsetting.

I seldom commend books by clergymen, but Dr. Leary's surely deserves to be read. His argument misses rather more than it states, but so far as it goes it is honest and intelligent.

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